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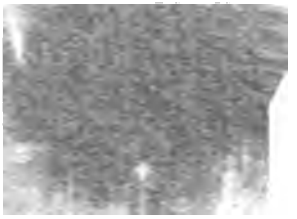
THE WORLD'S

TÉMÉRAIRE—Turner.

THE TÉMÉRAIRE was Nelson's flag ship when he won the battle of Trafalgar. Now as a mere [illegible] of her former self, she is being towed out by a [illegible] little steamship that is dragging her off to [illegible]." Turner happened to be on the Thames when [illegible] days was being towed out to sea [illegible] friend, painted the scene. It was [illegible] in 1839 and hangs today in the [illegible]



[illegible]

THE Temeraire was Nelson's flag ship when he won the battle of [illegible]. Now as a mere phantom of her former [illegible] little steamer [illegible] Turner happy [illegible] on the frames when this relic of [illegible] days was being [illegible] friend, painter [illegible] in [illegible]

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THE PLEASURE AND BENEFIT OF ART STUDY

By Charles H. Caffin, author of "How to Study Pictures," "The Story of Dutch Painting," "The Story of Spanish Painting," etc.

IN our ordinary phraseology the terms "art" and "artists" have come to be regarded as implying painting and painters. It is, therefore, worth while in the preface to such a work as the present, which is devoted mainly to the study of Paintings of Great Artists, to remind the reader that this field is only one of many in the inexhaustible domain of art. Nor need the suggestion of this limitation lessen one's love of paintings, any more than recognition of the Union detracts from our loyalty to the State. Each, indeed, is kindled to further lustre in the reflection of the aggregate dignity and importance of which it is a part. It is, therefore, not beside the question to preface a study of painting with a realization of what art means or should mean in life.

Many people think of art as a perquisite of wealth, a hobby of leisure, as a mere trimming on the good, necessary homespun of life. Hence, according to their temperament, they ignore it or despise it. They are occupied, they will tell you, with the "real" concerns of life and have no time or taste for fal-lals. For this attitude of mind artists themselves have been largely responsible. They, too, have divorced art from life, segregating themselves in a little garden of their own, walled about from the world, cultivating their several patches of flowers; and flinging gibes over the wall at the men and women who are building up the material, intellectual and sociological resources of the country and calling them Philistines. Meanwhile, they have dissensions in their own garden; the painter, for instance, grudging the title of artist to the maker of a pot, and both of them slow to recognize the claims to art of literature, drama and so forth. Indeed the first step in a proper appreciation of art is to recog-

nize the essential unity of the arts with one another and of art with life.

Life is based upon necessity, the necessity of making a living; but that necessity breeds a need, the need of living; the making of a living being indeed not the end of life, but the necessary means to the true end which is heightening to its fullest expression our capacity of living. Up to a certain point the word "must" is inevitably supreme, but beyond that point "I will" is possible. It is so even in business. A man must lay the foundations of the latter in the needs of his trade and build in response to its conditions; but having thus satisfied the necessities of the case, he can exercise volition as to whether the business shall be run solely for his own sordid self-interest, or in a way that will better the circumstances of his employees and raise the standard of living in his community.

In a word, there is not a man or woman who has not his or her ideal; if you understand ideal in the sense which it is beginning to receive, namely, the idea which a man sets ahead of him as the goal to which he works. In the case of some it may be a wholly sordid one, in which it is difficult to discover anything but an exclusive preoccupation with making a living and with solely material aggrandizement. In the vast majority of cases, however, the idea is one involving to a greater or less degree a heightened sense of the value of life in the opportunities it offers of fuller and more effective living. And the moment a man begins to reach out to an ideal of this kind, he begins, even if for a while unconsciously, to recognize the value of art as a concrete expression of his belief in the beauty of life. It has always been so, it always will be so, for it is an instinct of mankind to seek an expression of its highest self in art.

The reason, when you analyze it, is this: The artist working in the liberty of his spirit can attain a degree of organized perfection to which other men, who are confronted with the exigencies and obstacles of necessity can only approximate. Art is thus the symbol of our striving, the oriflamme of our advance, the golden flame which at once expresses and leads forward our spirit to higher venture. Herein is again most beautifully displayed the unity of life, the fact that artists and laymen are workers in the same material—life; and that the methods they employ are practically identical. But at this point I must drop

for a moment the sequence of thought and suggest another consideration which must be grasped as a preliminary to the proper appreciation of art.

. . . . . .

The quality which marks a work of art is its form. This is as true of a symphony or a sonnet, of a ballet or drama, of a short or long story as of a residence or sky-scraper, of a picture or a piece of sculpture. All of these, if they amount to anything as art, are based upon a recognition of the necessities of existence, shaped and colored by the artist's experiences of life. But it is his ability so to shape his conceptions, founded upon nature, that qualifies him to be an artist. You and I may have just as vivid and beautiful an appreciation of nature as the artist, but, if we cannot give form to it, we cannot pass our appreciation on to others. On the other hand, in so far as we can and do, we may claim to share the artist's privilege.

Usually the first step in the appreciation of pictures is to be interested in the subjects which they represent. It repeats the child's way of being interested in a picture-book. I could mention the name of a financier, known all over the United States, who was first drawn to art by receiving for a Christmas present an engraved portrait of Colbert, the finance minister of Louis XVI. His interest in the personality of the subject of this particular print spread to a general interest in French eighteenth century engravings, whence he developed into a collector not only of etchings and engravings but of other works of art of widely different character. And, which is characteristic of the keenness and thoroughness of our American collectors, he brought the same quality of analytic and synthetic mind that had made him a master of finance, as it might have made him a great captain of industry, to the study of the works of art. He has become a connoisseur. He has passed beyond the mere interest in the subject to an appreciation of the way in which it is interpreted. It is no longer the subject only, but much more the form in which it is embodied, that exercises his imagination.

A good example of the power of a picture's form to affect the imagination is afforded by Ruben's "Descent from the Cross" in the Antwerp Cathedral. It is one of the world's popular pictures; justly so, and why? Because of its subject?

surely not; for the subject has been repeated many a time in pictures that have not fascinated the imagination of succeeding generations. It is the form in which this one is embodied, built up of contrasted lines and masses, particularly of contrasted light and shade, that so powerfully stimulates the imagination. This is what one may call an invented picture, not a representation of anything the artist has seen, but a creation of his imagination, affecting ours. Yet the principle is equally true, when applied to a Dutch genre picture of the seventeenth century, or a Velasquez of the same period, or a landscape of our own day. The value of any one of them as a work of art does not consist in its representation of certain aspects of nature, but in the heightened sense of the beauty of nature which it inspires. And this is due to the artistic form into which the natural aspects have been translated.

Nor does the form of composition of a picture appeal only to the eye. The latter is of course in the case of a picture the direct sense approach to the imagination; but even in a picture the sense of touch may be appealed to by suggestion. If you have watched a potter at his wheel, you have perhaps experienced the delight of seeing a vase grow into form by the touch of the artist's fingers, responding so sensitively to the conception of the shape which his mind has imagined. It is one of the most beautiful illustrations of the efficiency and sentiment of the sense of touch, which by the way, is the most rudimentary of the senses. The baby instinctively reaches out its hand to touch, before it shows any trace of sensing things with its eyes; and, when it has hold of the object, promptly tries to put it in its mouth, as if to satisfy the other rudimentary sense of taste. So rooted in instinct are these two senses, that in the natural growth which words of universal meaning undergo the word "taste" has come to be used of the higher appreciation of the cultivated mind. Likewise we speak of the "touch" of the musician and use the equivalent of touch, namely, feeling, to connote the quality of expression which an artist puts into the form of his work. But to return to the suggested touch-sense which the form or composition of a picture may involve.

The objects in a picture may be so represented that they stimulate in us a suggestion of the sense of touch. The fabrics, for example, may not only appeal to the eye as resembling satin

or velvet, but suggest to the sense of touch the joy that one has in handling fine qualities of such material. Similarly, the textures throughout the composition may be rendered with such regard to the character and quality and essential touch-charm of the surfaces that our appreciation of the eye is enormously enhanced. Moreover, which is still more important, the drawing of the figures, that is to say, the manner in which the forms and actions are represented, may be heightened by an appeal to a suggested sense of touch. A Bouguereau painting may be agreeable to the eye, yet suggest nothing of the reality of bulk, construction and vital action that Millet conveyed by a few strokes in an etching or lithograph. In fact, as we grow in our study of pictures, we cease to take them at their face or eye-value entirely, but test them by the standards of our sense experience. And since we have mentioned the word "grow," it is timely to recall that, just as the life of the individual should be a continual growth, so should it be with the composition of a picture. It should not present merely a calculated pattern, but one which bears the evidence of "having slowly grown to music" like the fabled creation of the walls of Troy. In only one particular does the parallel between the growth of life and the growth of a work of artistic composition fail. The growth of life is a continuing line without finality; that of an artistic composition should be a completed unity. And this brings us back to the point from which we digressed.

. . . . . .

The elemental principles underlying an artistic composition are essentially the same as those which determine success in the world of material necessity. They are Fitness, Order, Harmony and Rhythm. The form of a picture must be fitted to the subject and the purpose. The artist is transgressing the law of fitness if, for example, as Goya did, he decorated churches with designs more suitable to a banquet hall. Secondly, while art is inspired by nature, it does not reproduce what one may for the present purpose call the haphazardness and lack of finality of nature. From the multiplicity of effects it selects a few and arranges them in an orderly scheme, which shall involve the third element, of harmony; that is to say, a perfectly balanced relation of all the parts to one another and to the whole, so that a completed unity results. Then, if the artist has in him

that higher feeling for relation of all the parts and the whole such as man's imagination has ascribed to the relation of the planets in space, as moving to the music of the spheres, he gives to the harmony of his composition the final element of rhythm. Space will not permit me here to work out the analogy of this with the principles of material organizations. I can only suggest that the composition of each organization must be fitted to the purposes and conditions of its particular line of trade; that by selection and arrangement the artist of industry will successively introduce order and harmony of relation between the animate and inanimate component parts, and, if he too has a high feeling for relations, will weave his employees and himself into a mutuality of feeling and interest that corresponds to rhythm in a work of art.

There is thus a unity between art and life. May the time soon come when art will be so studied from the kindergarten up to the college; not merely in detached fragments for their own sake but as the symbol of life itself, and in its enforcement of fitness, order, harmony and rhythm the best foundation of character-building and of the fostering of a high sense of citizenship.

Meanwhile there is another way in which the study of art may be both a pleasure and a profit. Art being the expression of man's belief in the higher possibilities of life, the art of each period and each country reflects the Zeitgeist of each, and being also an expression of the self of the artist who created it, is a perpetual revelation of differing types of human nature. Thus the history of art opens up an immense storehouse of material for the study of successive cycles of civilization. For it is a fact that what has chiefly survived the havoc of time is the past's art. To a knowledge of extinct civilizations the remains of their works of art are almost the sole clue. To understand the past of nations which still continue the contemporary legends and histories of their past must be supplemented by what has almost alone survived—their art. It is through the remains of their architecture, sculpture and painting and through the innumerable examples of artistic crafts that we can reconstruct in imagination the kind of life those nations led, and more than that, recover the spirit of their lives and the character of their ideals. In fact, if you admit the truth of Pope's dictum: "The noblest

study of mankind is man," the pleasure and value of the study of art are self evident.

Art studied in relation to the times and conditions which produced it tends to breadth of vision and sympathy. One ceases to be interested only in one's individual preferences, but learns to appreciate, prize, that is to say, at their proper worth, the innumerably different manifestations of the human spirit, as it reveals itself at any given time in its literature, architecture, sculpture, painting, drama and music. For the thorough student of art cannot afford to view any one of these branches as a thing apart. While concentrating upon one, he will preserve his touch with the others, recognizing the unity of the arts, and the mutual illumination which they reflect upon one another.

The student pursuing this method of survey, at once panoramic and detailed, will come to realize that art, like life itself, is a growth. And growth involves decay as the prelude to a renewed growth. There should be a finality of completeness in any one example of a work of art, but there can be no finality in art. What the Greeks created was for themselves in response to their own conditions and ideals; with the passing away of the latter the need for such an art ceased. So with all the nations and the art that represented them. It served its turn, but, with the passing away of the nation or the establishing of new conditions, a new art was needed and created. In every case it has been an art which carried forward the principles of the past, the elemental fundamental residuum, but shaped them anew, with additions and alterations of its own, to meet the new requirements.

This is a truth that needs emphasizing in our own country, since our artists for a time were compelled by circumstances to seek instruction from abroad, and, not content with simply learning the technique of their art, brought back with them also the motives and the point of view of foreigners and the past. It is in our architecture that this borrowing and imitation have been most rampant. There is a school of architects, and a powerful one, whose recipe for every monumental building in modern America has been the classic style of Greece or Rome or the adaptation made of these by the Italians of the Renaissance. The craze for antiquity has culminated in the crowning folly of a heathen temple being adapted as the motive for the exterior of a railroad terminal in New York!

Fortunately, however, the necessities of our particular brand of present day civilization are gradually making such ineptitudes impossible. The architect has been compelled to face the problem of the modern skyscraper, which is the most signal instance to be found of logical growth rooted in necessity. At first he floundered in a vain effort to apply to a structure, distinguished by its vertical direction, the principles he had learned in the class room of ancient horizontal designs. Here and there, however, throughout the country are artists who have accepted the logic of circumstances, in consequence of which the skyscrapers, while fulfilling every demand of business necessity, are becoming monumentally artistic. These represent, in fact, the most important contribution that has been made to the so-called fine arts for three hundred years.

As a final word for this brief preface, the question may rise in the student's mind: "Will America ever reach to such a pitch of artistic greatness as, say, Italy of the Renaissance?" In our belief in the future we may return a ringing "yes;" but it will be a greatness of another kind. Quite possibly painting may never again reach so high a level of splendor; but painting is only one of the arts and only a symptom and symbol of the art of living. The genius of Italy was aristocratic, ours is democratic, striving to fuller and more perfect development of each for all. Which of the arts will soonest and most completely realize this new ideal is yet undetermined. May one hazard a guess that it will be the art of the novelist, the poet or the dramatist? At any rate it will be the one which most intimately reflects the needs and the aspirations of the new democracy.

Charles H. Caffin

THE LOW COUNTRIES

Art in the Low Countries.

That part of Europe today occupied by the kingdoms of Belgium and Holland was long known as the Nederlands, or the lowlands. The northern portion is largely composed of the Rhine delta and was for ages a marshy tract. By shutting out the sea and preventing inundations from the rivers, the region has been made habitable. The southern part—now Belgium—was called Flanders in mediaeval times.

When the Roman conquerors invaded this country they found Celtic tribes, called collectively the Belgae, dwelling in the southern portion; north and east lived German tribes, the Frisians prominent among them. This early racial difference was destined to deeply influence the development of the provinces. The Flemish grew somewhat like the French; the Hollanders, like the English.

Roman occupation did something for the future kingdoms. The Romans built the first dikes to shut out the sea; they made roads surviving even yet; they constructed bridges, improved the condition of agriculture and promoted trade. When they finally withdrew, the Germanic peoples had ceased to be nomadic.

As was generally true in western Europe, the Franks gradually gained supremacy over the different tribes of this region, merging Frisians and Saxons into their own nation. Charlemagne incorporated the low countries into his empire, which fell to pieces upon his death. For a considerable period following, the history of the provinces was bound up in the history of the kingdom of Lothair.

During Mediaeval times there was little reason for racial differences to manifest themselves. Flanders became the center of extensive industrial activity and trade throve mightily.

The whole region fell to the share of Charles V. as part of his hereditary possessions and profited greatly by trade

with the New World and the Indies. Each of the seventeen provinces had its own charter while a loose confederacy was held through the States-General, composed of delegates from each of the seventeen divisions. The meetings were held irregularly and industrial concerns received much more attention than those of purely governmental interest.

When Protestantism began to spread through Europe it gained a firm foothold in the northern provinces while those of the south remained but slightly affected. Charles V. used various means during the latter years of his reign to crush out the dissenting spirit, yet in spite of them the new faith gained ground. In 1555 he abdicated in favor of his son, Philip II. The son lacked his father's statesman-like qualities but was possessed of a fanatical desire to wipe out heresy. Accordingly he remained four years in these provinces and used many cruel and relentless measures for detecting nonconformists. He then turned the regency over to his half-sister, Margaret of Parma. Persecutions were increased and the land sorely oppressed by officers of the realm and courts for the conviction of Protestants. Finally the charters of the provinces were required. Some refused to give them up. At this juncture the pent up fury of the people asserted itself. They declared this action of the king illegal and unjust and relieved their feelings by making raids upon the churches and monasteries. It must always remain a matter for sincere regret that countless art treasures and valuable libraries were ruthlessly destroyed when they robbed the churches of every image and painting and monasteries of whatever pertained to the Catholic faith. To avenge this action and quell the disturbance, Philip sent the Duke of Alva with 20,000 troops thither. There is no example in modern history of more brutal, cold-blooded tyranny than that exercised by Alva in the Netherlands. It was his boast that in six years he caused the death of over 18,000 people, aside from those who fell in battle.

Antwerp was one of the most beautiful cities of Europe. Motley has described its appearance during flourishing mediaeval years.

"No city except Paris surpassed it in population or in commercial splendor. The city itself was the most beautiful

in Europe. Placed upon a plain along the bank of the Scheldt, shaped like a bent bow with the river for its string, it enclosed within its walls some of the most splendid edifices in Christendom. The world-renowned Church of Nôtre Dame, the stately Exchange, where 5,000 merchants daily congregated—prototype of all similar establishments throughout the world—the capacious mole and port—were all establishments which it would have been difficult to rival in any other part of the globe."

Yet this city was one that suffered so fearfully by Alva's scourge that travellers for years commented upon its forsaken appearance.

In 1579 the seventeen provinces united for common defense. William of Orange, learning directly that Philip II. had made an alliance with Henry II. of France for the purpose of crushing out Protestantism, particularly in the Netherlands, became the leader of the Netherlanders in their opposition. For years war waged. At length the ten southern provinces declared for the king. They had joined with the northern provinces because they felt the actions of the king to be illegal, rather than for religious reasons. They were still, as they had always been, predominantly Catholic.

From this separation the life of the two districts developed along different lines. The seven northern provinces were left to fight out their appeal for religious freedom. Not until 1648 was their sovereignty acknowledged. They were the first to establish a firm nation upon the cornerstones of freedom of worship, freedom of speech and sovereignty of the people.

The art of the two countries was profoundly affected by political conditions. Believing in simplicity of worship and churches unadorned, the Dutch never produced paintings setting forth on canvas or wall the stories of sacred lore and legend. Beginning with portrait painting, they soon began to depict the life and occupations of the people—the so-called *genre* pictures; landscape also appealed to them. The Flemish art—as the art of Belgium is always called—was older; it followed somewhat the course of art in Italy and in France, although it too developed locally. For these reasons it is necessary to consider the two schools of art separately.

Flemish Art.

The people of Flanders were always fond of gay dress, luxury, festivals, fête days, and sacred legends. Their love of the artistic was shown in tapestries, illuminations and stained glass before picture painting was particularly developed. Miniature painting revealed this love of luxurious effects, for borders were frequently mysteries of foliage, flowers, insects, birds and jewels.

The Van Eycks were the first important Flemish painters. The whole family seems to have been gifted; the father did some creditable work, and the sister Margaret gave her whole life to her art. The two brothers, Hubert and Jan, were the most famous. They discovered a method of mixing oils which allowed them to obtain unusual results in colors. Heretofore it had been the custom of painters to mix their colors with oils and with the whites of eggs or glue; then to varnish the whole, which unfortunately grew dull under the heavy varnish, while the glue or whites of eggs frequently caused the paint to crack in drying. The Van Eycks found that linseed oil and the oil of nuts dried quickly. In his "Cloister and the Hearth," Charles Reade has given us the secret of the Van Eycks as Margaret is supposed to have given it to another. Whatever it may have been, it enabled the artist to produce and preserve a brilliancy of color previously unknown. Truthfulness, detail and superb finish characterized the paintings of the Van Eycks. An altar-piece at Ghent, *The Adoration of the Lamb,* is their most noted painting.

Van der Weyden and Memling both followed the Van Eycks, but the great founder of modern Flemish art was Peter Paul Rubens—1577-1640—born in western Germany, where his parents were temporarily living. To be sure, Rubens inherited much from his predecessors but he made all they had learned his own and employed it in new and individual ways.

Born in 1577, just one year after Antwerp had been almost destroyed by the Spaniards, he heard of many stirring events that were constantly occurring during his boyhood. When he was seven William of Orange was assassinated; when eleven, the Spanish Armada sailed to invade England.

His father was a physician who removed to Germany, where Rubens spent his early years. After the death of the father Rubens' mother took her little family back to Antwerp, where she had previously lived. For awhile Peter Paul was placed in the family of a nobleman as page, but he soon induced his mother to let him study painting. Having finished his apprenticeship in Antwerp he went to Italy to study the great Italian masters in 1600. Here he soon fell under the notice of the Duke of Mantua who afforded him patronage for some years. Returning in haste upon news of his mother's illness, he arrived too late to find her living. Not desiring to return to Italy he opened his studio in Antwerp. Orders poured in to him; nobles and men of wealth sat for portraits. Honored and widely sought, he enjoyed prosperity and satisfaction.

In 1619 Rubens was sent on diplomatic business to Spain. The truth is that had Rubens not been an artist he would probably have been remembered for his diplomatic skill. As it was, his gift for drawing and painting caused his other services to be forgotten. Upon his return he received his famous commission from Marie de Medici to paint scenes from her life for her new palace. Part of the work being done in France and all of it open for exhibition afterwards, Flemish art at this period acted directly upon French artists who thronged to study the works of the great master in color and human form.

After the completion of this work he visited Madrid on business of state, remaining to do some painting. Later he was received at the court of Charles I., who knighted him. While in England he decorated the dining hall of Whitehall with scenes from the life of James I.

In 1630, Rubens' first wife having been dead for some years, he married the beautiful Helen Fourmont, whose picture he painted so many times.

Rubens was fond of painting groups and often filled his canvases full to overflowing. In the use of color and reflected light, in form and outline and perfection of revealing the human form he stands out pre-eminent. The physical always predominated in his characters; one feels the old Greek exuberance of health and vigor and beauty. He who seeks for the spiritual in art must seek elsewhere. It was left for

Rubens' famous pupil to give back the *soul* to Flemish painting.

VAN DYCK.

Anthony Van Dyck was born in 1599 and died a year after Rubens. He too began his work in Antwerp. His father was a manufacturer of fine silk and woolen stuffs and his mother was celebrated for her skillful needle work. There is no doubt but that the young artist inherited much of his delicate sense of the artistic from his mother.

After Rubens returned from Italy, Van Dyck entered his studio. When nineteen he was admitted to the Guild of St. Luke—a Guild composed of skilled workmen of whatever vocation. About 1622 he set out for the usual trip to Italy, deemed prudent and certainly helpful for an aspiring painter; Venice particularly charmed him. His later success with colors was not a little due to the influence of this Queen of the Adriatic.

Van Dyck was very fond of painting luxurious fabrics, laces and jewels. The wealthy merchants of Genoa welcomed him and he made large sums from his portraits. It is to be remembered that before the invention of photography to obtain a portrait from a painter was the only means of leaving one's likeness for heirs and descendants. In spite of the wealth showered upon Van Dyck he spent most of it in extravagant living. He thought that by studying his subject unawares he was greatly aided in revealing his true qualities. For this reason he maintained wide hospitality, dining his favorite patrons. It was this lavish manner of life that aroused the censure and jealousy of his contemporary Flemish painters, so that later Van Dyck was glad to take refuge in England and escape their petty attacks.

Charles I. and members of his court welcomed the elegant Flemish artist. Best known of all the Van Dyck paintings are the portraits made of this unfortunate monarch and his children. The queen, Henrietta Maria, was a favorite subject, as were many of the English nobles. With the troublous times that shortly overtook the realm, Van Duck suffered a financial falling off which seriously affected his extravagant habits. A marriage with a wealthy woman was negotiated

but two years later the artist died, only forty-two years of age.

The work of master and pupil contrast very strikingly in certain particulars. Rubens was given to crowding his pictures; Van Dyck used only a few figures, often one alone. He chose to reveal in the one portrait the soul with its share of human experiences. Whereas Rubens allowed the animal spirits of his subjects to predominate, Van Dyck's people are more subtle and refined. While Van Dyck borrowed from his illustrious teacher, nevertheless he worked out his own individuality so thoroughly that it would never be possible to confuse the paintings of one with those of the other.

Since the seventeenth century, Belgium has produced few gifted artists. In very recent years Lawrence Alma-Tadema, born in Holland but trained in Antwerp, has gained renown by his Egyptian scenes. However, he has become English by adoption.

The Dutch School.

The little land of Holland, scarcely one-third the size of Ohio, has produced a plucky race of thrifty, industrious people. With its dikes and windmills, for pumping the water out of the land, the country presents an unusual appearance. Part of its wealth has been produced by its butter and cheese, unrivaled in the world. The herds of peaceful cattle browsing in the fields or drinking by the streams are a part of many a Holland landscape. In no country has the art been more naturally an outgrowth of conditions than here.

The struggle between Catholic and Protestant resulted in the destruction of pre-Reformation art for the most part. Otherwise there would probably have been a fair amount of early work, as in Flanders.

Lucas van Leyden.

Lucas van Leyden (1494-1533) was the first distinctly Dutch artist. While Dürer was much older, the two painters were friends. By strongly contrasting colors Van Leyden obtained surprising results. Although he lived before the beginnings of reformed faith, the hold of the Church was not so strong as it had once been and artists were no longer confined to sacred subjects. Following his true bent, Van Leyden painted scenes from the life of the people.

We have seen how prominent a place the Guilds held in mediaeval times. Since Holland was peopled by men who were preëminently tradespeople, the Guilds were particularly strong and the life of the Guild was important in the eyes of the members. It was long the custom for the members of these Guilds to pay some artist who should paint their group for the Guild Hall. These so-called "corporation" pictures were painted by Hals, Rembrandt and plenty of lesser painters.

Franz Hals.

Franz Hals (1580-1666) was successful with these Guild pictures. He happily gave sufficient attention to each individual so that all were equally prominent. Hals was a frequenter of alehouses and places where people of the lower class gathered for a social cup; indeed, he appears to have been able to paint quite as well when half-tipsy as when sober.

One fact is apparent upon slightest examination of Hals' pictures: he painted nothing but that which he saw and he left nothing out. Van Dyck frequently softened features and idealized faces. Hals painted them as he saw them, imperfections as well as perfections. It is a wholesome feeling one experiences when standing before some of Hals' men and women. People of toil, invariably; careworn and sometimes bent with labor but contented, often happy. Straightforward, sincere, true to nature, Hals exercised an influence for good on the later development of national art in the Netherlands.

Rembrandt.

Rembrandt van Ryn (1606-1669) was an individual painter who stands out distinctly on the pages of art history as one who belonged to no time or place. Sent to the University of Leyden, he never accomplished much in literary study. For this reason he was sent to Amsterdam to enter the studio of Peter Lastman. Instinctively Rembrandt realized that he never would accomplish anything under this man's instruction and in six months he returned to work out his own method of giving to others what he himself saw and felt. Over and over again he sketched and painted his family, feeling that various expressions and revelations of the inner nature could only be gained by repeated portrayals. He was especially fond of

painting old people and one of his most delightful portraits is a picture of his own mother.

His fame spread and in time he took up his residence in Amsterdam. Students flocked to him and he shortly had quite a following.

His first Guild picture was his famous *Anatomy Lesson* in which he painted Dr. Tulp lecturing to his seven students. Rembrandt visited the class again and again and painted the faces from memory. All were gratified with the natural air of the painting and Rembrandt's fame grew apace.

In 1642 he was chosen to paint the Banning Cock Company—a band of militia men. Rembrandt could not think of a mere series of portraits and conceived the idea of having the company suddenly called out, preparing their arms as they went and confused with the passersby, so abrupt was the summons. The result was the celebrated *Sortie of the Banning Cock Company*. Unfortunately for the painter the members of this company were not at all pleased with the picture. They claimed that each had paid an equal amount and only a few were given prominence. Rembrandt was made quite miserable by their complaints. The picture was hung in the hall where it accumulated so much dirt and smoke that long afterwards when it was discovered it was thought to represent a night scene and was given the name *The Night Watch* by which it is incorrectly known today. Many years after Rembrandt painted the *Cloth Makers*.

Frequent pictures were made by the artist of his wife, Saskia, and he made many of himself—less from vanity, as is sometimes asserted, than from a habit of painting the same subject again and again.

Rembrandt's later years were far from happy. His much loved wife died and the artist was most impractical regarding everyday affairs. While he received large sums of money he made extravagant collections of art and jewels which consumed all he acquired. Debts and other anxieties attended his old age and he was saddened still more by the death of his only son—a young man of twenty-five.

In the portrayal of human passions and emotions Rembrandt probably stands above all other artists. In his happier days he pictured joy and happiness; during the darker years,

misery and trouble. Someone has said that his pictures of beggars alone would fill one gallery and represent all types. His reserve and retiring habits perhaps account for the fact that one does not grow remarkably enthusiastic over him or his work, yet his genius is so strongly stamped upon his paintings that they relegate him to a high plane. He violated all recognized rules of art, being greater than they. His peculiar use of light, emanating from no particular place but wherever his fancy pleased, should be noted. Greatest of all Dutch artists, he left a deep and lasting influence upon his successors.

Jan Steen.

Jan Steen (1626-1676) was a painter of note in the seventeenth century. His art was largely self-taught. He set up his easel wherever he happened to be, whether in tavern or humble home. Some five hundred pictures are credited to him. He gave especial heed to the balancing of objects on his canvas. They are always well divided, or if the people are brought together, different articles are placed opposite to maintain the balance.

Modern Landscape Painters.

Before the Barbizon School began to paint landscapes, Dutch artists had already set before the world rare bits from their own peculiar country. Before this time landscape had been regarded as a mere setting; so, too, the later Italian artists conceived it. Jan van Goyen, of the sixteenth century, was famous for his marine views. Ruisdael and Hobbema produced their pictures later in the same century. Hobbema unquestionably influenced Rosseau and Dupré, and was as successful as they in representing certain aspects of nature. Paulus Potter introduced animals into his scenes. Although he lived but twenty-six years, he brought a new conception into Dutch art. Van de Velde painted ships and the sea.

From the seventeenth until the nineteenth century little of permanent value was produced in Holland. In recent years Josef Israels, often called "the Dutch Millet," has depicted the life of the simple people, rough with toil and exposure. Antonin Mauve is well known in this country, and his sheep pictures have gained great popularity.

DUTCH LITERATURE

HOLLAND'S greatest contribution to the literature of the world was made by Erasmus, yet that genius stands apart, as he discarded the vernacular even in his name and embalmed his learning and wit in racy Latin. By his own acts and wish he practically belonged to the whole of Europe in the sixteenth century. Dutch literature, as commonly understood, presents little of interest before the rise of the picturesque *Kamers van Rhetorica* (Chambers of Rhetoric) in the fifteenth century. A few names are here enrolled without further treatment. Willem the Minstrel sang of the Fox (Reinecke Fuchs) in Flemish (1250); John I., Duke of Brabant, enriched folksong with his Minneliede; Jakob van Maerlant, the first original Dutch writer (*circa* 1225–1291), gave forth his "Flowers of Nature," a collection of moral and satirical addresses, his celebrated Rijmbijbel (Rhyming Bible), and his masterpiece, "De Spieghel Historiel" (Mirror of History); Jan van Boendale (1280–1365) wrote a rhyming history of his country; Jan van Heelu indited epic poems on the Battle of Woeronc and the War of Grimbergen; Dirk Potter projected a vast love poem, "Boc der Minnen Loep;" Jean Baptista Houwaert (1533–1599) won fame as the "Homer of Brabant" by his didactic "Pegasides Pleyn" (Palace of Maidens), sixteen books of poetry on earthly love; and the victorious Reformers known as "the Beggars" (Geuzen) gave the world in their volume of battle-songs—"Geuzen Lieden

Boecxken" (1588)—the rough but stirring ballad of Egmont and Horn, the song of the storming of Leyden and the ballad of Heiligula.

Modern Dutch literature practically begins, however, with Anna Byns, who was famous in her day as "the Sappho of Brabant." She was a lay nun, a Catholic schoolmistress of Antwerp about 1500. In both prose and verse she strove to impugn the faith and character of Luther. Then, according to Edmund W. Gosse, "the Dutch language, oscillating before her time between French and German, formless, corrupt, invertebrate, took the shape and comeliness, which none of the male pedants could give it, from the impassioned hands of a woman."

In contrast to this Catholic Sappho may be mentioned Filipo van Marnix, lord of St. Aldegonde (1538–1598), who used both sword and pen for the Calvinists, was a friend of William of Orange, and wrote the Wilhelmuslied (1568), the national hymn of Dutch, as Luther's "Ein' feste Burg" is virtually the national hymn of German liberty and Protestantism.

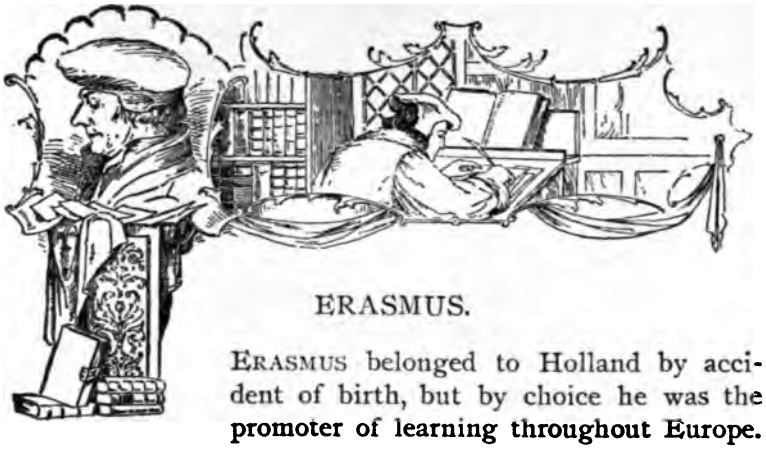
Meanwhile there flourished throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Chambers of Rhetoric, mediæval literary guilds of burgher condition, adorned with such flowery and mystical titles as the "Marigold," "Alpha and Omega," "Violet Book," "Blossoming in Love," "White Lavender," "Fig Tree," "Corn Flower," "Blue Columbine," and even "Holy Ghost" (Bruges), "Garland of Mary," "Jesus with Balsam" (Ghent). The chief of all came to be the "Eglantine" of Amsterdam. These Kamers held "tournaments of rhetoric," and sixty-six such festivals occurred between 1426 and 1620, the most brilliant being that at Atwerp in 1561, when that town presented a ton of gold for distribution among 1893 rhetoricians. The burgher element predominated in these guilds, for the Northern burgher life had early begun that vigorous growth which led to the town aristocracy of the seventeenth century. Dutch trade and business flourished with the Dutch arms and liberty.

Amsterdam stood at the head of the United Provinces, and there Roemer Pieterssen Visscher (1545–1620), extravagantly

eulogized as the Dutch Martial, presided over a salon, of which his two daughters, Anna and Tesselschade (the latter one of the finest poetesses of Holland), were the muses. From this salon rose Hooft, Vondel, Brederode, and Huygens.

Gerbrand Adriæncz Brederode (1585–1618) was Holland's greatest comedian. The son of a shoemaker, he was all along hopelessly in love with Tesselschade, to whom he dedicated his dramas and for whom he sighed out a whole cycle of love songs. But this unlettered son of genius was at his best in comedy, for which he had a style of humor somewhat akin to that of his great English contemporary, Ben Jonson. One of his best pieces is styled "The Farce of the Cow," while his masterpiece is "Jerolimo, the Spanish Brabanter," a satire on the exiles from the South.

Sir Constantijn Huygens (1596–1687) was the elegant poet, Pieter Cornelis Hooft (1581–1647), the sweetly lyrical singer, and Joost van den Vondel (1587–1679) the sublime bard of Holland's great trio of poesy. Each in his own domain still stands unrivalled among the Dutch. The homely didactic style of verse, so characteristically national, was furnished for this generation by Jakob Cats, familiarly remembered as Father Cats, who sang of maiden's troth and wedlock. Hooft's masterpiece, however, is in prose, his "History of Holland." Motley praises him as one of the greatest of European historians.



ERASMUS.

ERASMUS belonged to Holland by accident of birth, but by choice he was the promoter of learning throughout Europe. As a student he was a lover of peace and quiet and refused to become a revolutionist in either Church or State, however keenly he recognized the need of reform. Holland was a highly commercial country, as well as a home of art and learning. All the considerable cities of the Netherlands were important commercial and industrial centres. The people were enthusiastic in the cause of liberty and boldly asserted what rights they knew belonged to them.

Desiderius Erasmus is the assumed name of the great scholar, who was originally plain Gerhard. All three names mean "desired" or "beloved," the first in Latin, the second in Greek, the last in vulgar Dutch. Erasmus was born at Rotterdam in 1467. His father was a man of distinction, his mother was a physician's daughter. His parents having died when he was of tender years, he was committed to careless guardians and consigned to institutions of which he speaks with bitterness and scorn in after life. Yet he learned enough to become secretary to the Bishop of Cambray, who recognizing his abilities, furnished him with the means of attending the university of Paris. There his wit, his poetry and his fascinating personality made him welcome in all circles. Among his private pupils were several of high social rank, notably, Lord Mountjoy, who remained his friend through life. On the invitation of Mountjoy he visited England, and was introduced to Thomas More, then a youth of twenty, Dean Colet, of St. Paul's, Warham of Canterbury, and others. He had left Paris in financial difficulties, but these having been

CANALS OF HOLLAND.

It is well known that Holland is a network of canals, reaching over the land in all directions. A glance at this picture gives one an idea of the immense shipping which is carried on by means of these canals. The flat canal boats bring freight from different parts of the country to the great ports where it is dispatched to foreign ports. Again, the freight returned in exchange is in turn carried by this means to many distributing centers.

Reuchlin dissuaded the Emperor Maximilian from acceding to a demand so absurd, and thus brought on himself the wrath of the Dominicans. It is to the credit of Erasmus that he took the side of Ulrich Von Hutten and Young Germany in favor of Reuchlin, and wrote the "Apology" at the risk of his life. To the works already mentioned may be added a corrected and annotated edition of St. Augustine's works; also the "Spongia," written against Hutten, who could not understand Erasmus's hesitation and tried by satire to prick him into taking his place on the side of Luther. His passage of arms with the Reformer was expressed in the "De Arbitrio Libero," which was promptly replied to by Luther's "De Arbitrio Servo," and this again evoked from Erasmus the "Hyperaspistes," which was very much praised by Sir Thomas More, but soon ran its course.

In August, 1535, Erasmus wrote to the bishop of Cracow, telling him among other things that the pope had proposed to make him a cardinal, and had offered him other dignities which he could not accept. "I am pleased by the pope's letter," he says, "but the ox is not fit for the saddle." His health gradually declined, and on the 12th of July, 1536, he died at Basle, and was buried in the Cathedral there.

THE SHAM KNIGHT.

(From the "Colloquies.")

Harpalus. If you could help me out now, I am not a man to forget a courtesy.

Nestorius. It shall be your own fault if I do not make you what you would be.

Har. But it is not in our power to be born noble.

Nes. What you want in blood you must supply with virtue, and lay the foundation of your own nobility.

Har. That's such a devilish long way about.

Nes. Away, away; you may have it at court for a trifle.

Har. But the people are so apt to laugh at a man who buys his honor.

Nes. Well! And if it be so ridiculous, why would you so fain be a knight?

Har. Oh, I could show you twenty reasons for that; if you

could only put me in a way to make myself honorable in the opinion of the world.

Nes. Why, then, I'll tell you; you must first remove yourself to some place where you are not known, and then get yourself into company of men of quality. People will be apt to judge you by the company you keep. But then you must have nothing about you that's vulgar. I speak of your clothes. It would be better if they were silk; but if you cannot go to the price of silk, I would rather have them canvas than cloth. Don't let there be a single ungashed shred about you. Let your hat be slashed, your doublet be slashed, your breeches be slashsd, your shoes be slashed; nay, if you could manage to slash your very nails I would by all means advise you to do so. You must make a point always to speak in a lofty and dashing style. Thus, should you happen to fall in with a gentleman from Spain, ask him how matters are standing at present between the emperor and the pope; how your cousin, the Prince of Nassau, is getting on; and how, in like manner, all the other grandees, your old friends and cronies. You must, moreover, sport a ring with a fine stone bearing your arms.

Har. You do not ask if my purse will bear the expense.

Nes. Oh, as for that, a ring of gilt copper with a mock gem will cost you next to nothing. Do you happen to have any little scrap of an estate whose name might serve you for a title?

Har. Not an inch of ground in the world.

Nes. You were born, perhaps, in some eminent city?

Har. No; in a most despicable and paltry little hamlet. When in quest of a remedy we must not tell lies to the physician.

Nes. I approve of your maxim; but in the neighborhood of this hamlet of yours is there such a thing as a mountain or hill?

Har. There is, indeed.

Nes. I have it; you must henceforth cause yourself to be designated as "Sir Harpalus, Knight of the Golden Rock." One excellent way of throwing dust in people's eyes is to write sham letters to yourself, purporting to come from persouages of great rank, in which you will be addressed with such titles as, "Most Illustrious Sir," and let them be filled up with matters of importance and splendor: estates, chateaus, high posts of government, enormous sums of money and rich marriages. Contrive to throw these letters in the way of people, dropping them as if by chance, or pretending to forget them behind you. Leave them in the pockets or in the lining when you send your clothes to the tailor's

to be mended. The tailors will be sure to read them, and will puff you in all quarters. When folk in general are confirmed in the idea of your rank, you will find plenty of fools to lend you their money, and some people will be ashamed, and others afraid, to refuse you. If a friend has given you some money to keep for him, display it as if it were your own. Always let money be seen with you. For this purpose borrow occasionally and pay back immediately; and swell out your purse with copper, putting a couple of gold pieces on the top. You must contrive to hook an heiress. Circulate lying reports as to the mighty favors awaiting you at court. Women love, above all things, to marry grandees and high officials.

Har. May I perish if your advice does not charm me most amazingly.

THE FRENCH INN.

Bertulphus. What's the reason, I wonder, that people will never be got to quit Lyons under two or three days' stay there? For when I am once upon the way myself, I can never be quiet till I come to my journey's end.

Guilielmus. Now do I rather wonder that people can be gotten thence at all, because it is the very place where the Sirens charmed Ulysses and his mates; or, at least, it is the moral of that fable. When a man is there at his inn, he is as well as if he were in his own house. The women are very handsome there, and the table is never without one of them to season the entertainment, and with ingenious and innocent raillery they keep the guests in good humor. For instance, first came the landlady of the house and bade us welcome; and next came her daughter, a woman of very fine wit and fashion—one of those who make you feel that you can not be sad as long as she is in the company. Besides, you are not received as strangers, but just as if you were familiar friends and old acquaintances, the first minute you see one another.

Bert. Oh! I know the French way of civility very well.

Guil. Now, because they could not be with us in respect of business and other lodgers, when the daughter left us we had to supply her place till she could return. She was a lass so well instructed in the knack of repartees that she had a word for everybody, and no conceit came amiss to her. The mother, you must know, was somewhat in years.

Bert. But how were you treated all this while? For stories fill no bellies.

Guil. Truly, so splendidly and so cheap, that I was amazed at it. And then, after dinner, we chatted away the time so merrily that I thought I was still at home.

Bert. And how went matters in your chambers?

Guil. Why, there we had the girls about us again, giggling and toying with a thousand ape-tricks, and their main business was to know what linen we had to wash. In one word, they were all females that we saw there, except in the stables; and we had them there too, sometimes. Upon our coming away they could not have shown more affection and tenderness, if they had been our own brothers.

THE WELL-PRESERVED OLD MAN.

Polygamus. How long may it be since we four were at boarding-school together in Paris?

Eusebius. I take it to be a matter of two and forty years.

Rampyrus. And were not we four much of an age then?

Eus. Very near the same.

Ram. But what a difference there seems to be at present. Here's Glycion, who has nothing of an old man about him; and for Polygamus there, any one would take him for his grandfather.

Eus. But what should be the reason of it?

Ram. Why, either the one stopped in his course, or the other made more haste than good speed.

Pol. But tell me, Glycion, how many years thou hast upon thy back?

Glycion. More than ducats in my pocket.

Eus. Why, thou wilt never be old!

Pol. Well, by what arts hast thou preserved thyself in health and youth so long without either gray hairs or wrinkles. There's fire and spirit in your eyes; your teeth are white and even; you have a fresh color and a smooth plump habit of body.

Gly. Upon condition that you tell me how you became so old so soon, I will tell you how I kept myself young so long.

I went directly into my own country after I left Paris; and by the time I had been at home about a year, I began to think of something towards my future peace. I tried many things; some succeeded, some miscarried. I did not accomplish all by mother wit; the course I took was this: First of all I found out a person

most famed for reputation, gravity, wisdom, and experience, and one who I thought was the happiest of men.

I made *him* my friend and counsellor, and by his advice I married a wife. She had a fortune proportionate to my own, and just sufficient for my business. I was a happy man, just two and twenty years of age. They say it is the practice of the world to love before you judge; but I judged before I loved; but nevertheless, for the eight years that we lived together, never a happier couple lived under the sun. But I lost her. We had four children —two boys and two girls. God be praised for that.

Now I have a public commission which secures me from contempt, and frees me from vexatious attendances. I have something for myself and upon occasion can spare something for my friend. You say, "He that has no enemies has no friends." Well, that is true, if you live in a splendid pompous state of felicity; but in a state of mediocrity, a man is quiet and safe. I have made it a study never to raise any advantages for myself from the miseries of others. As near as I can, I would not disoblige one man to help another. In case of a misunderstanding, I do what I can to excuse and soften it, or, if possible, take no notice of it whatever. When there is no other alternative, I rather lose my money than my friend. I carry a cheerful countenance to all. I salute and re-salute with heart and good-will. That which I would keep secret I tell to no mortal. If anything private comes to my knowledge with regard to other men, I never blab it. Of the absent, if I speak at all, I speak with kindness and respect. I have made it a rule never to provoke differences, nor to heed them; but as far as in me lay to moderate or extinguish them. The sharpest affliction that ever befell me was the death of my wife. I passionately wished that we might grow old together, and live in the enjoyment of the common blessing of our children. But it was otherwise determined, and both duty and religion told me that God's way was the best. As I married for the hopes of children, so for the sake of these children I resolved never to marry again. The nights were not tedious; nothing is hard for a willing mind. And now I have brought myself to such a point of indifference as never to be transported with any violent inclinations or aversions, and this secures me from insolence on the one hand, and from despondence on the other.

As soon as I find the first motion of any disorder in my mind, whether it be from the sense of an indignity or affront, I cast it immediately out of my thoughts, and though there may be some

offences and provocations for the purpose that would anger a saint, they never stay long enough with me to make an impression. Briefly, if anything troubles me, I never carry the thoughts of it to bed with me. You think you see a vigorous body under the government of a virtuous mind: well, gentlemen, I have kept this guard on myself, not to do anything that would reflect on my own honor, or that of my family; and I never lay my head upon my pillow until I have by repentance reconciled myself to God for the transgressions of the day. I know I must die, and to live in fear of death might shorten my life, but can never lengthen it; therefore my whole care is to live honestly and comfortably, and leave the rest to Providence.

No man can live happily who does not live well. There is pleasure and variety in traveling; but I am for the safer way of compassing the world in a map, and I can find out more in printed travels than ever Ulysses saw in all his twenty years' ramble. I was never bled in all my life, and whenever I feel indisposed, a change of air, or a spare diet sets me right. I study sometimes, but I do not make a toil of a pleasure, nor do I study for ostentation, but for the love of it, and for the bettering of my life and manners. I never plod at my book above an hour at a time. Then I ruminate on what I have read, or, if I have a good companion I give him part of it. About the infirmities of old age? Well, my sleeps are not so sound, nor is my memory so strong as it has been. But now I have told you to a syllable the secret that has kept me young so long.

JOHANNES SECUNDUS.

JOHN THE SECOND, as Johann Everts (1511–1536) styled himself, is famous for his "Basia" (Kisses), a series of amatory poems in Latin. This young Dutch poet was born, at the Hague, of an ancient and honorable family of the Netherlands, and his father stood high in the favor of Emperor Charles V. In his twenty-third year Johann himself accompanied the emperor to the siege of Tunis, and after serving as secretary to both the Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo and the Bishop of Utrecht, was chosen private Latin secretary to Charles. It was while hastening to Italy to fill this post that he fell a victim to fever. Thus untimely perished this brilliant son of Holland, who as a poet revealed a wealth of

luxuriant and elegant Latinity. His "Kisses" remain a curious monument to his peculiar genius. They seem to have been inspired by certain odes of Catullus; at least therein lies their hint.

Cupid and Neæra.

Th' Idalian boy, to pierce Neæra's heart,
Had bent his bow, had chose his fatal dart;
But when the child, in wonder lost, surveyed
That brow, o'er which your sunny tresses played,
Those cheeks, that blushed the rose's warmest dye,
That streamy languish of your lucid eye,
That bosom too with matchless beauty bright,
(Scarce Cypria's own could boast so pure a white)
The mischief seized him first to wound my fair,
Yet partial fondness urged him now to spare.
But doubting still, he lingered to decide;
At length resolved, he flung the shaft aside,
Then sudden rushed impetuous to thy arms,
And hung voluptuous on thy heavenly charms;
There as the boy in wanton folds was laid,
His lips on thine in varied kisses played;
With every kiss he tried a thousand wiles,
A thousand gestures and a thousand smiles.
Your inmost breast with Cyprian odors filled,
And all the myrtle's luscious scent instilled.
Lastly, he swore by every power above,
By Venus' self, the perfect Queen of Love,
That you, blest nymph, forever should remain
Exempt from am'rous care, from am'rous pain
What wonder then such balmy sweets should flow
In every grateful kiss your lips bestow?
What wonder then, obdurate maid, you prove
Averse to all the tenderness of love?

One Little Kiss.

"One little kiss, sweet maid!" I cry—
And round my neck your arms you twine!
Your luscious lips of crimson dye
With rapturous haste encounter mine.

But quick those lips my lips forsake
  With wanton tantalizing jest.
So starts some rustic from the snake
  Beneath his heedless footstep pressed.

Is this to grant the wished-for kiss?—
  Ah, no! my love, 'tis but to fire
The bosom with a transient bliss
  Inflaming unallayed desire.

NEÆRA'S KISSES.

IN such a color as the morning rose
Doth, watered with the tears of night, disclose,
The blushing kisses of Neæra shine,
When they the humid print retain of mine;
Round which the beauties of her face are set,
As when some white hand crops a violet;
As flowers with cherries, that together wear
The spring and summer's livery, appear.
Unhappy! why now when thy kind lip warms
My soul, am I constrained to quit thy arms?
This crimson treasure, ah! reserve for me,
Till night return and bring me back to thee,
But if meantime they any other seek,
May they become far paler than my cheek.

HUGO GROTIUS.

HUGO GROTIUS (1583-1645), baptized as Dutch Huig van Groot, is celebrated as one of Holland's illustrious scholars—the finest ware that Delft ever turned out. Versatile genius as he was, he was in particular a profound jurist, and in his legal treatise, "De Jure Belli et Pacis" (Rights of War and Peace), published in Paris in 1625, he founded the modern science of the law of nature and nations. This magnificent treatise was based upon an original draft drawn up by this precocious prodigy of learning at the age of twenty-one. "The elegance of its diction," states Bluntschli, "the pearls from classical antiquity with which he adorned his pages, the temper of humanity which pervaded his argument, his efforts

to mitigate the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, in the midst of which he wrote, and the warmth of his general sympathy for a moral as opposed to a material order, enlisted men's hearts on the side of his reasoning."

This lawyer's son played a great part in the history of the Netherlands of his day. He possessed the religious sentiment which Erasmus (whom he otherwise recalls) lacked; and he sought to become a mediating influence between the Remonstrants (Arminians) and the Calvinists. But when Stadtholder Maurice of Nassau executed Barneveldt in 1618, he condemned Grotius to prison. This great scholar thus found himself confronted at the age of thirty-six with life-long imprisonment. He resigned himself to the consolation of the classics, but his brave-hearted wife (another Fidelio) came to share his imprisonment at the fortress of Lovestein, and in three years managed to effect his escape from captivity. At her advice he smuggled himself out in the chest of books and soiled linen, which it was the custom to wash at a stream outside. Thence, disguised as a mason, with trowel and hod, he fled to Paris, where he had to endure first the pangs of poverty, and latterly the dislike of Richelieu. But here we pass over his early and late political and diplomatic life, and will only recall that he was Scaliger's protegé, Vondel's worshipped friend, and Isaac Casaubon's adored correspondent; that he was a gentle humanist, a Latin poet who sang the siege of Ostend, and a Latin tragedian who wrote the "Adam in Exile," which preceded both Vondel and Milton. In the days of his Dutch career he was chosen by the United Provinces to be the historiographer of their struggle with Spain, and he did write a legal treatise to defend the Netherlands.

Justice in War.

So far is it from being proper to admit, as some choose to say, that in war all rights cease; that war is never to be undertaken, except to assert rights; and when undertaken, is never to be carried on except within the limits of rights and of good faith. Demosthenes well said, that war was the mode of dealing with those who could not be kept in order

by judicial proceedings. For judicial proceedings are of force against those who feel themselves to be the weaker party: but against those who make themselves or think themselves equals, war is the proceeding; yet this too, in order to be justifiable, is to be carried on in a no less scrupulous manner than judicial proceedings are.

Be it so, then, that, in the conflict of arms laws must be silent; but let this be understood of laws civil, judicial, proper to peace; not of those laws which are perpetual and accommodated to all time. For it is excellently said by Dio Prusæensis, that between enemies written laws—that is, civil laws—are not in force; but that unwritten laws are, namely, those which nature dictates, or the consent of nations institutes. We may learn this from the old formula of the Romans: "I decide that those things may be sought by a pure and pious war." The same old Romans, as Varro remarked, undertook war tardily, and without allowing themselves any license, because they thought that no war, except a pious one, ought to be undertaken. Camillus said that wars were to be carried on no less justly than bravely. Africanus said that the Romans began just wars and ended them. Again, in Livy we read: "War has its laws no less than peace." And Seneca admires Fabricius as a great man, and, what is most difficult, a man innocent even in war, and one who thought that there were wrongs even towards an enemy.

How great the power of the conscience of justice is, the writers of histories everywhere show, often ascribing victory to this cause mainly. Hence have arisen these proverbs: that it is the Cause which makes the soldier brave or base; that he rarely comes safe back who goes out on the bad side; that Hope is the ally of the good cause; and others to the same effect. Nor ought any persons to be moved by the occasional success of unjust designs; for it is enough if the equity of the cause has an efficacy, and that a great one, in action; even though this efficacy, as happens in human affairs, is often prevented from taking effect, being counteracted by other causes. And further: in conciliating friendships, which nations, as well as individuals, need on many accounts, a great effect must be assigned to an opinion that we do not

hastily or unjustly undertake war, and that we carry it on religiously. For no one readily joins himself to those whom he believes to think lightly of right laws and good faith.

To Holland.

Receive not with disdain this product from my hand,
O mart of all the world! O flower of Netherland!
Fair Holland! let this live, though I may not, with thee;
My bosom's queen! I show e'en now how fervently
I've loved thee through all change,—thy good and evil days,—
And love, and still will love, till life itself decays.
If here be aught on which thou mayest a thought bestow,
Thank Him without whose aid no good from man can flow.
If errors meet thy view, remember kindly then
What gathering clouds obscure the feeble eyes of men;
And rather spare than blame this humble work of mine,
And think, "Alas! 'twas made—'twas made at Louvesteijn."

DUTCH BALLADS.

Our previous specimens of Dutch literature, though composed by natives of Holland, were actually written in Latin, the universal tongue of the learned in their day. The following examples are taken from the vernacular. The old popular ballads, anonymous and dateless, belong as far back as the fourteenth century. Many are religious, Christmas carols, Easter hymns, and songs of the Virgin, as "Salve Regina," and "Ave Maria." But besides these there were romantic ballads, which resemble those of other European countries at the same period.

The Hunter from Greece.

A hunter went a-hunting into the forest wide,
And naught he found to hunt but a man whose arms were tied.
"Hunter," quoth he, "a woman is roaming in the grove,
And to your joyous youth-tide a deadly bane shall prove."
"What! should I fear a woman, who never feared a man?"
Then to him, while yet speaking, the cruel woman ran.
She seized his arms, and grasped his horse's reins, and hied
Full seventy miles, ascending with him the mountain's side:

The mountains they were lofty, the valleys deep and low.
Two sucklings dead, one turning upon a spit, he saw:
"And am I doomed to perish, as I these perish see?
Then may I curse my fortune that I a Greek should be."
"What! are you, then, from Greece?—for my husband is a Greek;—
And tell me of your parents,—perchance I know them—speak!"
"But should I name them, they may to you be all unknown:—
My father is the monarch of Greece, and I his son;
And Margaret, his consort,—my mother, too, is she;
You well may know their titles, and they my parents be."
"The monarch of the Grecians—a comely man and gay;—
But should you ne'er grow taller, what boots your life, I pray?"
"Why should I not grow taller? I but eleven years have seen;
I hope I shall grow taller than trees in the forest green."
"How hope you to grow taller than trees in the forest green?—
I have a maiden daughter, a young and graceful queen,
And on her head she weareth a crown of pearls so fine;
But not e'en wooing monarchs should have that daughter mine.
Upon her breast she beareth a lily and a sword,
And even hell's black tenants all tremble at her word."
"You boast so of your daughter, I wish she'd cross my way,—
I'd steal her kisses slyly, and bid her a good day."
"I have a little courser that's swifter than the wind;
I'll lend it to you slyly;—go, seek—the maiden find.'
Then bravely on the courser galloped the hunter lad:
"Farewell! black hag, farewell! for your daughter is too bad."
"Oh, had I, as this morning, you in my clutches back,
You dared not then have called me—you dared not call me 'black.'"
She struck the tree in fury with a club-stick which she took,
Till the trees in the greenwood trembled, and all the green leaves shook.

THE FETTERED NIGHTINGALE.

"Now I will speed to the Eastern land, for there my sweet love dwells,—
Over hill and over valley, far over the heather, for there my sweet love dwells.
And two fair trees are standing at the gates of my sweet love:
One bears the fragrant nutmeg, and one the fragrant clove."

"The nutmegs were so round, and the cloves they smelt so sweet,
I thought a knight would court me, but I a mean man meet."
The maiden by the hand, by her snow-white hand he led,
And they traveled far away to where a couch was spread;
And there they lay concealed through the loving livelong night,
From evening to the morning, till broke the gay daylight.
"And the sun is gone to rest, and the stars are shining clear;
I fain would hide me now in an orchard with my dear,
And none should enter then my orchard's deep alcove,
But the proud nightingale that carols high above."
"We'll chain the nightingale,—his head unto his feet,—
And he no more shall chatter of lovers when they meet."
"I'm not less faithful now, although in fetters bound,
And still will chatter on of two sweet lovers' wound."

JACOB CATS.

In his lifetime Jacob Cats (1577–1660) was a prominent official of Holland, reaching even the post of grand pensionary. Since his death his fame rests on his fables and allegories, which endeared him to the popular heart, so that he is referred to as "Father Cats." All his poems are of a simple style, yet adorned by rich fancy.

The Statue of Memnon.

We read in books of ancient lore,
An image stood in days of yore,
Which, when the sun with splendor dight
Cast on its lips his golden light,
Those lips gave back a silver sound,
Which filled for hours the waste around:
But when again the living blaze
Withdrew its music-waking rays,
Or passing clouds its splendor veiled,
Or evening shades its face concealed,
This image stood all silent there,
Nor lent one whisper to the air.
This was of old. And even now
The man who lives in Fortune's glow
Bears off the palm of sense and knowledge,
In town and country, court and college;
And all assert *nem. con.*, whatever
Comes from his mouth is vastly clever.

But when the glowing sun retires,
His reign is o'er, and dimmed his fires,
And all his praise like vapor flies,—
For who e'er calls a poor man wise?

PIETER C. HOOFT.

PIETER CORNELIS HOOFT (1581-1647) was well versed in the ancient classics, and took them as his models in both history and poetry. While his works are highly esteemed by his countrymen, they have not obtained general recognition. He introduced tragedy into Holland, but is better known by his histories of the Netherlands, and the Medici. His lyrics are worth recalling.

LOVE'S AWAKENING.

THREE long years have o'erwhelmed me in sadness,
Since the sun veiled his vision of gladness:
Sorrow he banished,—for sorrow is dreary;
Sorrow and gloom but outweary the weary.
In my heart I perceive the day breaking;
I cannot resist its awaking.

On my brow a new sun is arisen,
And bright is its glance o'er my prison;
Gayly and grandly it sparkles about me,
Flowingly shines it within and without me:
Why, why should dejection disarm me,—
My fears or my fancies alarm me?

Laughing light, lovely light, in the heaven
Of thy forehead is virtue engraven;
Thy red coral lips, when they breathe an assenting,
To me are a dawn which Apollo is painting;
Thy eyes drive the gloom, with their sparkling,
Where sadness and folly sit darkling.

Lovely eyes,—then the beauties have bound them,
And scattered their shadows around them;
Stars, in whose twinklings the virtues and graces,
Sweetness and meekness, all hold their high places:
But the brightest of stars is but twilight,
Compared with that beautiful eye-light.

Fragrant mouth,—all the flowers of spring is wreathing
Are dull to the sweets thou art breathing;
The charms of thy song might summon the spirit
To sit on the ears all-enchanted to hear it:
What marvel, then, if, in its kisses,
My soul is o'erwhelmed with sweet blisses?

Oh, how blest, how divine the employment!
How heavenly, how high the enjoyment!
Delicate lips, and soft, amorous glances,—
Kindling and quenching, and fanning sweet fancies,—
Now, now to my heart's centre rushing,
And now through my veins they are gushing.

Dazzling eyes, that but laugh at our ruin,
Nor think of the wrongs ye are doing,—
Fountains of gladness and beacons of glory,
How do ye scatter the dark mists before ye!
Can my weakness your tyranny bridle?
Oh, no! all resistance is idle.

Ah! my soul—ah! my soul is submitted;
Thy lips,—thy sweet lips,—they are fitted
With a kiss to dissolve into joy and affection
The dreamings of hope and of gay recollection:
And, sure, never triumph was purer;
And, sure, never triumph was surer.

I am bound to your beauty completely,
I am fettered and fastened so sweetly;
And blessed are the tones, and the looks, and the mind, too,
Which my senses control, and my heart is inclined to:
While virtue, the holiest and brightest,
Has fastened love's fetters the tighest.

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL.

HOLLAND'S greatest lyricist and tragedian, Joost van den Vondel, has most attracted the attention of English readers by reason of the claim made for his "Lucifer" (1654) that Milton borrowed—or, at least, received hints—from it for his majestic epic of "Paradise Lost." Milton was then totally blind, but was still valiantly fighting his Salmasian foes.

He did not begin his "Paradise Lost" in earnest until 1658; but eighteen years before he had intended to treat the theme dramatically. Few British critics to-day willingly acknowledge any debt of Milton toward Vondel, and if there was any, Milton certainly transmuted Dutch silver to English gold.

Joost van den Vondel was born in 1587, and died in 1679. As E. W. Gosse has asserted, Vondel represents the Dutch intelligence and imagination at its highest. His poetic ideals are, in fact, those of the burgherdom to which he belonged, and he could not soar higher. With heroic Scriptural scenes and a lyrical beauty, he may be styled a sort of Dutch Racine. He wrote five-act dramas, in Alexandrines, with choral interludes. In his day he had the new-risen greatness of Holland to inspire him. William of Orange, Maurice of Nassau, Zutphen, Dunkirk—these were among his legacy of national pride and glory. He did not become really famous until, at the age of forty-one, he wrote "Palamedes, or Murdered Innocence," in which, under a thin disguise, all Holland recognized the sad story of John Barneveldt, who had been executed about eight years before.

Of Vondel's historical dramas, one dealt with "Mary Stuart" (1646). Vondel was a poet of a bourgeois nation. He lived on the income from a hosiery shop almost all his life, until in his old age his son's folly threw him upon a government clerkship and pension. He lived to be ninety-two years old and died of longevity.

The exact Dutch name of Vondel's master work was "Luisevaer's Tragedy." For dramatic purposes the Dutch poet treated his theme in a more human fashion than Milton was to do in his epic, but as George Edmundson (whose "Milton and Vondel" is the best inquiry into the subject) has stated: "The character of Vondel's Lucifer, though cast in a less stupendous mould than that of the Miltonic Satan, displays the same traits. Haughty pride, ambition, inflexible

will, implacable resentment, unyielding resolve are the marked qualities which distinguish alike either impersonation." Vondel's Beelzebub is like Milton's, second only to Satan, and in both poems the narrative of the rebellion of the wicked angels and their overthrow by Michael forms only a narrated episode of the whole. Milton, like Vondel, adopted the Ptolemaic nine spheres, with a slight adaptation to Copernican astronomy. The year before Vondel's "Lucifer" appeared, one hundred brother rhetoricians had crowned him with the laurels of Apollo at the Feast of St. Luke; and it would be perfectly natural that Vondel's poetry was among that Dutch literature read by Roger Williams (founder of the State of Rhode Island) to the blind Milton. Vondel wrote ten years later a sequel to Lucifer in "Adam in Ballingschap" (Adam in Banishment), just as Grotius had written an "Adam in Exile." In 1660 Vondel published a tragedy, "Samson, of de Heilige Wraak" (Samson, or the Divine Vengeance), which preceded Milton's "Samson Agonistes." Indeed, Mr. Edmundson goes so far as to assert that "not only the language and the imagery of the 'Lucifer' exercised a powerful and abiding influence on the mind of Milton, and have left indelible traces upon the pages of 'Paradise Lost,' but that other writings of Vondel can be shown to have affected in no slight or inconsiderable degree all the great poems of Milton's later life."

As Vondel had been persecuted by political enemies and the "Saints of Dort" for his "Palamedes," so he was plagued by the extreme Calvinists for his "Lucifer." Like Milton's Satan, Vondel's fallen archangel has been taken to be a type of Cromwell. In a poem addressed "To the Regicides," Vondel tells how "Dissembling Lucifer made Parliament his tool."

LUCIFER'S SOLILOQUY.

(From "Adam in Banishment.")

"I ONCE excelling in the realms of Light,
And now from Light eterne exiled in gloom,
Come thundering up from out the sulphurous lake
Below, and, not overstepping thus the bounds
Of my confinement, haunt the regions here

Above; for though the Foe did make my form
Abhorred and hideous, yet was I allowed,
With you, my Hellish mates, here met in flight,
To stretch our sway o'er sea and earth and air.
The Prince of this World finds it suits his state
To shun the day. His splendor grows by dusk,
Wherefore he chooses night for this attempt.
Though darkness now begins to leave the fields,
Still may the foe of light in shadow plunge,
By cave, hedge, covert, thicket, brake and wood.
Where am I now? The clear-toned nightingale
Is herald to the sun and radiant dawn.
I hear with morning-coolness life revive
And joyous chirping midst the leaves and trees.
The rippling of four streams strikes on the ear,
Which, from one hillside source, spread far and wide.
This tells sufficiently what Earth we tread.
Here flows Euphrates' stream; here Eden blooms,
The realm, the charge of Adam and his spouse.
Here with my follower I needs must hide
Among the trees, in park or myrtle walk,
Then spy before, behind, on either side,
And scheme how best to hatch some evil plot.
For, alien from good, this curséd doom
I hate, and in His creatures seek to spoil
And ravish Him whose essence nought can hurt.
To this end did I found my Hellish realm,
Which shall endure for aye. No plan too bold
For me, who shrank not from the assault of Heaven,
So Vengeance seize the world within her teeth
And drag the Universe from its fixed seat,
That once more by my might Heaven's axis crash.
I wish henceforth to give Him constant work,
And, though His bolts have driven me from my throne,
To let Him see what I can do, though fallen.
What if our force should fail to reach above?
The upper Powers must see that force enough
Remains to cross His will in all His works.
The name Almighty is a title, and no more,
An impotent, vainglorious boast. Did He know how
To utterly destroy one being that exists,
'Twere o'er with me! I should cease to be,

Or cease at least to rule these realms below.
His might's too weak, when mine to leeward lies.
It cannot reach the ship that keeps the wind.
We shall with canvas spread sail round the cape,
And enter the rich port whereto we steer."

LUCIFER'S REVENGE.

(From "The Lucifer.")

THE contest o'er, he called the scattered host
Together, first his chiefs, each filled with hate,
And placed himself within a hollow cloud
To shun the light of the All-seeing Eye,
A dismal den of fogs, wherein no fire
Save in their glances gleamed; and 'midst the ring
Of his infernal council seated, he
Rose from his throne in Hell, as God adored.
"Ye powers, who for our righteous cause so bold
This hurt endured, now is the time to take
For our calamity revenge, with hate
Irreconcilable to persecute,
With guile and force alike, the Heavenly Foe
In His own chosen image. . . . .
My aim is Adam and his race to spoil.
I know through trespass of the primal law
How such a stain indelible on him
To rub, that he with all his progeny,
In soul and body poisoned, never shall
Attain the seat whereout we have been thrust. . . .
E'en Nature's self shall, by this blow abused,
Well-nigh consume, and seek to nothingness
And chaos to return. I see mankind,
After the image of the Godhead formed,
From God's similitude debased, estranged,
In will and memory and thought obscured,
Their native light bedimmed and overcast,
And all, on mother's breast, in sorrow born,
A prey to death's inexorable jaws.
Boldly I mean to play the tyrant's part,
And you, my sons, adored as deities
On altars numberless, on many a shrine
Of towering structure to propitiate

With victims, frankincense, and gold;
Also a throng of men, whose multitude
No tongue can name, all Adam's line to bring
To everlasting ruin, and, in God's despite,
To perpetrate abominable deeds.
My crown and his high feast shall cost him dear."

WOMAN'S BEAUTY.

THE loveliness of woman, which on earth
All else surpasseth, nor heart nor eye
E'er fills with surfeit, which kindles to flame
The very lions, here its living charms
Unveils, fair as becomes God's handiwork,
That man might taste the exuberant delights
Of sensuous passion, which of growth eterne,
In contemplation of the Deity,
Had until now, its sole fruition found.
The aspect and delight, rich source of bliss
Of female loveliness, hath thousands plunged
Headlong in woe and shipwreck of their state,
Health, life, and weal. The wisest, strongest men
Are drawn along and fettered, like her slaves,
By shackles of bright flowing hair. No beast
Thus raves, bewitched by elfish sprite,
Like man misguided, blind, his every wish
And lust indulges, God and name and fame
And honor throws aside, that he with love
In some false charmer's amorous flames may melt
Like ice or waxen bust in heat of fire.
To this may lead the dissolute misuse
Of Beauty, and thus dearly purchases
A foolish man this fleeting bliss, the which
But scarce enjoyed, remorse in secret comes,
And follows each abuse of heavenly gifts
Close on the heels. Unhappy was he then
Who fell into her snares, caught, overcome,
For one glance of her eyes; as in a dream,
The joy, like mist, is gone. What purpose then
Doth beauty fill, and what the end and aim
Of God in forming thus this image fair,
Which lures souls to their hurt? Doth God design

To bind man's heart by wedded vows, and teach
Him in this fair to find a fairer still,
A yearning, which the soul in God alone
Can satisfy, in plentitude divine
Of beauty and delight? This song of ours
Should woman with still lovelier attributes
Invest, but that we fear her siren charms
Would even saints seduce, if winning grace,
Virtue, discernment, softness, should descend
From heaven, and hover round her comely form
Of faultless symmetry.

GERBRAND BREDERODE.

GERBRAND BREDERODE (1585-1618) was of humble birth and devoted his talents to the amusement of the common people. For them he depicted in his comedies their own life with its homely joys and sorrows. His numerous poems were collected after his death in volumes bearing the names, "The Facetious Song-Book," "The Meditative Song-Book," and "The Great Fountain of Love."

LAMENT FOR LOST LOVE.

(From "The Great Fountain of Love.")

CANST thou so soon unkindly sever
  My long, long suit from memory,—
The precious time now lost forever,
  The vanished moments passed with thee,
    In friendliness, in love's caress,
In happiness, and converse free from guile,
From night till morning, and 'neath twilight's smile?

A father's rage and friends' derision
  For thee I've borne, when thou wert kind;
But they fled by me as a vision
  That fades and leaves no trace behind.
    Oh, thus I deemed, when fondly beamed,
And purely gleamed, those brilliant eyes, whose ray
Hath made me linger near thee through the day!

How oft those tender hands I've taken,
  And drawn them to my breast, whose flame

Seemed, at their gentle touch, to waken
  To feelings I dared scarcely name!
    I wished to wear a lattice there,
Of crystal clear or purest glass, that well
Thou might'st behold what tongue could never tell.

Oh, could the heart within me glowing
  E'er from its cell have been removed,
I had not shrunk,—that heart bestowing
  On thee, whom I so warmly loved,
    So longed to wed, so cherishéd!
Ah! who could dread that thou wouldst wanton be,
And so inconstant in thy love to me?

Another youth has stolen my treasure,
  And placed himself upon the throne
Where late I reigned, supreme in pleasure,
  And weakly thought it all my own.
    What causes now that chilling brow?
Or where didst thou such evil counsel gain,
As thus to pride and glory in my pain?

What thoughts, too painful to be spoken,
  Hath falsehood for thy soul prepared,
When thou surveyest each true-love token,
  And think'st of joys together shared,—
    Of vows we made beneath the shade,
And kisses paid by my fond lips to thine,
And given back with murmured sigh to mine!

Bethink thee of those hours of wooing,—
  Of words that seemed the breath of truth,—
The Eden thou hast made a ruin,—
  My withered hopes and blighted youth!
    It wonders me that thou shouldst be
So calm and free, nor dread the rage that burns
Within the heart where love to malice turns.

Away,—away,— accursed deceiver!
  With tears delude the eyes and brain
Of him, the fond, the weak believer,
  Who follows now thy fickle train.
    That senseless hind (to whom thou'rt kind,
Not for his mind, but for his treasured ore)
Disturbs me not. Farewell! we meet no more!

SCANDINAVIA

Scandinavia includes Norway, Sweden and Denmark. All three countries today are, and at various periods in the past have been, free and independent. At other times they have been held together in some sort of union.

At an early period that branch of the Teutonic race from which the Northmen were descended migrated to the extreme northern part of Europe. Little is known of them during this remote age. It so happened that in the ninth century a strong prince usurped the power of king. He introduced such a rigorous rule that many of the chiefs would not submit to him. Thus a general migration began, which affected the greater part of the continent. To be sure, many bold vikings had earlier swooped down upon the settlements in Britain and France and the territory near the mouth of the Rhine. Hengist and Horsa in the middle of the fifth century responded to a cry for aid on the part of the Britains. Having repulsed the Picts and Scots, they refused to take their share of the booty and depart, as the Britains asked, but defeated those they had aided and, victorious, set up the kingdom of Kent. Norse raids along the coasts had been occasional for three centuries before the great outpouring in the eighth century, but the disturbances they provoked were slight compared with that resulting from this later exodus. So numerous were the ones who left their northern home at this time and so prolonged the migration, that it has been compared to the Wanderings of the Nations upon the fall of Rome. Iceland, Russia, England, France and Italy all received a share of the outpouring. From 874-934 is known by the Scandinavian chroniclers as the "land-taking period."

The most cultured of the Norsemen removed to Iceland. Here they were able to enjoy that freedom so dear to them and no longer possible in Norway. At first they settled separately, wherever suitable lands could be found. Soon they adopted laws common throughout the island and in time the parliament of the island came into being. This was known as the Althing.

It concerned itself with affairs pertaining to the common good. Unfortunately it was unable to take sufficient measures for the protection of the island against invaders, and in 1263 Norway conquered Iceland.

Christianity came into Denmark and Sweden from Germany. Norway and Iceland remained longer away from its influences; about 1000 A. D. the Althing adopted it as the religion of Iceland. Fortunately there was here an absence of that destruction which so often accompanied the adoption of the new faith. With a strong aversion to anything which had been pagan, the nations of southern Europe ruthlessly destroyed temples and works of art. Thus our civilization has been bereft of many precious legacies. In the north the reverence for the old was sufficiently great to insure its preservation.

Investigation of modern times has shown that the Norsemen were not alone the fierce, blood-thirsty pirates once supposed. It is true that they loved to skirt along the shores of seas and bays, suddenly falling upon settlements near at hand which they not infrequently laid waste and rushed on again in their ships. That was but one side of the matter, however. The more cultured among them were most intelligent and capable. All loved the songs of brave men and for generations before they had a written language, long stories of deities and heroes were handed down from father to son. Like the Greeks and unlike the Romans, they were gifted with vivid imaginations and wove into their stories much of beauty. Their skalds, or minstrels, went from country to country, singing their songs and returning to entertain their kinsmen with reports from remote lands. When a written language was acquired, there was a whole wealth of literature at hand to be chronicled. Thus whole cycles of songs, or *sagas,* were collected and preserved. Beowolf, written perhaps in England, but known much earlier in the north, is one of these hero stories. The *Elder Edda,* a collection of these Norse sagas prepared about 1300, was long supposed to have been the production of one; now, like the Iliad, it is understood to have been the work of many singers.

Iceland, so little known even today, has been the home of a remarkable people since the latter part of the ninth century. Climatic conditions are very severe, and during the Middle

Ages two-thirds of the population were wiped out by the Plague —a loss from which the island has never rallied. Nevertheless, in comparison with its population, it has produced a surprisingly rich literature. In 1874 the Icelanders celebrated their one-thousandth anniversary and it was their boast that everyone in their land could read and write and possessed a fair education, while some of their number were gifted indeed. Among those in recent years who have labored diligently to preserve and translate the old runes containing so much of value and interest for the historian the Icelanders have themselves supplied a goodly number.

Denmark gained the ascendency over her Scandinavian neighbors, but this was not lasting. Free and independent for a time, in 1397 the Union of Calmar was formed, uniting all under Queen Margaret of Denmark. Each was to retain its constitution and make its own laws, but the three countries were to stand together for mutual purposes and interests. The generous minded of all three states saw in this a chance for the Norse countries to hold their own against other European states and to promote the interests of trade. However, it was a dream which was never fully realized, for jealousies and petty feuds tore the whole fabric to pieces. In 1523 Sweden revolted under the leadership of the house of Vasa. Winning her independence, she adopted Lutheranism.

For some time Sweden was a state to be considered. When Gustavus Adolphus ascended the throne he found the country embroiled in three foreign complications—all stimulated by a rivalship for control of the Baltic. (1) Denmark occupied southern Sweden and the entrance to the Baltic; (2) Russia was encroaching farther and farther toward Swedish possessions in her zeal for water ways. (3) The king of Poland claimed the Swedish crown. Gustavus made war against his three enemies and was victorious over each.

At this time the cause of Protestantism was suffering by the vigorous action of a Catholic Emperor. Gustavus espoused the Protestant side and his famous victories in Germany will be remembered. After a decisive battle he fell, while the Swedish army were left conquerors on the field. Sweden acquired valuable possessions by the Peace of Westphalia and remained predominant in the Baltic.

In 1697 Charles II. succeeded to the throne of Sweden. He was but fifteen years of age, and with the utter unscrupulous policy of European states during this century, Denmark, Poland and Russia planned to dismember Sweden, or at least to divide her possessions. Charles immediately invaded Denmark and compelled her to sue for peace in 1700. He next marched against Peter the Great of Russia, where his army was again successful. In Poland the war dragged on for five years. Charles occupied the capital, Warsaw, having driven the Polish king into his German possessions. In 1703 Charles had a rival king elected in Poland, then invaded Augustus' German territory. At this juncture Augustus was obliged to acknowledge his deposition. Now with a wild hope of becoming another Alexander the Great, Charles launched out upon a conquest of Europe. Invading Russia, he found that the czar had learned much by his previous defeat. Instead of hazarding battle, the Russian army drew back, laying waste the land. This was the policy adhered to in fighting the great Napoleon. It has always been a favorite method with the Russians. Like Napoleon, Charles waited too long before making his retreat. When suddenly the Russian forces opened battle, the Swedish army was weakened with inaction and lack of food. His army defeated, Charles fled into Turkey, where he incited the sultan to make war upon Russia. Shortly after, however, the czar and sultan made terms.

When in 1714 Charles returned to Sweden, he found it greatly reduced in territory and full of disorder. Four years later he died, fighting to conquer Norway. Sweden sank rapidly now to a third-rate power. For seventy years there was anarchy in the state, as prince after prince tried to establish his house upon the throne. In 1789 Gustavus III. established order and saved his country from utter ruin.

Norway and Sweden were united in 1814 under one king, but certain inherent differences soon presented themselves, and both states were dissatisfied. Demands were made by Norway for dissolving the union, but until 1905 it remained unchanged. Finally the Norwegian Parliament passed a bill providing for a separation, but King Oscar vetoed it. When the Norwegian government showed itself determined, the king permitted the dissolution to take place quietly, although cer-

tain Swedish statesmen opposed it bitterly. Thus once more, after repeated changes, Denmark, Norway and Sweden exist today as separate and independent states.

The part played by the Scandinavians in the history of the world has been tremendous. Having established themselves in northern France at an early period, one of their number became the conqueror of England. From a union of Saxon and Norman blood was produced the great English nation. Italy received a fortunate infusion of Norman blood, as did France and Russia. Always, wherever they have settled, the Normans have manifested the same characteristics—the same restless energy, the same untiring zeal.

In science and letters this part of Europe has made valuable contributions. The Swedes have been prominent in the exploration of the far north and in the field of scientific investigation and research.

A VIKING SHIP

SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE

LUTHERAN doctrines were solemnly adopted as the creed of the national church of Denmark in 1536, and the religious and intellectual emancipation which ensued produced a ferment in the minds of the people. Among the first to contribute to the Reformation was Christian Pedersen, called the "Father of Danish Literature." Prior to his time, in Denmark, as elsewhere, the exclusive use of the Latin language in Church and State had kept learning from the masses and sharply defined class distinctions. Pedersen translated the New Testament into the vernacular with a spirit and veracity which has made it remarkable in the history of Biblical literature. He may be said to have created the Danish literary language. Among many other works, he adapted seven of Luther's tracts for the people, and thus conveyed to them, in simple ways, the great truths of faith and religious freedom relieved from all subtleties of argument and dogma. He also translated and adapted the old chronicles and legends of his own country, and these formed the favorite reading of the people long after his death.

The Age of the Reformation in Denmark was succeeded by the Age of Learning, and particularly theological learning. The university at Copenhagen had been made over on Lutheran models, and its guardians believed it of primary importance that the new faith should be protected from error. The professors of theology, therefore, were not only censors in their own department, but extended their rule over every

branch of literature. Latin gained the ascendancy in the university and in the schools once more, the results being that for a time at least, the Danish language lost its hold, the intellectual classes isolated themselves, and learning was again in the hands of a few. Worse than that, the aim of the scholar was not so much a search for truth as the desire to fill his mind with a multitude of facts bearing no mutual relation to each other, and the result was a condition of senseless pedantry. In spite then of many brilliant names the period of learning may be called a period of regression. The common people meanwhile subsisted on a series of dreary devotional works, varied by a whole literature of stories about devils and witches.

One of the best-known names of the Age of Learning is that of Tyge (or Tycho) Brahe, who belonged to an old and noble family of Denmark. He married a girl of humble birth, and was so reviled in consequence that he preferred to leave his native land. He had grown to be such a specialist in astronomy, however, that his services could not be spared. King Frederick II. induced him to return, made him a present of the little island of Hven, and helped him build on it two great observatories. His fame soon spread through all Europe. His house became the meeting-place of savants from every land, and even kings and princes delighted to visit the astronomer and his observatories in his island home. On the death of Frederick II., Brahe's rivals and enemies so persecuted him that he decided to leave Denmark forever. He was finally invited by the emperor to settle in Prague, and there his life ended in 1601. The more famous Kepler was his assistant. While the latter discovered many errors in his master's theories, he was enabled to make his great discoveries only through Brahe's regular and careful observations of the movements of the planets—observations extending through a period of thirty years. As has been well said, "Tyge Brahe made the observations, Kepler discovered the law, and Newton conceived the nature of the law."

From time to time Danish women of noble birth occupied themselves successfully in literature, science, and translations from the classics. But the most remarkable authoress of the

seventeenth century was Leonora Christina, a daughter of Christian IV., whose "Jammersminde," a description of her long and severe sufferings in prison, is one of the most charming books in the whole Danish literature, and unquestionably the best prose work of the seventeenth century.

Anders Arrebo (1587–1637), a poet-bishop, distinguished himself by being the first Dane who introduced into his poetry the methods of the Renaissance which had spread from Italy throughout Europe.

Dramatic literature in Denmark began with the Reformation period, and went on under the general name of school-comedies, because they were particularly connected with the school and with the university. They were simply *moralities* and *miracle plays*, and have nothing to do with the drama as it was subsequently developed in Denmark by such men as Holberg and his successors. The first really great name in Danish literature is that of Ludwig Holberg. He it was who by his satirical comedies threw down the barriers between the learned classes and the people—a task which even the Reformation had been unable to perform.

Peder Frederick Suhm (1728–1798) is noted for having written a "History of Denmark," which, though it is published in fourteen volumes, extends only to the year 1400. His style is tedious and clumsy, but the wealth of material which his book contains makes it invaluable for historical reference.

The great Danish poet of the eighteenth century was Johannes Evald, who composed the ballad, "King Christian Stood by the Lofty Mast," which is the national song of Denmark.

King Oluf the Saint.

King Oluf and his brother bold
'Bout Norroway's rocks a parley hold:
"The one of the two who best can sail
Shall rule o'er Norroway's hill and dale;

"Who first of us reaches our native ground
O'er all the region shall king be crowned."
Then Harald Haardrode answer made:
"Ay, let it be done as thou hast said.

"But if I to-day must sail with thee,
Thou shalt change thy vessel, I swear, with me.
For thou hast got the Dragon of speed;
I shall make with the Ox a poor figure indeed.

"The Dragon is swift as the clouds in chase;
The Ox he moveth in lazy pace."
"Hear, Harald, what I have to say to thee,
What thou hast proposed well pleaseth me.

"If my ship in aught be better than thine,
I'll readily, cheerfully, lend thee mine.
Do thou the Dragon so sprightly take,
And I with the Ox will the journey make."

"But first to the church we'll bend our way,
Ere our hand on sail or on oar we lay."
And into the church Saint Oluf trode,
His beautiful hair like the bright gold glowed.

But soon, out of breath, there came a man:
"Thy brother is sailing off fast as he can."
"Let them sail, my friend, who to sail may choose;
The word of our Lord we will not lose.

"The mass is the word of our blessed Lord;
Take water, ye swains, for our table-board;
We will sit at board, and the meat we will taste,
Then unto the sea-shore quietly haste."

Now down they all speed to the ocean strand,
Where the Ox lay rocking before the land;

And speedily they to the ocean bore
The anchor and cable, and sail and oar.

Saint Oluf he stood on the prow when on board:
"Now forward, thou Ox, in the name of the Lord."
He grappled the Ox by the horn so white:
"Hie now, as if thou went clover to bite!"

Then forward the Ox began to hie,
In his wake stood the billows boisterously.
He hallooed to the lad on the yard so high:
"Do we the Dragon of Harald draw nigh?"

"No more of the pomps of the world I see
Than the uppermost top of the good oak-tree.
I see near the land of Norroway skim
Bright silken sails with a golden rim.

"I see 'neath Norroway's mountains proud
The Dragon bearing of sail a cloud.
I see, I see, by Norroway's side,
The Dragon gallantly forward stride."

On the Ox's ribs a blow he gave:
"Now faster! now faster! over the wave!"
He struck the Ox on the eye with force:
"To the haven much speedier thou must course."

Then forward the Ox began to leap,
No sailor on deck his stand could keep.
Then cords he took, and his mariners fast
He tied to the vessel's rigging and mast.

'Twas then—'twas then—the steersman cried:
"But who shall now the vessel guide?"
His little gloves off Saint Oluf throws,
And to stand himself by the rudder he goes.

"Oh, we will sail o'er cliff and height,
The nearest way, like a line of light!"
So o'er the hills and dales they career,
To them they became like water clear.

So they sailed along o'er the mountains blue,
Then out came running the Elfin crew.

"Who sails over the gold in which we joy?
Our ancient father who dares annoy?"

"Elf, turn to stone, and a stone remain
Till I by this path return again!"
So they sailed o'er Skaaney's mountains tall,
And stones became the little Elves all.

Out came a carline with spindle and rock:
"Saint Oluf! why sailest thou us to mock?
Saint Oluf, thou who the red beard hast!
Through my chamber wall thy ship hath passed."

With a glance of scorn did Saint Oluf say:
"Stand there a flint-rock forever and aye."
Unhindered, unhindered they bravely sailed on,
Before them yielded both stock and stone.

Still onward they sailed in such gallant guise,
That no man upon them could fasten his eyes.
Saint Oluf a bow before his knee bent,
Behind the sail dropped the shaft that he sent.

From the stern Saint Oluf a barb shot free,
Behind the Ox fell the shaft in the sea.
Saint Oluf he trusted in Christ alone,
And therefore first home by three days he won.

And that made Harald with fury storm,
Of a *laidly* dragon he took the form. [*loathsome*
But the Saint was a man of devotion full,
And the Saint got Norroway's land to rule.

Into the church Saint Oluf trode,
He thanked the Saviour in fervent mood.
Saint Oluf walked the church about,
There shone a glory his ringlets out.

Whom God doth help makes bravely his way,
His enemies win both shame and dismay.

The Elected Knight.

(Translated by H. W. Longfellow.)

Sir Oluf he rideth over the plain,
  Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide;
But never, ah! never, can meet with the man
  A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hill-side
  A knight full-well equipped;
His steel was black, his helm was barred;
  He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs
  Twelve little golden birds;
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,
  And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail
  Twelve little golden wheels;
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,
  And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast
  A lance that was poised in rest,
And it was sharper than diamond-stone;
  It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm
  A wreath of ruddy gold:
And that gave him the Maidens Three,
  The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the knight eftsoon
  If he were come from heaven down;
"Art thou Christ of Heaven?" quoth he,
  "So will I yield me unto thee."

"I am not Christ the Great,
  Thou shalt not yield thee yet;
I am an Unknown Knight,
  Three modest Maidens have me bedight."

"Art thou a knight elected?
And have three maidens thee bedight?
So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,
For all the maidens' honor!"

The first tilt they together rode,
They put their steeds to the test;
The second tilt they together rode,
They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode,
Neither of them would yield;
The fourth tilt they together rode,
They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,
And their blood runs unto death;
Now sit the Maidens in the high tower,
The youngest sorrows till death.

JOHANNES EVALD.

A SOLDIER in youth, a dramatist in later life, Evald is best known to fame as a lyrical poet. His song of "King Christian," written for his drama of "Fiskerne," The Fishermen, has become the national anthem of Denmark. Born at Copenhagen in 1743, Evald ran away from the University and spent a year in the Prussian and Austrian armies. Returning to Copenhagen, he wrote for the stage. His chief tragedies are "Rolf Krage" and "Balder's Död," Balder's Death. His attempt at a new "Hamlet" was less successful.

KING CHRISTIAN.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar;
    Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
    "Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
    The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
    Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail that rent
    Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol';*
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
    And fly!

Path of the Dame to fame and might!
    Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
    Dark-rolling wave!
And, amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
    My grave!

* "Tordenskiold," Thunder-shield, was the sobriquet of Admiral Wessel.

LUDVIG HOLBERG.

LUDVIG HOLBERG was born in Norway in 1684. His father being an officer in the army, the boy was intended for military life, but showed such a strong disinclination for it that he was sent instead to the Bergen Latin School. Holberg subsequently taught in the house of a country parson with the intention of returning to his studies and becoming a clergyman. He was seized, however, with a passion for travel. With very little means, but marvellously proficient in languages, he journeyed to Holland, England, Denmark, Germany, and after that to Paris and Rome. He finally settled in Copenhagen as a professor in the University and wrote histories and other learned works in Latin. But he also began writing those comic masterpieces which made him a blessing to his countrymen and to mankind. To save the dignity of the University he assumed for these comedies the name "Hans Mikkelsen."

The first that appeared was the mock heroic poem of "Peder Paars." Peder, in making a journey to his betrothed, was shipwrecked on the island of Anholt, and went through many strange adventures. The work was intended as a parody on the epics of Homer and Virgil, but as it developed it became a biting and exquisitely comical satire of prevailing follies. The inhabitants of Anholt misunderstood that which was intended to be only general and impersonal, and complained to the king, insisting that the poem should be burnt as libelous and indecent, and that the author should be punished. Frederick IV., however, found the work harmless and amusing, and Holberg was thus saved from public prosecution. The satire caused an extraordinary sensation and made

the university professor famous, though many thought his book undignified to the last degree.

Plays were at this time hardly known in Denmark. The old *moralities* and *mysteries*, and the school comedies, given in Latin at the schools and university, had died out, and nothing had taken their place except a few French and German plays presented from time to time before the court.

In 1720 a French actor received permission to build a theatre in Copenhagen where dramas could be acted in the Danish language. It was opened with a translation of Molière's "L'-Avare." Holberg was asked to write for it original plays, and in a few years he had produced more than twenty. In 1728 the capital was devastated by fire, both palace and theatre being burned to the ground. This and the subsequent reign of a puritanic king put an end to all dramatic progress for the time being.

Holberg's influence on the intellectual life of Denmark was really stupendous, and almost unparalleled. His extensive travels gave him breadth of horizon and an insight into human nature. He was distinguished for his wealth of intellect, moral elevation, keen sense of the ridiculous, and sympathy for the masses. His shafts were leveled at the formalism of religion, the pedantry of schools, the ignorance and folly of society, and the debasement of the poor by the ruling classes. His characters were taken from daily life, and painted so vividly that it was said of him by Oehlenschläger: "If Copenhagen had been buried beneath the ground, and only Holberg's comedies had remained, we should nevertheless have known the life that stirred within its walls, not only in its broad outlines, but also in many of its minutest details." Before his time it was said that "a gentleman wrote Latin to his friends, talked French to the ladies, called his dog in German, and used Danish only to swear at his servants." Holberg was a really learned man and might have conformed to the fashion, but his strong national spirit, which was manifested in his histories, found vent also in pictures of the people. He died in 1747, after clearing away the rubbish of centuries; and by the permanent value of his works he must be considered the founder of modern Danish literature.

THE BURGOMASTER'S WIFE.

IN the play "The Political Tinsmith," Holberg satirizes a character to be found in all countries. Herman, a citizen of Hamburg, got the notion that the city was badly governed and that he must set everything right. He therefore summons his friends to political meetings, in which he is regarded as an oracle. Meantime his own business is going to ruin and the Government thinks of arresting him for sedition. But some members of the town council hit on a scheme to save him. They wait upon him and announce that he has been elected burgomaster of the city; their ladies call to compliment his wife. But soon applicants of all sorts come pouring in for redress of their wrongs. The house is beset with a mob of sailors. Two opposing counsel in a case so convince him that both are right, that he creeps under a table to escape them, and begs his apprentice to take the office. Finally he is overjoyed to learn that the whole affair is a hoax. In the following scene (Act III., scene 4) his wife Geske and his servant Henrich receive instructions how to behave in their new station in society.

Geske. Henrich!

Henrich. Aye!

Ges. Henrich, from this time you must not speak in that way; don't you know what has happened to us?

Hen. No; I never heard.

Ges. My husband is become Burgomaster.

Hen. Of where?

Ges. Of where?—why of Hamburg!

Hen. The deuce he is! That was indeed the devil of a tinsmith!

Herman. Henrich, speak with more discretion; you must know that you are now the lackey of a great man.

Hen. Lackey! am I raised so high?

Her. You may rise yet higher. You may in time be the servant of a gentleman of property. Only be silent. You may some day have to drive, lackey, until I can get a servant. He can wear my brown coat, dear heart! till we can get his livery ready.

Ges. But I am afraid it will be too long for him.

Her. Yes, to be sure it will be too long; but one must help oneself at a pinch as one can.

Hen. It will reach down to my heels! I shall look like a Jewish High Priest.

Her. Listen, Henrich!

Hen. Yes, master.

Her. Fellow, don't give me such titles any more! When I call you, you must answer, Sir! and when anybody comes to inquire for me, you must say, "Mr. Burgomaster von Bremenfeld is at home!"

Hen. Must I say so, sir, whether you are at home or not?

Her. What nonsense! When I am not at home you must say, "Mr. Burgomaster von Bremenfeld is not at home;" and when I don't wish to be at home, you must say, "Mr. Burgomaster does not give audience to-day." [*To Geske.*] Listen, dear heart! you must directly have coffee ready, that you may have something to entertain the aldermen's ladies when they come; for our reputation will hereafter depend upon people being able to say, "The Burgomaster von Bremenfeld gives good dinners and his ladies good coffee." I am very much afraid, dear heart, that you will make some mistake, until you are accustomed to the high position to which you are advanced. Now let Henrich run out and fetch in a tea-tray and some cups, and let the girl run and get sixpenny-worth of coffee; we can buy more afterwards. This must be a rule to you, dear heart! that you don't talk much until you have learned how properly to discourse. You must not be too humble, but stand upon what is befitting you, and labor, above everything, to put the old tinman-life out of your head, and imagine that you have been the Burgomaster's lady for many years. In the morning there must always be a tea-table ready prepared for callers, and in the afternoon coffee, and with the coffee, cards. There is a certain game at cards called "Allumber," which I would give a hundred rix-dollars, that you and our daughter, Miss Angelica, understood. You must therefore pay great attention when you see anybody playing it, that you may learn it. In the morning you should lie in bed till nine or half-past, because it is only the common people who in summer get up with the sun; yet on Sundays you may get up rather earlier, as on that day I shall drive for my health's sake. You must have a handsome snuff-box, which you may have lying on the table beside you when you play at cards. And when anybody drinks your health, you must not say, Thank you, but *Très humble serviteur.* And when you yawn, you need not hold up your hand before your mouth, for that is not customary with fine folks. And when you are in company, you need not be too particular, but set prudery somewhat aside.

But listen, I had forgot something; you should also have a

lap-dog, of which you must be as fond as of your own daughter, for that too is genteel. Our neighbor Arianke has a pretty little dog which she will lend you till we can get one of our own. You must give your dog a French name, which I will hunt out for you, when I have a little time to spare. It must always lie in your lap, and you must kiss it at least half a score times, when company is by.

Ges. Nay, my good husband! that I cannot possibly do! for one never knows in what dirt a dog has lain. One should get one's mouth full of filth and fleas.

Her. What nonsense! If you will be a lady you must have the whims of a lady. Besides, a dog can also furnish you with something to talk about; for when you have nothing else to say, you can relate the peculiarities and good qualities of your dog. Do only as I tell you, dear heart! I understand the genteel world better than you do. Take me only as your model, and you shall see that there will not be a single fragment of the old tinsmith left about me. I shall not do as a certain butcher did who, when he became alderman, after he had written on one side of a sheet of paper, and wanted to turn over, stuck his pen in his mouth as he had been used to do with his butcher's knife. Now go in and give your directions. I have something to say to Henrich alone.

THE FAITHFUL DOMESTICS.

HOLBERG'S comedy "Don Ranudo de Colibrados" is a satire on Spanish pride struggling with poverty. Don Ranudo has refused the wealthy Gonzalo de las Minas as a suitor for his daughter because the Minas family is not of the old nobility. Pedro, the faithful servant, tries to conceal the family poverty, as does Caleb Balderston in Sir Walter Scott's story. The following Scene (Act I., scene 2) is his interview with Isabella, the sister of Gonzalo, in which he strives to keep up the reputation of the family.

Pedro. Ay, that's the way of it! There's not a single thing left in the house: neither a spoon, nor a plate, nor a kettle! I am sent out to borrow a kettle in my own name; because, in the name of our noble family, I could not get one in the whole city. But where am I to go to borrow it? And when I have borrowed it, we have nothing that I know to cook in it; and there's nothing left now, excepting titles, signories and highnesses; out of which, if they were all put into the pot together, there would come a very thin soup indeed! They hold their heads very stiff, for all that,

especially the lady; for she, I am sure, would rather die of hunger than give up one letter of her great name. Grant that I may never be so minded! I am now of quite another way of thinking; for, before I would suffer want, I would not only sell my father's name, but my own honor as well, for a piece of eight. Dignity is a good thing enough; but if any one will dine or sup upon it, he will be but indifferently served. I have it in my mind to remain here yet for eight days; during that time I will get meat and drink with good friends of mine in the town, and let our grandees pick their teeth, when they have dined on pea-soup, and satisfied themselves with the deeds of their ancestors, instead of confectionery. But see, who comes here? (*Enter Isabella.*) Your most devoted servant, madam! Do you thus walk alone without your lady-governess?

Isabella. Yes, Pedro; I am now come to an age when I can govern myself. How is your noble family?

Ped. We have strangers dining with us to-day; I am going into the town to buy confectionery.

Isa. What strangers are they?

Ped. There is the Duke de la Vera Cruz, and the Princess Donna Emilia de la Spadas, Hieronne Victor, Abad de St. Jago, Il Marquis Ferdinando Gonzalo, Philippo de St. Eifuente, with the Marchioness, his lady, and many others whose names I cannot remember.

Isa. Then I may not venture to pay a visit to-day?

Ped. No; we have orders to admit nobody to-day, unless they can trace their descent from the old Christians before the time of the Moors in Spain.

Isa. But how comes it that they entertain such a company to-day? They are not accustomed to give entertainments.

Ped. It is in commemoration of an ancient victory, which one of their ancestors, the Don Ramiro de Colibrados, gained on this day over the King of Mesopotamia, whom he carried captive to Toledo. It would not be well if many such days came in the year, because it makes a great hole in the purse of our family. I dare say that such a feast would not cost less than a thousand pieces of eight.

Isa. But how comes it then, Pedro, that on such an important day you wear old and tattered livery?

Ped. That is in commemoration of the grand banner which the Most Noble the Don Ramiro de Colibrados bore (*he lifts his hat*).

Isa. I did not know before that generals themselves bore their own banners in battle.

Ped. No, madam! I said which his ensign bore. This same great banner was so torn to tatters by musket-balls in the battle, that it looked like my livery.

Isa. But how long is it since Don Ramiro won the victory?

Ped. It is exactly six hundred years to-day.

Isa. Indeed! But it is not three hundred years since muskets and balls first came into use.

Ped. Yes, madam! I am quite too humble to dispute with you; let that go for what it is worth. But of this I can take my oath, that the standard was cursedly ill-used, and that, in remembrance thereof, I always wear old livery on this day.

Isa. But it seems to me that I have seen you in this ragged livery the whole month.

Ped. Everybody may do as it pleases himself, and I have my own sufficient reasons for it.

Isa. What reasons can there be for going out thus tattered, in memory of people of high rank? The world might get the notion that the family was founded in poverty.

Ped. In poverty! Yes, indeed! a noble family, which can reckon above seven hundred and thirty-three good and direct ancestors, to be founded in poverty! If now I could reckon two pieces of eight for every ancestor, it would amount to a pretty sum.

Isa. I shall maintain that it is poverty, until I have some better reasons.

Ped. I will give you my reasons, that I may remove such an idea from your mind. Our family observed that it had now become so cursedly common to wear splendid livery, and that people of birth had nothing by which they could distinguish themselves, therefore they hit upon this invention; and as soon as we see the servants of common people wear rags again, I shall then put on my decorated livery once more. Madam must have observed at the Court in Madrid, that when the citizens dress up the most, the Court people are most negligent of their attire.

Isa. That often happens, but yet they never go dressed in rags.

Ped. Yes, yes, madam! Our gentlefolks know very well what they are about; they never begin anything, on my word, without having well considered it beforehand.

Isa. (*aside*). I will press him so far, that he shall be obliged to confess. (*Aloud.*) But, Pedro, you said just now, that you wore

tattered livery in commemoration of the grand standard being shot to rags in the great battle.

Ped. (*aside*). Bad luck to you, with your questions! (*Aloud.*) I cannot recollect what I have said, madam, but this I do know, that the family has the house full of gold and jewels; and such being the case, it cannot be out of poverty that I go thus. Only think, madam, they have, besides other valuable things, an album which is worth more than a ton of gold.

Isa. But, perhaps, if it was put up to auction it might not bring more than a few pence, unless indeed it met with some extraordinary admirers; but a Jew would not give more for it—that I do know.

Ped. But who thinks anything of a Jew? I know those who have given many thousands for that for which a Jew would not have given a farthing. But to return again to our subject; I must humbly beg, madam, that you will entertain other thoughts of our family, for I assure you, that they are only bad people who say that they are poor.

Isa. I wish with all my heart that it was as you say; but I have heard both tradesmen and work-people complain that they cannot get from them the money which they owe.

Ped. Ay, madam, you are joking. I know that you understand the world better than that. You know very well that it is the highest mode in all families of rank that people should come repeatedly for their money. Trust me, it is not from want of money that gentlefolks do this. Gentlemen and ladies understand the world; and they let it be seen in this way, as well as in all others, that they are people of breeding. I know a tradesman in this town who has to run after a family of rank to get the money for a piece of coarse cloth, for which his grandfather gave them credit; and he may have to do the same for ten years to come, for the family is one of the highest rank in all Spain.

Isa. That is not the custom in our house, for my brother Gonzalo lets nobody ask for money twice.

Ped. That I believe, madam! but there is a great difference between our house and yours. It is well known that our family is the noblest and the most well-bred family in all Spain.

Isa. But I consider the richest the best bred.

Ped. I do not know what madam means by that; she may believe me, however, that my family is not poor: I wear ragged livery, that is true, but it is not in consequence of the poverty of our house; for I can prove to madam that, however bad my dress

may be, yet that I carry a silk handkerchief in my pocket. (*He draws an old silk handkerchief from his pocket, and therewith a piece of bread which falls to the floor.*)

Isa. Ha! ha! ha! There are you losing a piece of your poverty on the floor.

Ped. It is a piece of chocolate, madam.

Isa. (*picks it up*). No! it is coarse mouldy bread. Sir, is it chocolate?

Ped. No, madam, it is true, it is not chocolate; it is a piece of bread, which I took with me for a certain reason, for every time that I go on errands to the Prince of Mendoz I am obliged to take a piece of bread with me to give to the yard-dog, that he may not bite me.

Isa. You are right, Pedro, for rich people are afraid of their lives. Ha! ha! ha!

Ped. May I be so bold as to reprimand a lady? but it is not the right thing for a lady to laugh.

Isa. Thank you, my good Pedro, for your excellent advice. Ha! ha! ha!

Ped. Oh! do not do so, madam! A lady might lose her reputation by doing so, if any one saw or heard her.

Isa. Wait a moment, I have something to say to you. How happens it that you, who have such great understanding and so many virtues, take the situation of a servant? Depend upon it, you might do something else.

Ped. I have not studied, madam, neither have I to thank my parents for a good education. Nature, however, has been tolerably generous towards me; I should not do right if I said otherwise. But does madam know any other situation for me?

Isa. Yes, certainly; I know nobody better fitted to write almanacs than you; and it is a profession by which a man can live well and respectably.

Ped. But I have always heard that they who write almanacs should be able to tell lies cleverly.

Isa. I know nobody who is more clever at invention than you. If you had said that your family sate at home and ate pea-soup, which is the truth, and that you, instead of going to fetch in confectionery, were going out to beg a dinner, I should not have counselled you to this profession.

Ped. To speak the real truth then, I would gladly conceal the want and misery of our family as far as lay in my power; but now this bit of bread has betrayed us!

Isa. No, Pedro, your livery is sufficient of itself to make known the circumstances of the family.

Ped. I am afraid that their own garments will make them still more perceptible. My lord wears indeed a velvet coat, but other things do not accord with it. My lady cut the hind breadth out of her dress to mend the front with, therefore she does not willingly turn her back to people in company. When she leaves any one, she walks backwards, "but not out of humility," as many people do when they part from those whom they hold in respect, but out of pure magnanimity that nobody may see the poverty which is exhibited on her back; and if in the end she is compelled to turn round, either I or a waiting-maid serve her as a back-piece.

Isa. And from all this need might they be immediately relieved, if they would set somewhat aside their irrational ambition and give their daughter to Gonzalo, who entertains a great love for her.

Ped. I know that they have often spoken of this subject with scorn; but perhaps now that their need is at the extremest, they may be reconciled to it; therefore, madam, you had better go yourself and make the proposal. But here comes the waiting-maid; it would be better that you, madam, talked it over with her, because she is a sensible girl. [*Enter Leonora, the maid.*

Leonora. Ay, thou cowardly rascal! thou bread-thief! thou hast taken my bread which I laid on the chimney-piece.

Ped. What bread?

Leon. See now, how sanctified he can pretend to be! Give me my bread back again! I have nothing else to eat to-day!

Ped. What nonsense! Consider what you are doing before you abuse an honest man as a bread-thief!

Leon. It is not nonsense!

Ped. I'll take an oath that I have not carried off any bread.

Leon. If the thief might swear himself from the gallows there would be none hung.

Ped. I'll give my honor upon it.

Leon. How many honors have you, you've forsworn yourself so often? Give me my bread again, thou thief! (*She snatches some bread from his pocket; they struggle, and each gets a piece; she becomes aware of Isabella's presence, strikes herself on the breast, and is about to run away.*)

Isa. Listen, Leonora! I have a few words to say to you which are important.

Leon. Ah, madam! I am ready to die of shame!

Isa. Is the family at home, Leonora?

Leon. Yes, they are. I was just about to prepare the chocolate, and that fellow put some chocolate cakes in his pocket, which I have just taken from him.

Isa. The family is truly happy which has such faithful domestics who would thus conceal their poverty. But as their circumstances are known to almost the whole of the town, and as you yourselves have now betrayed them, there is no good in trying to hide them any longer. (*Leonora weeps.*) Don't weep, my girl; the good people can now be assisted. You are perhaps already aware that my brother Gonzalo is in love with your young lady?

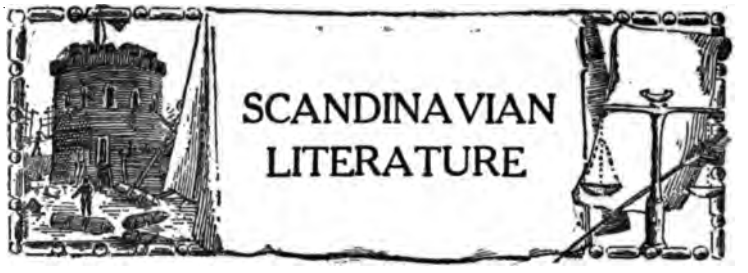
Leon. Ah, madam, I know it very well; but there's no good in talking about it. I have heard my lady wondering at Gonzalo's assurance in daring to think of an alliance with them. The young lady who (as far as I can observe) is inclined to Gonzalo, said in presence of her parents a few days ago that the disparity between them was not so great, but for this saying she has ever since remained under their displeasure, and is kept in close confinement by them.

Isa. I am extremely glad to hear what you say.

Leon. I, on the contrary, am extremely sorry for it, for she is the dearest of young ladies; and if it had not been for her grief and tears, I should long since have left the house.

Isa. No, I mean that it pleases me to hear that she has a kind sentiment towards my brother, because it gives me hope that my proposal may succeed, if you will assist me, for which service you shall not go unrewarded.

Leon. Madam may command me, for where cunning and intrigue can assist there I can be as serviceable as any one. But it would be best that madam made the proposal to the parents first of all; perhaps the extreme poverty to which they are now reduced may somewhat have cooled their former haughtiness. If madam will call on the gentlefolks in about half an hour's time, I will so have managed that she shall have an interview with them.



MODERN Danish Literature dates its rise from the opening of the theatre in Copenhagen in 1721. For it the learned historian Holberg was induced to write his national comedies, in which the spirit of Molière was successfully applied to local characters and customs. For a while imitations of French tragedy also occupied the stage, but these were banished after Wessel (1742–1785) had wittily burlesqued them in "Love Without Stockings." Then the demand arose not only for a native drama and music, but even for a native opera. The poets of the lyrical revival were mostly natives of Norway, as was Holberg himself, and they celebrated the rugged scenery of the Northern peninsula, yet their work properly belongs to Denmark. After this brilliant period there was a decline of vigor until the nineteenth century had fairly opened. The only writer of eminence in the interval was the wanderer Jens Baggesen, who failed as a dramatist, but is foremost among the Danes as a satirist and comic writer.

When the Romantic movement radiated from Germany to all parts of Europe, Denmark quickly responded. Its previous cultivation of the metrical art enabled its poets to take worthy part in the chorus of the new age. One of the first to awake to the new life was Adam Oehlenschläger, who had already given promise of ability. He found in the long-neglected sagas of Icelandic literature a rich mine from which he extracted new treasures. The beauties of those works impressed his own imagination, and were reproduced in brilliant masterpieces, the first being the drama, "Hakon Jarl." Oehlenschläger acknowledged Goethe as his master, and for a time emulated the great German's productiveness,

but later relinquished to younger men the continuation of the work. He had aroused in his countrymen and throughout the peoples of the north of Europe, a new devotion to the noble heritage of their race.

J. E. BAGGESEN.

DURING the latter part of the eighteenth century the most prominent Danish writer was Jens Emmanuel Baggesen (1765–1825). Born of humble parentage, he was employed as a clerk when but twelve years old. His education at the University of Copenhagen was won by his own exertions. His first publication, "Comical Tales" in verse, made him at once a popular favorite, and his serious lyrics met with equal success, but his attempt at an opera was received with ridicule. Highly offended, he went abroad and spent some years in Germany, France and Switzerland. Returning in 1790, he described his travels in a poem, "The Labyrinth," which restored his reputation. His love of travel carried him over northern Europe, and Paris became his nominal home until 1811. Then settling again in Copenhagen, he showed his jealousy of the rising fame of Oehlenschläger. Many kinds of literature in German, as well as Danish, occupied his pen; his "Parthenais" is an idyllic poem in the style of Voss's "Luise;" "Adam and Eve" is a burlesque epic; his philosophical and critical writings have fallen into oblivion. He engaged in numerous quarrels with fellow-authors. After the death of his wife he sank into melancholy; having partly recovered, he went to Paris, and while returning, died at Hamburg. His finest poem is that on his "Childhood," which has been translated by Longfellow.

CHILDHOOD.

THERE was a time when I was very small,
  When my whole frame was but an ell in height;
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,
  And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,
  And rode a-horse-back on best father's knee;

Alike were sorrows, passions, and alarms,
  And gold, and Greek, and love, unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less in size,
  Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far;
Like points in heaven, I saw the stars arise,
  And longed for wings that I might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island fade,
  And thought, "Oh, were I on that island there,
I could find out of what the moon is made,
  Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!"

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through western skies,
  Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,
And yet upon the morrow early rise,
  And paint the eastern heaven with crimson light;

And thought of God, the gracious Heavenly Father,
  Who made me, and that lovely sun on high;
And all those pearls of heaven thick-strung together,
  Dropped, clustering, from his hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young lips did say
  The prayer my pious mother taught to me:
"O gentle God! Oh, let me strive alway
  Still to be wise and good, and follow thee!"

So prayed I for my father and my mother,
  And for my sister, and for all the town;
The king I knew not, and the beggar-brother,
  Who, bent with age, went sighing up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of boyhood perished,
  And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!
Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished;—
  God! may I never lose that too!

THE PASSPORT.

THE packet-boat was to sail at nine. All my luggage was already on board. The company with which I was going to travel held itself in readiness in the immediate vicinity of the custom-house, to go on board at a hint from the captain. It was announced to me that it was past eight; all haste was

necessary. "Give me your passport," said Professor Cramer, "and I will see that it is ready beforehand."—"Passport!" said I; "I have never dreamt of a passport. Is a passport necessary to get away alive from Copenhagen?"—"As necessary as a balloon to get away alive from the earth."—"You had better have forgotten anything else!" said another.—"You might as well have forgotten yourself!" added a third.

Here was good counsel precious! They don't issue passports on a Sunday. Luckily, a person in the house where I lodged was an alderman.

"Mr. Alderman, I have taken the liberty to call you up, to give me advice in my perplexity. I must go off with the packet-boat this moment, and I have no passport."

"You must go to the landlord, get a receipt in full of all demands, and go with that to Alderman L——," answered the alderman.

I darted down the steps, and did not stop my running till, in the middle of the Oestergade, a terrible idea seized me. It is nearly nine! At nine the captain sets sail! My little trunk, with all my necessaries, is in the ship! All that I now possessed besides in the world, from Bayle's Lexicon to the odd silver sleeve-button which constitutes my whole patrimonial inheritance, is shut up in Mrs. B——'s well-locked room! My health, my spirits, and my whole future welfare depend on this journey! My lodging in Copenhagen is let! My very manuscripts are in the trunk! All these reflections gave me a most terrible ague-fit. Thou hast no passport!

One does not get along in this world by standing still and pondering. The spot where I was, was exactly in front of a perfumer's shop. It occurred to me that Mrs. B—— some days before I had thought of traveling away, had requested me to purchase her a couple of bottles of bergamot. "Nothing," thought I, "is more imperative than to hasten thee get thy passport, and come back in time. Here is the extremest *periculum in mora.*" I went into the shop to get a couple of bottles. As I had no small money, I was obliged to change a note. While I waited for the change, which came slowly, it ran in my head that my fellow-travelers, in the hurry of

packing, had most likely forgotten to take some perfumes, which are highly requisite on board for the ladies. The air is warm, the cabin is small; we are ten persons in it; in short, something fragrant will be necessary. I could not do otherwise than compliment myself on my thoughtfulness on this occasion, and gave myself much trouble to select the most excellent kind, to choose the strongest. I got at length a bottle which seemed to me the most suitable, paid, and again stood with my three bottles in the street.

Like a flash of lightning the thought went through my head that I was on my way to my host, and to Alderman L——; that the time I had over was nearly expired; and that it was more properly a passport I wanted, than perfume. With this my feet took suddenly wings. I flew, rather than went; but in my haste the three bottles knocked together in my pocket; in order not to break them by my rapid motion, I was obliged to go carefully and slow; and in this way I came at length to my host.

He wrote me a quittance, and in the meantime I took at my leisure the two bottles to Mrs. B——. I then took foot in hand, and more rapidly than before, having got rid of the two bottles and came out of breath to Alderman L——'s gate. I rang. There came, after some time, a maid, who undid the gate. Alderman L—— was not yet up. "Then," said I, "I will see him in bed."—"I will tell his servant," said she. The servant came. "The alderman is really not up."—"Never mind that: I must speak with him."—"Yes, I will tell him." The servant went, and returned. "The alderman is at this moment being shaved."—"I will speak with him unshaved." The servant went, and came again. "His worship is just soaped."—"The deuce take the alderman" I exclaimed, and paced to and fro distractedly in the hall. "An alderman ought never to be shaved! an alderman ought never to have a smooth chin! Abominable abuse! Confounded abandonment of the good, old, venerable, and, for travelers, convenient custom of aldermen having long beards, and by no soap detaining those that have business with them!"

"It is nine!" said the clock, striking. I stood before it,

and watched every movement of the second-finger. Never did a clock seem to me to have so detestable a face; every tick seemed a laugh, every strike a reproof. I could have struck it in the face with my fist. I turned me round again, wrung my hands, bit my lips, opened the door, shut it again, stamped with my feet, and the merciless clock kept up an incessant laughter at my anxiety, with its eternal click-clack.

At length forth came the smooth-shaven alderman, as smooth about the gills as a new-born babe. I explained to him, *allegro prestissimo*, my perplexity; he answered me that I should have done well to have thought of it the day before; that on Sunday no passports were issued; and added, with the most cool *adagio*, that, moreover, he had nothing whatever to do with them. I brought him, however, by the earnestness of my remonstrances, so far that he passed over into *andante*, and informed me that the passport-clerk, L——, only could get me out of my fix; that he lived in Vineyard Street, where the Harmonic Society harmonized; and assured me, in the most polite manner in the world, of his sympathy.

Vineyard Street lies, as all the world knows, as far from Alderman L——'s house as Asia from Europe by the Dardanelles. As I was come half-way, I had nothing for it but to jump into a hired carriage. I arrived, went in through one door, through another, through a third; finally, in a backyard, I found a creature in a woman's dress, who informed me that the passport-writer no longer lived there, but had removed to Company Street some days ago. "And thus has the whole passport-office conspired for thy destruction!" I exclaimed, and rushed down into Vineyard Street to get another carriage, in which I seated myself and drove off.

When I was getting out again at Company Street, I recollected first that I did not know the number of the house, and thus might go from house to house the whole day before I found the passport-office. I actually began my herculean labor: nobody knew where it was; I ran on, and a hair-dresser at last took me to a house which he supposed was it. Sure enough, a lieutenant had lived there, but had gone to Norway. Tired and out of spirits, I came now to a public house, where they told me that the passport-clerk lived sure enough in the

street, but that he and his whole family had driven out into the country early in the morning.

I had now given up almost all hope. The hour was passed, and I felt persuaded that the captain must have left the quay. "Hold!" I said to a public carriage driving past, "drive me a stage."—"I am engaged," said the man, "to fetch Miss Winter," and looked round. "See! there goes Count O—— to church."—"Who? What?"—"The man there in the gray coat. Yes, on my life! it is Count O——; yes!" crack! crack! and he drove on.

I am not one of those prodigy-mongers "whom our Lord has taught me to fight shy of," according to the expression of St. Augustine, who find a miracle in everything the cause of which does not lie before their nose, and pester Heaven to untie every knot, even a knot in their garter, but I cannot deny that this *apropos* appeared to me, and does still, as completely heaven-sent as any other incident in history that I know of, from the standing still of the sun in Gilead to my own standing still in Oestergade. But I must pass on, with this single observation, and get my knot untied, without breaking the thread of my narrative.

"Pardon me, your Excellency, that I stop you thus, but you fall from heaven, as it were, for me. I am in the greatest difficulty: I am in the very act of going off with the packet-boat this moment, and I have no passport."—"That you should have thought of yesterday."—"Quite true, your Excellency, that I know; but that I only discovered to-day."—"Who are you?"—I mentioned my name.—"I don't know you."—"That is not my fault, your Excellency; but, known or unknown, I hope that this fortunate circumstance which causes me to meet with your Excellency here will free me from my perplexity."—"I cannot help you in this matter, my dear Baggesen; I have nothing to do with the issue of passports. Go to the passport-clerk."—"He is not at home; he is gone into the country."—"Into the country? It is bad that you did not think of it yesterday; I cannot help you, but the passport-clerk will certainly come home again, for he cannot stay all night in the country."—"But I can wait no longer. The vessel sails probably this very instant."—"Oh,

no! the wind is quite contrary." His Excellency looked up at the clouds, and at the vane of St. Nicholas's Church. The wind was exactly right. "The captain will take his time; make yourself easy."—"I cannot make myself easy. Be so good, your Excellency, as to say whether a testimony from his Highness the Prince of Augustenburg can serve me in this case instead of a passport."—"Do you know the Prince of Augustenburg?"—"I have the good fortune, your Excellency."—"My dear Baggesen," he clapped me on the shoulder, "I would help you with all my heart if I could; but hear, go down to Alderman L——."—"I have been there. He told me, like your Excellency, that he had nothing to do with it." —"Yes, that is true enough; but give my compliments to him, and desire him to give you a passport extraordinary, for which I will be answerable."—"I thank your Excellency for your goodness."—"Farewell, my dear Baggesen. A prosperous journey."

I ran now at full speed the whole long way down to the alderman again. He was in the act of dressing himself; I must again wait half a quarter of an hour, which appeared to me more eternal than the former one. At length he came out. I related to him the affair of my lucky meeting, and, after some persuasion, he took his hat and bade me attend him to the town-house. Here we found a clerk, who informed me that the passport-clerk had taken with him the keys of the drawer containing the blank forms. All hope was now extinguished, and my passport-despair was at its highest point.

But Providence, or whatever it is which man so thoughtlessly calls by this name, willed that I should travel, and, as I could not travel without a passport, and as there cannot be a passport without a blank form, had, with a foresight beyond all human wisdom, provided that the corner of a blank form should stick out between the desk and the lid. We all three discovered it almost in the same instant. It was drawn forth, and the passport prepared in all speed.

I had it now actually in my hands. It inspired me with the most eloquent assurances of thanks which ever streamed from my lips. The alderman and I became excellent friends. He advised me, on account of my health, to take a carriage

to the custom-house, for I really had not much breath of life left. I was lucky enough to find one at once in the shed. "Drive," said I, "as fast as your cattle can go, till I bid you stop in Bredgade." He drove.

Niels Klim could not be more glad over the "Testimonium Academicum" than I over my passport. The conquest of Troy, that of the Holy Sepulchre, and, just lately, that of Oczakow, could not give a more triumphant feeling to their victors than its achievement gave me. In the meantime I settled it firmly with myself that when I was about to travel from Copenhagen to Kiel, the first thing I should take care of should be a passport.

"Hold!" I shouted before C——'s, and sprang up the steps. There was written on the door, in white letters, "Thou wilt find everything at the custom-house." "Drive," I cried again, "to the custom-house, as if death was at your heels!"

Chance had given me the most rapid carriage in all Copenhagen. The man drove like King Antiochus Epiphanes when he was seized with his worm-fever and fell back in his chariot. In three minutes I was with my fellow-travelers, who had given up all hope of my arrival. It was at the very last moment. A boat lay ready to take us out to the packet. We got into it with all our provisions. Our friends stood on the quay. The boat pushed off. My journey's first day's Iliad was over, and the Odyssey began.

OEHLENSCHLÄGER.

At the close of the eighteenth century in Denmark, the poetical taste of the time may be gauged by the fact that preference was openly given to drinking songs; men and women were absorbed in the worship of material things. The advance of Napoleon, the boom of Nelson's victorious cannon, and the escape of the country from her terrible misfortunes, awoke the nation from its slumber, and roused the people to a new intellectual development, which still continues.

The precursor of this change was Adam Gottlob Oehlenschläger, who was born in Copenhagen in 1779. His father, an organist, was appointed deputy-superintendent of the small palace of Fredericksburg, and lived there with his family. In summer the place was occupied by men in gorgeous uniforms and beautiful women fashionably dressed. During the remainder of the year the whole palace—with its pictured halls and park, with gardens—formed a play-ground for the boy, his sister, and their little friends. The young Adam read everything he could lay his hands on, and, as time passed on, spent his days in composing dramas, which he played with his friends. In his twenty-first year he entered the Copenhagen University, where he expected to study law, but, as usual, allowed himself to be drawn away by more attractive subjects. The naval engagement in the harbor of Copenhagen, in April, 1801, made a powerful impression on the young student, and he wrote a little drama on this occasion, which seemed full of promise. Then he fell under the influence of Henrik Steffens, born in Norway, but educated in Denmark. After a residence in Germany Steffens had

returned to Denmark as an apostle of the new school of philosophy and romanticism. In a conversation, sixteen hours in length, Steffens presented to Oehlenschläger his new ideas of poetry, religion and nature; the young poet said good-bye to the past, and started out on daring and original paths. He had the good fortune to find a copy of Snorro Sturleson's "Heimskringla." It had long been forgotten, but it inspired Oehlenschläger to compose a tragedy on Hakon Jarl.

In the course of a few months he completed a volume of poems, which were like a bugle-call to the youth of the land. Full of life, and hope, and new thought, they enraged the old and intoxicated the young. In one leap Oehlenschläger found himself at the head of Danish national literature. His unique work was due to ardent appreciation of the ancient Scandinavian legends, and the magnificent manner in which he has welded them together in his great cycle of epic poems called "The Gods of the North." Before his time these legends lay forgotten in the mists of antiquity. Since then their weirdness, combined with the magic of Wagner's music, has entranced the listening world. Other poems followed, and the dramatization of the legend of "Aladdin" from "The Arabian Nights," that Oriental masterpiece of the romantic. Oehlenschläger was not only a very prolific, but also a very versatile writer. But his best work is that form of poetry in which the epic blends with the lyric. In 1850 this "Adam of the Skalds" passed away, leaving his works as an imperishable legacy to his native land.

Scandinavian Heroes and Bards.

Oh! great was Denmark's land in time of old!
  Wide to the South her branch of glory spread;
Fierce to the battle rushed her heroes bold,
  Eager to join the revels of the dead;
While the fond maiden flew with smiles to fold
  Round her returning warrior's vesture red
Her arm of snow, with nobler passion fired,
When to the breast of love, exhausted, he retired.

Nor bore they only to the field of death
  The bossy buckler and the spear of fire;

The bard was there, with spirit-stirring breath,
  His bold heart quivering as he swept the wire,
And poured his notes, amid the ensanguined heath,
  While panting thousands kindled at his lyre.
Then shone the eye, with greater fury fired,
Then clashed the glittering mail, and the proud foe retired.

And when the memorable day was past,
  And Thor triumphant on his people smiled,
The actions died not with the day they graced;
  The bard embalmed them in his descant wild,
And their hymned names through ages uneffaced,
  The weary hours of future Danes beguiled.
When even their snowy bones had mouldered long,
On the high column lived the imperishable song.

And the impetuous harp resounded high
  With feats of hardiment done far and wide;
While the bard soothed with festive minstrelsy
  The chiefs reposing after battle-tide.
Nor would stern themes alone his hand employ:
  He sang the virgin's sweetly tempered pride.
And hoary eld, and woman's gentle cheer,
And Denmark's manly hearts, to love and friendship dear.

HAKON JARL AND THORA.

THE drama of "Hakon Jarl" depicts the conflict attending the introduction of Christianity into Norway. Hakon who had usurped the sovereignty, ruled well for a time, but afterwards oppressed the people so that they revolted. Then the Christian Olaf Trygvesson, a descendant of Harald Haarfagr (Fair-hair) appeared to claim the throne, but Hakon sent a man to kill him. Olaf discovers the design, confronts Hakon, upbraids him for his treachery, but allows him to depart. Hakon, appalled by disasters, endeavors to appease the gods by sacrificing his youngest son. He is, however, defeated in battle and flees for refuge to the Lady Thora, whom he had deserted, and whose brothers he had slain.

Thora. Ha! who is that? Stranger, what wilt thou here?
Hakon. Are we two here alone? Are we in safety?
Thora. What askest thou of safety; thou who thrustest
Thyself into a stranger's house, and frightenest me?
But say what wilt thou?

Hakon (*throwing aside his cloak*). Dost thou know me, Thora?
Thora. Ye gods! 'tis Hakon.
Hakon. Yes; 'tis he himself.
Thora. Flyest thou to me?
Hakon. By all Valhalla's gods,
There's reason for thy wonder; yet I oft
Have seen the noble deer fly for a shelter
To places most unlikely, when pursued
Fiercely by yelling hounds.
Thora. Hakon,
Thy cheek is very pale, thy look is weary.
Hakon. Odin has seen that I have combated,
Even as a wolf that would defend its young.
I with this sword have to Valhalla sent
A host of mighty men. Now I am weary;
My army overthrown, fortune deserts me,
And Olaf with his Christian witchcraft dulls
The Northern sword. Many have fled from me;
None now remain on whom I can confide.
The stern Valkyria, Rota, lays her hand
Heavy and cold as ice upon my brow.
—Through the long last night rode I with my thrall,
Forlorn and weary with the day's fierce conflict.
I have for hours been plagued with raging thirst.
Is it clean water which is in this vessel?
Thora. O Hakon, wait, and let me fetch thee some.
Hakon (*drinks*). Stay where thou art. It has refreshed me greatly.
My overwearied horse at Gaulaa fell;
I killed it there, then taking off my cloak,
Dipped it in blood, thus to mislead the foe,
Who hotly were pursuing me.
Thora. O Hakon!
Hakon. Then, Thora, just as I came past thy door,
It crossed my mind how solemnly and often
Thou vowedst that no one's love was true as thine;
Full well I know that love can often change
To hate; but let it now be put unto the proof.
Here am I, Thora. If thou wilt shelter me
From Olaf's search, and from his followers',
Thanks to thy faithful love, which heretofore
I knew not how to value as I ought.

If thou wilt not!—O Thora, how it wrings me!
How wrings it Hakon Jarl to sue!—O Thora,
I will go forth again into the night,
Climb to the summit of the loftiest rock,
And for the last time cast my eyes o'er Norway—
Over the kingdom which has paid me homage;
Then calmly cast myself upon my sword.
So shall the wild storm-winds upon their pinions
Bear Hakon's soul unto the Father of Battles.
And morning see the hero's corpse upon
The rock, and say, "Lofty in death as life."

Thora. O Hakon, Hakon, say not so! No, Hakon,
I do not hate—I hate thee now no longer.
And I will shelter thee, I will defend thee—
Will shield thee truly against all thy foes.

[*She gives him her hand.*

Hakon. Knowest thou, Thora, that this hand has slain
The little Erling whom thou loved so well?

Thora. Yes, thou hast offered him unto the gods.
It proveth into what most dire necessity
The mandate of a pitiless fate has brought
Thy unaccustomed soul.

Hakon. Ah, dost thou know
That I, with this same hand which now thou pressest—
Have—it distresses me to say—

Thora. Yes, yes, I know
That thou hast slain my brothers in the battle.

Hakon. And yet—

Thora. Am Thora still, and ever will be Thora.
Yes, Hakon, thou hast acted hardly towards me.
Thou didst reject my steadfast love with scorn;
Killed my good brothers!—But amid the fight
'Tis ever life for life; and Einar says
That now they are in bliss—are in Valhalla!

[*She hides her face in her hands, and weeps; after which, she again raises her head, and gazes at the Jarl.*

Oh, tell me, Hakon, is it thou who standest
In Thora's chamber, in this forest lodge,
Far from the brilliant, royal halls of Hladé,
Alone in all the dreary gloom of night?
Here, while the storm without as madly rages,
As in my breast? Say, Hakon, is this pale,

This silent man before me, really thou,
Thou, who with neither helm nor purple mantle
Stand'st propped upon the sword?
Hakon. The pallid shadow
On which thou gazest, once was Norway's King,
Was mighty, and the Norsemen him obeyed.
He fell in battle at the fight of Hladé.
Ha! that is long ago, almost forgotten;
But his pale ghost yet walks, and may be seen
At nightfall. He was called Hakon the Jarl.
Thora. Ha, I'm avenged,—avenged most fearfully,
Hence, cruel hate—come back, thou milder love!
I was a wolf i' th' wood and not a woman.
Gone is each angry passion from my breast
At such a sight! Oh, rest thee on my breast;
Come let me wipe the sweat-drops from thy brow;
Come let me bring back life into thy glance! [*She embraces him.*
Hakon (*wildly*). What is thy name, fair daughter thou
of Norway?
Thora. I am called Violet by the girls of the valley.
I was a little, blue and gentle flower,
And sprang up 'mid the strong roots of thine oak,
And from them drew both life and nourishment,
And could do naught but fade when 'twas permitted
No more to grow in its beloved nook
O'ershadowed by its stem.
Hakon. Ah, Violet,
A pretty name.
Thora. Oh, Freya, what is this?
Thou tremblest in mine arms with ague-fever!
Thou weepest, Hakon! Ye eternal gods,
This is a new, a most unusual sight!
When saw I ever tears upon thy cheek?
Hakon (*with wild tenderness*). Tell me, sweet Violet, pale
and lovely flower
Upon the hero's grave, are my tears strange?
Hast thou not seen ere now the hard stones weep
When from the cold they come into the warmth?
'Tis a death-sweat, pale blossom of the grave,
Let it not frighten thee!
Thora. Ha, good Freya!
Hakon. The mountain snow doth melt; it soon is past,

The icy winter flows away in tears,
And bows before the gay, rejoicing spring
And Olaf's flowers. Jarl Hakon now is dead,
His pale ghost walks again; but come anigh
The body without dread, and stoutly drive
Through it a stake, deep down into the ground:
Thus will he walk no more, thus be at peace.
Thora. Be calm, my Hakon! Do not talk so wildly;
The mightiest soul, however great and strong,
Must pay its due to nature in the end.
Too fierce has been the excitement of thy soul,
Girt round with foes, adversity and danger,
And now it falls into a dark delirium.
Come with me: 'neath this house there is a vault
Dug in the ancient times within the rock,
Now known to none save me. There will I hide thee,
Until the present danger has passed by:
A better fortune soon on thee will smile.
Hakon. Now tell me truly, dost thou think the day
Smiles on the other side the dreary vault?
Thora. I do not doubt of it, my noble Hakon.
Hakon. And down into the deep and cavernous vault,
That gloomy cellar, unknown, underground,
Where foes come not, and danger is o'erpast,
That silent fortress, that secure asylum,
Wilt thou not lead me?
Thora. Yes, beloved hero!
Hakon (*giving his hand solemnly*). Come, my Valkyria, my lovely Hela,
I go with thee!
Thora. Oh, all ye gods of goodness!
Hakon. Think'st thou that I shall quail before their aspect?
Ay, thou art pallid, and thy lips are blue;
Thou dost not slay like thy impetuous sisters,
Like Hilldur and the savage Geierskögul,
With one blow from the sharp spear of the eye,
Thou slayest more slowly; with the ice of anguish;
Firstly man's courage slayest thou, then himself:
But 'tis all one! Now thither let us hasten,
And if thou hast not quenched my spark of pride
I follow thee with quick strides to the grave!
Thora. O all ye gentle gods, abide with him!

ALADDIN:

DEDICATION TO GOETHE.

BORN in far Northern clime,
Came to mine ears sweet tidings in my prime
From fairy land;
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where Power and Beauty go,
Knit in a magic band.

Oft, when a child, I'd pore
In rapture on the Saga lore;
When on the wold
The snow was falling white,
I, shuddering with delight,
Felt not the cold.

When with his pinion chill
The Winter smote the castle on the hill,
It fanned my hair.
I sat in my small room,
And through the lamp-lit gloom
Saw Spring shine fair.

And though my love in youth
Was all for Northern energy and truth,
And Northern feats,
Yet for my fancy's feast
The flower-apparelled East
Unveiled its sweets.

To manhood as I grew,
From North to South, from South to North I flew;
I was possessed
By yearnings to give voice in song
To all that had been struggling long
Within my breast.

I heard bards manifold;
But at their minstrelsy my heart grew cold;
Dim, colorless, became

Mv childhood's visions grand:
Their tameness only fanned
My wilder flame.

Who did the young bard save?
Who to his eye a keener vision gave,
That he the child
Amor beheld, astride
The lion, far-off ride,
Careering wild?

Thou, great and good! Thy spell-like lays
Did the enchanted curtain raise
From fairy-land,
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where Power and Beauty go,
Knit in a loving band.

Well pleased thou heardest long
Within thy halls the stranger minstrel's song.
Taught to aspire
By thee, my spirit leapt
To bolder heights, and swept
The German lyre.

Oft have I sung before;
And many a hero of our Northern shore,
With grave, stern mien,
By sad Melpomene
Called from his grave, we see
Stalk o'er the scene.

And greeting they will send
To friend Aladdin cheerily as a friend.
The oak's thick gloom
Prevails not wholly where
Warbles the nightingale, and fair
Flowers waft perfume.

On thee, to whom I owe
New life, what shall my gratitude bestow?
Naught has the bard
Save his own song! And this
Thou dost not—trivial as the tribute is—
With scorn regard.

NOUREDDIN IN QUEST OF THE MAGIC LAMP.

NOUREDDIN, the enchanter, is seated by a table on which is a little chest filled with white sand. Upon this sand he half-consciously traces lines; then speaks.

A WONDROUS treasure! The greatest in the world?—
Hid in a cavern?—Where?—In Asia?—
And where in Asia?—Hard by Ispahan!
Deep in the earth; high over-arched with rocks;
Girt round with lofty mountains. Holy Allah!
What mighty mystery begins to dawn
Upon me? Shall I reach the goal, at last,
At midnight hour, after the silent toil
Of forty weary years?—I question further:—
What is this matchless prize?—A copper lamp!
How's this? An old rust-eaten copper lamp!—
And what, then, is its virtue?—How!—"Concealed,
Known but to him that owns it." And shall I
(Scarce dares my tongue give the bold question voice,)
Shall I, then, e'er the happy owner be?
See! the fine sand, like water interblends,
And of the stylus leaves no trace behind.
All's dark!—Yet stay!—With surging waves it heaves,
This arid sea, as when the tempest sweeps
With eddying blast through Biledulgerid.
What mean these furrows?—I am to draw forth
A poem that lies eastward in the hall,
Old, dust-begrimed; and, wheresoe'er my eyes,
When I so open it, chance to fall,
I am to read, and all shall then be clear.

[*He rises slowly, aud takes an old folio, which he opens and reads.*

"Fair Fortune's boons are scattered wide and far,
In single sparkles only found and rare,
And all her gifts in few combinéd are.

"Earth's choicest flowerets bloom not everywhere:
Where mellows ripe the vine's inspiring tide,
With bane and bale doth Nature wrestle there.

"In the lush Orient's sultry palm-groves glide

Fell serpents through rank herbage noiselessly,
And there death-dealing venom doth abide.

"Darkness and storm deface the Northern sky;
Yet there no sudden shock o'erwhelms the land,
And steadfast cliffs the tempest's rage defy.

"Life's gladsome child is led by Fortune's hand;
And what the sage doth moil to make his prize,
When in the sky the pale stars coldly stand,

"From his own breast leaps forth in wondrous wise.
Met by boon Fortune midway, he prevails,
Scarce weeting how, in whatsoe'er he tries.

"'Tis ever thus that Fortune freely hails
Her favorite and on him her blessings showers,
Even as to heaven the scented flower exhales.

"Unwooed she comes at unexpected hours;
And little it avails to rack thy brain,
And ask where lurk her long reluctant powers.

"Fain wouldst thou grasp—Hope's portal shuts amain
And all thy fabric vanishes in air;
Unless foredoomed by Fate, thy toils are vain,
Thy aspirations doomed to meet despair."

These lines were woven in a mortal's brain,
A sorry rhymer's, little conversant
With Nature's deep and tender mysteries:
Kindly she tenders me the hidden prize.
Is it that she, with woman's waywardness,
May make a mock of me? Not so: on fools
She wastes not her sage accents; the pure light
Is not a meteor-light that leads astray.
With a grave smile, her finger indicates
Where lies the treasure she has marked for mine.—
Yes! I divine the hidden import well
Of that enigma she prepared for me;
In the unconscious poet's mystic song
The needful powers are by no *one* possessed;
To lift great loads must many hands combine:
To me 'twas given, with penetrating soul,

To fathom Nature's inmost mysteries;
But I am not the outward instrument.
"Life's gladsome child!"—That means some creature gay,
By nature dowered, instead of intellect,
With body only and mere youthful bloom.
A young, dull-witted boy shall be my aid;
And, all unconscious of its priceless worth,
Secure and place the treasure in my hands.
Is it not so, thou mighty Solomon?

[*Traces lines in the sand.*

Yes, yes, it is! A fume of incense will
Disclose to me the entrance to the rock.
And a rose-cheeked, uneducated boy
Will draw the prize for my advantage forth,
As striplings do in Europe's lotteries.
O holy prophet, take my fervent thanks!
My mind's exhausted with its deep research.
The goal achieved, my over-wearied frame
Longs for repose. Now, will I sleep in peace.
To-morrow—by the magic of my ring
I stand in Asia. The succeeding day
Beholds me here, and with the wondrous lamp!

ALADDIN'S PRISON-HYMN.

SHALL I at my death impending tremble?
No! Death cannot touch my soul with dread.
Though fierce storms round night assemble,
Shines the morning rosy red.
I will not at death's approaches tremble.

God to me immortal life hath given,
For He with immortality is crowned,
And my life, that up hath striven,
With His is wholly bound.
God to me immortal life hath given.

Wither shall these soft and earthy members,
And my failing flesh shall gorge the worm;
But the life amid my embers
Shall not perish in the storm.
Wither shall these soft and earthy members.

Death and the grave awake but my disdaining,
These cannot fill my dauntless heart with gloom,
  And my spirit upwards straining,
  Fears no bondage of the tomb.
Death and the grave awake but my disdaining.

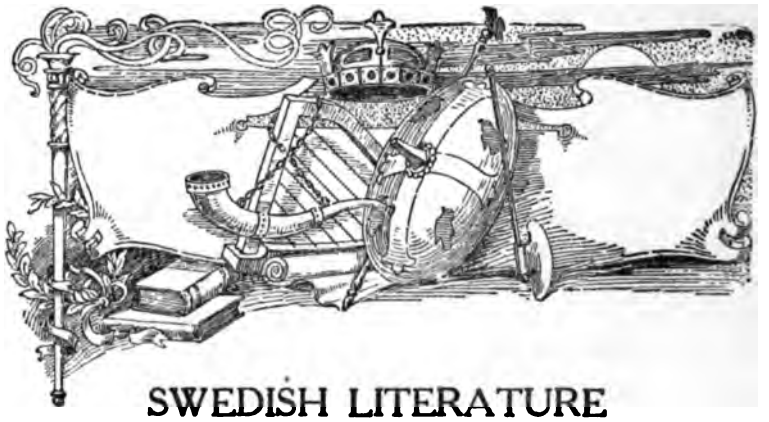
Oh how oft, how oft is dead already
The vain and empty weakness of this earth!
  Better life, serene and steady,
  From the painful strife hath birth.
Better life is that I live already.

Yes, death is the friend of man while living,
Strengthens within us heaven's own holy light.
  Only trouble and misgiving
  Fill the base with wan affright.
Yes, death is the friend of man while living.

Lest we lingering amid idle fancies,
Little even of earth's blessings know,
  Wakes he yearnings, tearful glances,
  Lays our every frailty low.
'Tis for this he scatters our poor fancies.

Come, then with thy weapon keen and gleaming,
Come, thou true man, though but of naked bone;
  Not thy pale and spectral seeming
  Terror to my soul makes known,
Makes me dread thy weapon keen and gleaming.

Shall my heavenly Father then forsake me,
When my eye darkens in the final strife?
  From death will He refuse to wake me,
  Me, who loved Him so in life?
No, my God, Thou wilt not then forsake me.



SWEDISH LITERATURE

INTELLECTUAL advancement in Sweden followed the same general trend as that in Denmark and Norway, and even in Germany. There was an awakening of the people by the Reformation, followed by the predominance of theological literature and the isolation of the learned; the drama being represented by school comedies.

Sweden reached her zenith in the seventeenth century. Although she never took a place among the mighty powers of Europe, her kings enlarged her boundaries and developed her natural resources in a manner which was very inspiring to the national pride; and Charles XII. and Gustavus Adolphus were names to be reckoned with anywhere. Even Queen Christina, half-insane though she was, loved books, and she graced her court with a number of foreign scholars who, necessarily, gave a vast impulse to learning. Georg Stjernhjelm (1598–1672), the father of Swedish Literature, did inestimable service to the language by moulding it into more flexible forms. The most remarkable work written at this time was a "History of Sweden in Antiquity," by Olof Rudbeck. Struck by a similarity in names and localities, the author fell into the delusion that his native land was the original of Plato's "Atlantis," and on this supposition he founded his book. Had his theory been true it would have proved Sweden to be the ancient home of all peoples and culture. Rudbeck's work, published in four volumes, caused an extra-

ordinary sensation in Europe; and it was long before the proud and exultant Swedes could be made to believe that, though written in perfect good faith, it was only a series of clever national fables. The greatest name of the eighteenth century was that of Emmanuel Swedenborg, whose mystical musings, published in a number of volumes, have made him the founder of the noble religious sect bearing his name.

The most popular of all the Swedish poets was Carl Michael Bellman, who was born in 1740 and died in 1795. Not only a poet, but a musician, he has indissolubly united the words and music of his mirthful songs, which are passionately admired and sung throughout the entire North. He was even an improvisator; and while his verses have sparkle, tenderness and melancholy, they are also alive with dramatic instinct, and full of descriptions of the life of the people.

French influence was introduced into Sweden by Ulrika, sister of Frederick the Great, who married a Swedish king. Later a revolt against this was expressed by a circle of young poets, through the medium of a periodical named *Phosphor*. The Phosphorists, as they were called, worshipped German romanticism and ideality. Side by side with them sprang up another movement, which received the name of the Gothic School, because it strove to make old Norse mythology and poetry the basis of national culture and art. These two schools flourished in the early days of the nineteenth century, and each had many and brilliant adherents. The greatest of the Gothic poets was Tegnér, who was made a bishop for his poems, yet had an almost tragic fate. One of his most beautiful productions is "The Children of the Lord's Supper," which has been charmingly translated by our own Longfellow. But in Scandinavia he is better known as the author of "Frithiof's Saga," and his countrymen proudly proclaim him the greatest poet of the Teutonic race. Swedish literature has been rich in novels since the days of Mörk in the seventeenth century. The novelist most familiar to English readers is Fredrika Bremer, whose stories were translated by her friend, Mary Howitt.

And the virgin up to his head she stepped,
But his fair locks she ne'er sees move:
"Ah, me! while here on earth thou liv'dst,
Thou dearly didst me love!"

And the virgin down to his feet she went,
And lifts the linen white:
"Ah me! while here on earth thou liv'dst,
Thou wert my heart's delight!"

And the virgin then to the door she went,
And good-night bade her sisters last;
But Sir Carl, who upon his bier was laid,
He sprang up and held her fast!

"Now carry out my bier again,
Come pour the mead and wine;
For to-morrow shall my wedding stand
With this sweetheart dear of mine!"

And the cloister-nuns, the cloister-nuns,
They read within their book:
"Some angel, sure, it was from heaven,
Who hence our sister took!"

And the cloister-nuns, the cloister-nuns,
They sang each separatelie:
"O Christ! that such an angel came,
And took both me and thee!"
But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

CARL M. BELLMAN.

CARL MICHAEL BELLMAN, the Anacreon, or rather the Béranger of Sweden, was born at Stockholm in 1740. His father was a court official, and the son, who "lisped in numbers," had an excellent education. His early poems were religious, but after his admission to the University of Upsala, he wrote a satire, "The Moon." In boyhood he had learned to play on the zither, and it became his habit to compose songs to melodies of his own creation. Without effort of his own, these songs found a wide circulation. Utterly careless of business or money, Bellman was ever in difficulties until Gustavus III., recognizing his talent, made him court secre-

tary, the duties of the place being discharged by an assistant. Thus freed of care, he became the king's boon companion and repaid his generosity with numerous songs. He had the gift of improvising, and left the task of preserving his lyrics to his friends. When Gustavus was assassinated, Bellman's summer was at an end. Oppressed with illness and poverty, he was sent to prison for debt, but eventually released by some friends, who merely asked for a song, which he readily gave. He died in 1795. His statue stands in the public square at Stockholm, but his songs still live in the mouths of the people.

UP, AMARYLLIS!

WAKEN, thou fair one! up, Amaryllis!
Morning so still is,
Cool is the gale.
The rainbow of heaven,
With its hues seven,
Brightness hath given
To wood and dale.
Sweet Amaryllis, let me convey thee,
In Neptune's arms nought shall affray thee;
Sleep's god no longer power has to stay thee,
Over thy eyes and speech to prevail.

Come out a-fishing; nets are forth carrying;
Come, without tarrying,
Hasten with me.
Jerkin and veil in,
Come for the sailing;
For trout and grayling
Baits will lay we.
Awake, Amaryllis! dearest, awaken;
Let me not go forth by thee forsaken;
Our course among dolphins and sirens taken,
Onward shall paddle our boat to the sea.

Bring rod and line, bring nets for the landing;
Morn is expanding,
Hasten away!
Sweet, no denying,
Frowning or sighing.

Couldst thou be trying
To answer me nay!
Hence, on the shallows our little boat leaving,
On to the Sound where green waves are heaving,
Where our true love its first bond was weaving,
Causing to Thyrsis so much dismay.

Step in the boat, then! both of us singing,
Love afresh springing
O'er us shall reign.
If the storm rages,
If it war wages,
Thy love assuages
Terror and pain.
Calm 'mid the billows' wildest commotion,
I would defy, on thy bosom, the ocean,
Or would attend thee to death with devotion.
Sing, O ye sirens, and mimic my strain!

Drink Out thy Glass.

Drink out thy glass! Lo, on thy threshold, nightly,
Staying his sword, stands Death, awaiting thee.
Be not alarmed; the grave-door, opened slightly,
Closes again. A full year it may be
Ere thou art dragged, poor sufferer, to the grave.
Pick the octave!
Tune up the strings! Sing of life with glee!

Yellow's the hue thy dull wan cheeks are showing;
Shrunken thy chest, and flat each shoulder-blade.
Give me thy hand! Each dark vein, larger growing,
Is to my touch as if in water laid.
Damp are these hands; stiff are these veins becoming.
Pick now, and strumming,
Empty thy bottle! Sing! Drink unafraid.

Hail then, my boy! Old Bacchus sends last greeting;
Freya's farewell receive thou over thy bowl.
Fast in her praise thy thin blood flows, repeating
Its old-time force, as it was wont to roll.
Sing, read, forget. Nay, think and weep while thinking.
Art thou for drinking
Another bottle? Art dead? Peace to thy soul!

ESAIAS TEGNÉR.

THE most famous of Swedish writers is Bishop Esaias Tegnér. Born in 1782, the son of a village pastor, he was educated at the University of Lund, and taught there until 1824. The stirring events of his time quickened his poetic genius, and his war-song for the army of 1808 was received with popular acclaim. This was quickly followed by the patriotic poem "Svea." A Gothic League was formed by the literary patriots under the leadership of Tegnér. They opposed both the imitators of French classicists and the German romanticists. Their magazine, *Iduna*,* urged the study of Norse history and literature. To it, besides minor poems, Tegnér contributed his romance of "Axel," the idyll of "The Children of the Lord's Supper," and above all his modernized version of "Frithiof's Saga." This poetic revival of Scandinavian antiquity won Goethe's approval and gave Tegnér fame throughout Europe. It has been rendered in English by Longfellow and others. As a reward at home, the author was made Bishop of Wexiö in 1824. Though he had not been previously ordained, he accepted the place with some misgivings, for he is said to have been in love with the beautiful wife of a town councillor. After faithfully performing his ecclesiastical duties for some years, he became melancholy, and, in 1840, insane. During his convalescence in Schleswig he began an epic poem, "Kronbruden," but left it unfinished. He died in 1846.

* Iduna, in Scandinavian mythology, was the goddess of youth and guarded the apples, which supplied the drink of the gods.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging crowd was assembled
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.
Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones from the organ,
Hover like voices from God, aloft, like invisible spirits.
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast off from him his mantle,
Even so cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with one voice
Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal
Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the North-land,
Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its powerful pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,
And every face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.
Lo! there entered then into the church the reverend teacher;
Father he hight, and he was, in the parish; a Christianly plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
Walked he among the crowds; but still a contemplative grandeur
Lay on his forehead, as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a sunbeam.
As, in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation),
The artist, the friend of Heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man;
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.
All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered;
But with a cordial look to the right and the left hand, the old man,
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.
Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,
Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.

Afterwards, when all was finished, the teacher re-entered the chancel,
Followed therein by the young. On the right hand the boys had their places,
Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming;
But on the left hand of these, there stood the tremulous lilies,
Tinged with the blushing light of the morning, the diffident maidens,—
Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.
Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the beginning
Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's
Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal
Flowed like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted.
Whene'er the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer,
Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.
Friendly the teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,
And to the children explained he the holy, the highest, in few words,
Thorough, yet simple and clear; for sublimity always is simple.
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.
Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded when spring-tide approaches,
Leaf by leaf is developed, and, warmed by the radiant sunshine,
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes,—
So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,
Line by line, from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at each well worded answer.

THE VETERAN.

(From "Axel." Translated by R. G. Latham.)

I LOVE the old heroic times
  Of Charles the Twelfth, our country's glory,
And deem them fittest for the scenes
  Of stern or tender story;
For he was blithe as Peace may be,
Yet boisterous as Victory.
Even now on high there glide,
Up and down, at eventide,
Mighty men, like those of old,
With frocks of blue and belts of gold.
Oh, reverently I gaze upon
  Those soldier-spirits clad in light,
And hold as things most wonderful
  Their coats of buff and swords of giant height!

One of his oldest veterans
  I knew before my boyhood's prime;
He seemed like some triumphal pillar,
  Undermined by Time.
The scars along his forehead were
Like sculptures on a sepulchre;
There flowed behind that old man's ears
The silver of a hundred years;
  'Twas all that old man had.
The stranger, gazing on his door,
Might sigh to think on one so poor;
But time had trained his soul, and he
Had shaken hands with Poverty;
  He was nor sick nor sad.

With two possessions, all his pride,
Yet dearer than the world beside,—
The sword that earned his soldier fame,
A Bible, with King Charles's name,—
He lived, beneath a forest shade,
Within a hut, himself had made,
  And fancied like a tent.
And all that Sweden's hero did,

Of valor praised, or craven chid,
  Or Cossack foemen bent,—
That now the child who runs may read
(For Fame, the Eagle, flew with speed),—
Were stored within that soldier's mind,
Each in their own heroic kind,
Like monumental urns beneath
A barrow in the field of death.

Oft as he told of toils gone through,
For Charles and his dragoons of blue,
That soldier seemed to rise in height,
Flashed from his eyes unwonted light,
And all his gestures, all his words,
Sprang out like flame from Swedish swords.
Why say, that, in the winter nights,
He loved to tell his former fights;
And, grateful, only spoke to praise
King Charles; and never failed to raise,
When mention of his name was made,
His rimless hat and torn cockade?
My infant height scarce reached his knees,
And yet I loved his histories.
His sunken cheek and wrinkled brow
Have lived with me from then till now,
And, with his stories strange and true,
Keep rising in my mind anew;
Like snowdrop bells, that wait to blow
Beneath the winter's shielding snow.

King Charles's Guard.

He was of Charles's body-guard,
Swedish soldiers' best reward;
Seven in number, like the train
Of sister stars in Charles's Wain;
Or nine at most, as the maidens be
Who weave the songs of Eternity.
They were trained to scorn of death,
  And tried by fire and steel and blood,
And hardened, by their Christian faith,
  Beyond the Viking hardihood

Of their sires, that, fast and free,
Ploughed with keels the subject sea.
  They lay to sleep on turf or plank,
With northern winds for lullaby,
And curtained by the colder sky,
  As softly as on mossy bank.
Little they cared for the flame's red aid,
Save for the sake of the cannonade,
Casting light as fierce and dun,
As a winter's blood-red sun.
They deemed no battle lost or won
To lesser odds than seven to one;
And then retreated, soft and slow,
With their faces to the foe.
  But harsher laws than these, I ween,
Lay upon these hardened men:
Never to look on a maiden's eye,
Never turn ear to a maiden's sigh,
Never to heed the sweet words she said,
Ere Charles, that cold, stern chief, was wed.
No matter how soft voices strove
To match the music of the grove;
How lips might mock the rosebud's hue,
How eyes, the violets steeped in dew;
How breasts might heave for love's sweet sake,
Like floating swan on silver lake,—
Vain were eyes, and breasts, and words;
They were wedded to their swords.

NORWEGIAN LITERATURE

By Gisle Bothne, M. A., University of Minnesota.

THE sagas' and the skalds' lays, written in the ancient language of Norway, are the literary monuments of a vigorous and enlightened people, from a time when the pens in most European lands were practised only in the use of Latin. Though the greater share of the credit for this literary achievement belongs to the colony, Iceland, in which the national characteristics throve as well as in the mother country, modern Norwegians, on awakening after centuries of political dependence, justly found in it the best heritage of their ancient fathers, an inspiration and a source of national rejuvenation.

With the beginning of the fourteenth century the social and political conditions that made the saga literature possible had changed, fellowship in culture between Norway and Iceland ceased, and the two weakened nationalities, into which the Norse race separated, went each its own way. Then Norway became the politically inferior member, in a union with Denmark. The bulk of the people, the peasant class, continued to speak modified forms of Old Norwegian, and in these forms was preserved upon the tongues of the peasants, from medieval times, clear into the nineteenth century, a rich collection of popular poetry, ballads, legends, and the unsurpassed stories and fairy tales, which came into full light at the proper time to give the national regeneration strength and sentiment.

The educated, or upper classes, owing to a number of causes, were gradually drawn in under the influence of (German)-Danish culture, and with the advent of the Reformation were ripe for a community with Denmark in language and literature.

A most important part of the Dano-Norwegian literature has been contributed by Norwegians. First among these must be mentioned Peder Clausson Friis (died 1614), who wrote an entertaining description of Norway and finished an excellent translation of Snorre. One of the few genuine poets in the

HELMER—Just see how they've accumulated. *(Turning them over.)* Why, what's this?

NORA—*(At the window.)* The letter! Oh no, no, Torvald!

HELMER—Two visiting-cards—from Rank.

NORA—From Doctor Rank?

HELMER—*(Looking at them.)* Doctor Rank. They were on the top. He must have just put them in.

NORA—Is there anything on them?

HELMER—There's a black cross over the name. Look at it. What an unpleasant idea! It looks just as if he were announcing his own death.

NORA—So he is.

HELMER—What? Do you know anything? Has he told you anything?

NORA—Yes. These cards mean that he has taken his last leave of us. He is going to shut himself up and die.

HELMER—Poor fellow! Of course I knew we couldn't hope to keep him long. But so soon——! And to go and creep into his lair like a wounded animal——

NORA—When we must go, it is best to go silently. Don't you think so, Torvald?

HELMER—*(Walking up and down.)* He had so grown into our lives, I can't realize that he is gone. He and his sufferings and his loneliness formed a sort of cloudy background to the sunshine of our happiness. Well, perhaps it's best as it is—at any rate for him. *(Stands still.)* And perhaps for us, too. Now we two are thrown entirely upon each other. *(Takes her in his arms.)* My darling wife! I feel as if I could never hold you close enough. Do you know, Nora, I often wish some danger might threaten you, that I might risk body and soul, and everything, everything, for your dear sake.

NORA—*(Tears herself from him and says firmly:)* Now you shall read your letters, Torvald.

HELMER—No, no; not to-night. I want to be with you, my sweet wife.

NORA—With the thought of your dying friend——?

HELMER—You are right. This has shaken us both. Unloveliness has come between us—thoughts of decay and death. We must seek to cast them off. Till then—we will remain apart.

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NORA—*(Her arms around his neck.)* Torvald! Good-night! good-night!

HELMER—*(Kissing her forehead.)* Good-night, my little song-bird. Sleep well. Now I shall go and read my letters. *(He goes with the letters in his hand into his room and shuts the door.)*

NORA—*(With wild eyes, gropes about her, seizes Helmer's domino, throws it round her, and whispers quickly, hoarsely and brokenly.)* Never to see him again. Never, never, never. *(Throws her shawl over her head.)* Never to see the children again. Never, never—— Oh, that black, icy water! Oh, that bottomless——! If it were only over! Now he has it, he's reading it. Oh, no, no, no, yet. Torvald, good-bye——! Good-bye, my little ones——! *(She is rushing out by the hall; at the same moment Helmer flings his door open, and stands there with an open letter in his hand.)*

HELMER—Nora!

NORA—*(Shrieks.)* Ah——!

HELMER—What is this? Do you know what is in this letter?

NORA—Yes, I know. Let me go! Let me pass!

HELMER—*(Holds her back.)* Where do you want to go?

NORA—*(Tries to break away from him.)* You shall not save me, Torvald.

HELMER—*(Falling back.)* True! Is what he writes true? No, no, it is impossible that this can be true.

NORA—It is true. I have loved you beyond all else in the world.

HELMER—Pshaw—no silly evasions!

NORA—*(A step nearer him.)* Torvald——!

HELMER—Wretched woman—what have you done?

NORA—Let me go—you shall not save me! You shall not take my guilt upon yourself!

HELMER—I don't want any melodramatic airs. *(Locks the outer door.)* Here you shall stay and give an account of yourself. Do you understand what you have done? Answer! Do you understand it?

NORA—*(Looks at him fixedly, and says with a stiffening expression:)* Yes; now I begin fully to understand it.

HELMER—*(Walking up and down.)* Oh! what an awful awakening! During all these eight years—she who was my pride and my joy—a hypocrite, a liar—worse, worse—a criminal. Oh, the unfathomable hideousness of it all! Ugh! Ugh!

(Nora says nothing and continues to look fixedly at him.)

HELMER—I ought to have known how it would be. I ought to have foreseen it. All your father's want of principle—be silent!—all your father's want of principle you have inherited—no religion, no morality, no sense of duty. How I am punished for screening him! I did it for your sake; and you reward me like this.

NORA—Yes—like this.

HELMER—You have destroyed my whole happiness. You have ruined my future. Oh, it's frightful to think of! I am in the power of a scoundrel; he can do whatever he pleases with me, demand whatever he chooses; he can domineer over me as much as he likes, and I must submit. And all this disaster and ruin is brought upon me by an unprincipled woman!

NORA—When I am out of the world, you will be free.

HELMER—Oh, no fine phrases. Your father, too, was always ready with them. What good would it do if you were "out of the world," as you say? No good whatever! He can publish the story all the same; I might even be suspected of collusion. People will think I was at the bottom of it all and egged you on. And for all this I have you to thank—you whom I have done nothing but pet and spoil during our whole married life. Do you understand now what you have done to me?

NORA—*(With cold calmness.)* Yes.

HELMER—The thing is so incredible, I can't grasp it. But we must come to an understanding. Take that shawl off. Take it off, I say! I must try to pacify him in one way or another—the matter must be hushed up, cost what it may.—As for you and me, we must make no outward change, you understand. Of course, you will continue to live here. But the children cannot be left in your care. I dare not trust them to you.—Oh, to have to say this to one I have loved so tenderly—whom I still——! But that must be a thing of the

past. Henceforward there can be no question of happiness, but merely of saving the ruins, the shreds, the show—— *(A ring; Helmer starts.)* What's that? So late. Can it be the worst? Can he——? Hide yourself, Nora; say you are ill. *(Nora stands motionless. Helmer goes to the door and opens it.)*

ELLEN—*(Half dressed, in the hall.)* Here is a letter for you, ma'am.

HELMER—Give it to me. *(Seizes the letter and shuts the door.)* Yes, from him. You shall not have it. I shall read it.

NORA—Read it!

HELMER—*(By the lamp.)* I have hardly the courage to. We may both be lost, both you and I. Ah! I must know. *(Hastily tears the letter open; reads a few lines, looks at an enclosure; with a cry of joy:)* Nora! *(Nora looks inquiringly at him.)*

HELMER—Nora!—Oh, I must read it again.—Yes, yes, it is so. I am saved! Nora, I am saved!

NORA—And I?

HELMER—You too, of course; we are both saved; both of us. Look here—he sends you back your promissory note. He writes that he regrets and apologizes; that a happy turn in his life—— Oh, what matter what he writes. We are saved, Nora! No one can harm you. Oh, Nora, Nora——; but first to get rid of this hateful thing. I'll just see—— *(Glances at the I. O. U.)* No, I will not look at it; the whole thing shall be nothing but a dream to me. *(Tears the I. O. U. and both letters in pieces. Throws them into the fire and watches them burn.)* There! it's gone!—— He said that ever since Christmas Eve—— Oh, Nora, they must have been three terrible days for you!

NORA—I have fought a hard fight for the last three days.

HELMER—And in your agony you saw no other outlet but—— No; we won't think of that horror. We will only rejoice and repeat—it's over, all over! Don't you hear, Nora? You don't seem able to grasp it. Oh, my poor Nora, I understand; you cannot believe that I have forgiven you, But I have, Nora; I swear it. I have forgiven everything. I know that what you did was all for love of me.

NORA—That is true.

HELMER—You loved me as a wife should love her husband. It was only the means that, in your inexperience, you misjudged. But do you think I love you the less because you cannot do without guidance? No, no. Only lean on me; I will counsel you, and guide you. I should be no true man if this very womanly helplessness did not make you doubly dear in my eyes. You mustn't dwell upon the hard things I said in my first moment of terror, when the world seemed to be tumbling about my ears. I have forgiven you, Nora—I swear I have forgiven you.

NORA—I thank you for your forgiveness. *(Goes out, to the right.)*

HELMER—No, stay——! *(Looking through the doorway.)* What are you going to do?

NORA—*(Inside.)* To take off my masquerade dress.

HELMER—*(In the doorway.)* Yes, do, dear. Try to calm down, and recover your balance, my scared little songbird. You may rest secure. I have broad wings to shield you. *(Walking up and down near the door.)* Oh, how lovely—how cozy our home is, Nora! Here you are safe; here I can shelter you like a hunted dove whom I have saved from the claws of the hawk. I shall soon bring your poor beating heart to rest; believe me, Nora, very soon. To-morrow all this will seem quite different—everything will be as before. I shall not need to tell you again that I forgive you; you will feel for yourself that it is true. How could you think I could find it in my heart to reproach you? Oh, you don't know a true man's heart, Nora. There is something indescribably sweet and soothing to a man in having forgiven his wife—honestly forgiven her, from the bottom of his heart. She becomes his property in a double sense. She is as though born again; she has become, so to speak, at once his wife and his child. That is what you shall henceforth be to me, my bewildered, helpless darling. Don't be troubled about anything, Nora; only open your heart to me, and I will be both will and conscience to you. *(Nora enters in everyday dress.)* Why, what's this? Not gone to bed? You have changed your dress?

NORA—Yes, Torvald; now I have changed my dress.

HELMER—But why now, so late——?

NORA—I shall not sleep to-night.

HELMER—But, Nora dear——

NORA—*(Looking at her watch.)* It's not so late yet. Sit down, Torvald; you and I have much to say to each other. *(She sits down at one side of the table.)*

HELMER—Nora—what does this mean? Your cold, set face——

NORA—Sit down. It will take some time. I have much to talk over with you. *(Helmer sits at the other side of the table.)*

HELMER—You alarm me, Nora. I don't understand you.

NORA—No, that is just it. You don't understand me, and I have never understood you—till to-night. No, don't interrupt. Only listen to what I say.—We must come to a final settlement, Torvald.

HELMER—How do you mean?

NORA—*(After a short silence.)* Does not one thing strike you as we sit here?

HELMER—What should strike me?

NORA—We have been married eight years. Does it not strike you that this is the first time we two, you and I, man and wife, have talked together seriously?

HELMER—Seriously? What do you call seriously?

NORA—During eight whole years, and more—ever since the day we first met—we have never exchanged one serious word about serious things.

HELMER—Was I always to trouble you with the cares you could not help me bear?

NORA—I am not talking of cares. I say we have never yet set ourselves seriously to get to the bottom of anything.

HELMER—Why, my dearest Nora, what have you to do with serious things?

NORA—There we have it! You have never understood me.—I have had great injustice done me, Torvald; first by father, and then by you.

HELMER—What! By your father and me?—By us, who have loved you more than all the world?

NORA—*(Shaking her head.)* You have never loved me. You only thought it amusing to be in love with me.

HELMER—Why, Nora, what a thing to say!

NORA—Yes, it is so, Torvald. While I was at home with father he used to tell me all his opinions, and I held the same opinions. If I had others I said nothing about them, because he wouldn't have liked it. He used to call me his doll-child, and played with me as I played with my dolls. Then I came to live in your house——

HELMER—What an expression to use about our marriage!

NORA—*(Undisturbed.)* I mean I passed from father's hands into yours. You arranged everything according to your taste; and I got the same tastes as you; or I pretended to—I don't know which—both ways, perhaps; sometimes the other. When I look back on it now, I seem to have been living here like a beggar, from hand to mouth. I lived by performing tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and father have done me a great wrong. It is your fault that my life has come to nothing.

HELMER—Why, Nora, how unreasonable and ungrateful you are! Have you not been happy here?

NORA—No, never. I thought I was; but I never was.

HELMER—Not—not happy?

NORA—No; only merry. And you have always been so kind to me. But our house has been nothing but a play-room. Here I have been your doll-wife, just as at home I used to be papa's doll-child. And the children, in their turn, have been my dolls. I thought it fun when you played with me, just as the children did when I played with them. That has been our marriage, Torvald.

HELMER—There is some truth in what you say, exaggerated and overstrained though it be. But henceforth it shall be different. Play-time is over; now comes the time for education.

NORA—Whose education? Mine, or the children's?

HELMER—Both, my dear Nora.

NORA—Oh, Torvald, you are not the man to teach me to be a fit wife for you.

HELMER—And you can say that?

NORA—And I—how have I prepared myself to educate the children?

HELMER—Nora!

NORA—Did you not say yourself, a few minutes ago, you dared not trust them to me?

HELMER—In the excitement of the moment! Why should you dwell upon that?

NORA—No—you were perfectly right. That problem is beyond me. There is another to be solved first—I must try to educate myself. You are not the man to help me in that. I must set about it alone. And that is why I am leaving you.

HELMER—*(Jumping up.)* What—do you mean to say——?

NORA—I must stand quite alone if I am ever to know myself and my surroundings; so I cannot stay with you.

HELMER—Nora! Nora!

NORA—I am going at once. I daresay Christina will take me in for to-night——

HELMER—You are mad! I shall not allow it! I forbid it!

NORA—It is of no use your forbidding me anything now. I shall take with me what belongs to me. From you I will accept nothing, either now or afterwards.

HELMER—What madness this is!

NORA—To-morrow I shall go home—I mean to what was my home. It will be easier for me to find some opening there.

HELMER—Oh, in your blind inexperience——

NORA—I must try to gain experience, Torvald.

HELMER—To forsake your home, your husband, and your children! And you don't consider what the world will say.

NORA—I can pay no heed to that. I only know that I must do it.

HELMER—This is monstrous! Can you forsake your holiest duties in this way?

NORA—What do you consider my holiest duties?

HELMER—Do I need to tell you that? Your duties to your husband and your children.

NORA—I have other duties equally sacred.

HELMER—Impossible! What duties do you mean?

NORA—My duties toward myself.

HELMER—Before all else you are a wife and a mother.

NORA—That I no longer believe. I believe that before

all else I am a human being, just as much as you are—or at least that I should try to become one. I know that most people agree with you, Torvald, and they say that in books. But henceforth I can't be satisfied with what most people say, and what is in books. I must think things out for myself, and try to get clear about them.

HELMER—Are you not clear about your place in your own home? Have you not an infallible guide in questions like these? Have you not religion?

NORA—Oh, Torvald, I don't really know what religion is.

HELMER—What do you mean?

NORA—I know nothing but what Pastor Hansen told me when I was confirmed. He explained that religion was this and that. When I get away from all this and stand alone, I will look into that matter too. I will see whether what he taught me is right, or, at any rate, whether it is right for me.

HELMER—Oh, this is unheard of. And from so young a woman! But if religion cannot keep you right, let me appeal to your conscience—for I suppose you have some moral feeling? Or, answer me, perhaps you have none?

NORA—Well, Torvald, it's not easy to say. I really don't know—I am all at sea about these things. I only know that I think quite differently from you about them. I hear, too, that the laws are different from what I thought; but I can't believe that they are right. It appears that a woman has no right to spare her dying father, or to save her husband's life! I don't believe that.

HELMER—You talk like a child. You don't understand the society in which you live.

NORA—No, I do not. But now I shall try to learn. I must make up my mind which is right—society or I.

HELMER—Nora, you are ill; you are feverish; I almost think you are out of your senses.

NORA—I have never felt so much clearness and certainty as to-night.

HELMER—You are clear and certain enough to forsake husband and children?

NORA—Yes, I am.

HELMER—Then there is only one explanation possible.

NORA—What is that?

HELMER—You no longer love me.

NORA—No; that is just it.

HELMER—Nora! Can you say so?

NORA—Oh, I'm sorry, Torvald; for you've always been so kind to me. But I can't help it. I do not love you any longer.

HELMER—(*Mastering himself with difficulty.*) Are you clear and certain on this point too?

NORA—Yes, quite. That is why I will not stay here any longer.

HELMER—And can you also make clear to me how I have forfeited your love?

NORA—Yes, I can. It was this evening, when the miracle did not happen, for then I saw you were not the man I had imagined.

HELMER—Explain yourself more clearly; I don't understand.

NORA—I have waited patiently all these eight years; for, of course, I saw clearly enough that miracles don't happen every day. When this crushing blow threatened me, I said to myself so confidently, "Now comes the miracle!" When Krogstad's letter lay in the box, it never for a moment occurred to me that you would think of submitting to that man's conditions. I was convinced that you would say to him, "Make it known to all the world"; and that then——

HELMER—Well? When I had given my own wife's name up to disgrace and shame——?

NORA—Then I firmly believed that you would come forward, take everything upon yourself, and say, "I am the guilty one."

HELMER—Nora——!

NORA—You mean I would never have accepted such a sacrifice? No, certainly not. But what would my assertions have been worth in opposition to yours? That was the miracle that I hoped for and dreaded. And it was to hinder that that I wanted to die.

HELMER—I would gladly work for you night and day, Nora—bear sorrow and want for your sake. But no man sacrifices his honor, even for one he loves.

NORA—Millions of women have done so.

HELMER—Oh, you think and talk like a silly child.

NORA—Very likely. But you neither think nor talk like the man I can share my life with. When your terror was over—not for what threatened me, but for yourself—when there was nothing more to fear—then it seemed to you as though nothing had happened. I was your lark again, your doll, just as before—whom you would take twice as much care of in the future, because she was so weak and fragile. (*Stands up.*) Torvald—in that moment it burst upon me that I had been living here these eight years with a strange man, and had borne him three children. Oh, I can't bear to think of it! I could tear myself to pieces!

HELMER—(*Sadly.*) I see it, I see it; an abyss has opened between us. But, Nora, can it never be filled up?

NORA—As I now am, I am no wife for you.

HELMER—I have strength to become another man.

NORA—Perhaps—when your doll is taken away from you.

HELMER—To part—to part from you! No, Nora, no; I can't grasp the thought.

NORA—(*Going into room on the right.*) The more reason for the thing to happen. (*She comes back with outdoor things and a small traveling bag, which she places on a chair.*)

HELMER—Nora, Nora, not now! Wait till to-morrow.

NORA—(*Putting on cloak.*) I can't spend the night in a strange man's house.

HELMER—But can we not live here, as brother and sister——?

NORA—(*Fastening her hat.*) You know very well that wouldn't last long. (*Puts on the shawl.*) Good-bye, Torvald. No, I won't go to the children. I know they are in better hands than mine. As I now am, I can be nothing to them.

HELMER—But some time, Nora, some time——?

NORA—How can I tell? I have no idea what will become of me.

HELMER—But you are my wife, now and always!

NORA—Listen, Torvald; when a wife leaves her husband's house, as I am doing, I have heard that in the eyes of the law he is free from all duties toward her. At any rate, I

release you from all duties. You must not feel yourself bound, any more than I shall. There must be perfect freedom on both sides. There, I give you back your ring. Give me mine.

HELMER—That too?

NORA—That too.

HELMER—Here it is.

NORA—Very well. Now it is all over. I lay the keys here. The servants know about everything in the house—better than I do. To-morrow, when I have started, Christina will come to pack up the things I brought with me from home. I will have them sent after me.

HELMER—All over! all over! Nora, will you never think of me again?

NORA—Oh, I shall often think of you, and the children, and this house.

HELMER—May I write to you, Nora?

NORA—No, never. You must not.

HELMER—But I must send you——

NORA—Nothing, nothing.

HELMER—I must help you if you need it.

NORA—No, I say. I take nothing from strangers.

HELMER—Nora, can I never be more than a stranger to you?

NORA—(*Taking her traveling bag.*) Oh, Torvald, then the miracle of miracles would have to happen——

HELMER—What is the miracle of miracles?

NORA—Both of us would have to change so that—oh, Torvald, I no longer believe in miracles.

HELMER—But *I* will believe. Tell me! We must so change that——?

NORA—That communion between us shall be a marriage. Good-bye. (*She goes out by the hall door.*)

HELMER—(*Sinks into a chair by the door with his face in his hands.*) Nora! Nora! (*He looks round and rises.*) Empty. She is gone. (*A hope springs up in him.*) Ah! The miracle of miracles——?

(*From below is heard the reverberation of a heavy door closing.*)

RUSSIAN HISTORY

EARLY RUSSIA.

Russia today claims about one-sixth of the whole earth and contains over 120,000,000 people, yet the average American reader knows little of its present condition and less concerning its past. Unquestionably it is one of the great states of the future. Beyond much doubt this vast, unwieldy country is destined to play a foremost part some day in the affairs of the world.

The very name of *Russia* brings to the minds of people generally certain associations which the so-called "Russian novel" has made familiar. Russians recognize and patiently bear with the dense ignorance of foreigners in regard to their land. One of their writers has said: "If you want an intelligent Englishman or Frenchman to talk nonsense, let him emit an opinion on Russia: it is a subject which intoxicates him and at once clouds his intellect." Another says: "I remember an American girl who frankly confessed that she did not like Russian novels representing Russian life; she thought things they pictured were not original enough, lacking 'local colour'; she much preferred English novels *about* Russia, they were so much more 'Russian'. This is characteristic. The 'Russian novel' as known in English and French literature acquires a sort of exotic charm: snow and wolves and police agents, with the threatening prospect of Siberia in the background, give to the pictures of our human passions that same varnish which other authors try to give them by transporting their stories into Central Africa or to New Zealand. By a strange tendency of their pen, or perhaps because they supplied the demand of the greater portion of their readers, these authors in the things they described—whether right or wrong—seemed to turn their attention exclusively in one direction; thus the name of our country came to possess the sad property of evoking horrible pictures of violence and slavery."[1]

[1] Pictures of Russian History, Prince Wolkonsky, 7.

Many travelers returning from Russia speak enthusiastically of the kingdom which includes one-half of Europe. Comparatively few ever visit Siberia. Some familiarity with the history and literature of the Russians is sure to dispel mistaken impressions.

In days of Greek supremacy the Hellenes planted many colonies around the Black—or Euxine—Sea. Greeks living here traded with the natives, called by them *Scythians*. In recent times explorers have made excavations in this vicinity and have brought to light much bearing upon the early life of both Greek colonist and native. We know that the Scythians were fierce warriors who offered human sacrifices and drank the blood of their victims. Those farthest south were affected by the civilization of the Greeks and gradually lost many of their savage tendencies.

In the fourth century after Christ they were displaced by mighty invasions from Asia. Huns, Finns, Magyars and Slavs crowded into the northeastern part of Europe, pressed on by other tribes in Asia. While the Huns swept like a scourge over Europe the Finns and Slavs settled in what is now Russia. Along the banks of the Volga, Oka, Vistula and Elbe the Slavs made settlements and were the ancestors of the Bohemians, Bulgarians, Servians and Pomeranians.

The Slavs were an agricultural people, but the excellent trade route supplied by the Dnieper encouraged traffic. Novgorod became a great trading center and contained, it has been estimated, 100,000 people. However, the land was filled with confusion, and frequent incursions of warring tribes was destructive to commerce. After counsel, it was agreed to call upon a Norse chief to provide safety and order. In 862 occurred the "Calling of the Princes"—the appeal made to princes of Norway to restore peace and rule over the Slavs.

The sturdy Northmen, who have played such a part in the history of Europe, were well known to the people of Novgorod. Their line of commerce led them as far south as Constantinople, as far north as their boats could go. The powerful strength of Viking chiefs made a deep impression upon them and they voluntarily offered Rurik and his brothers dominion if they would repel the maurauder and ruthless invader.

Rurik of the tribe of Russ—whence the word *Russia*—heard the envoys sent to him and accepted their offer. With his brothers and their families and followers they set out for the new home. Rurik built a castle at Novgorod and made his power felt for a considerable distance. According to the custom of the Norse, the leadership was left, not to the eldest son, but to the eldest of the family. Thus, upon the death of Rurik, his brother, Oleg, succeeded him. He made an expedition against Kiev, which thereafter became his headquarters. Raids were now made occasionally against Constantinople. Traders learned of the wealth of the Byzantine city and urged their chiefs to make war for the sake of plunder. On two or three occasions Constantinople was forced to make commercial treaties advantageous to the Slavs. As was natural, some knowledge of Christianity infiltrated with the contact of trade, and the next important event in the chain of Russian history was the sending of envoys to investigate the various religions: Mohammedan, Jewish, Christian, with the two forms of Christianity—Greek and Roman—under Prince Vladimir.

Fascinated by the gorgeous ceremonies of the Greek Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, the ambassadors reported in favor of it. They said: "No man would like to eat bitter after having tasted honey, so we cannot think of returning to our gods after having witnessed the divine service of the Greek." Satisfied with their report, Vladimir shortly after—in 987—caused the wooden statue of the native god to be cast into the river. Priests blessed the river, whereupon the people were commanded to plunge in, baptized wholesale, like the Franks under the command of Clovis.

That chance led to the adoption of the Greek form of Christianity was to count for much later on. It meant that Russia should long be shut out from many of the interests and concerns of Western Europe and should remain in close contact with the East.

Vladimir caused churches, monasteries and cathedrals to spring up along the Dnieper. Just as the monasteries in the West were for generations the sole repositories of learning, so in Russia, these little candles were lighted in a dark land. Kiev became such a center for religious life that it still today holds this early significance. Vladimir, the foresighted

Duke of Kiev—consequently leader of all the princes—was canonized by the church after his death and remained both saint and hero of epic poems.

Under the impulse of the new religion a literature sprang up in Russia. It might be compared in some respects to that which grew up in Britain after the introduction of Christianity and before the Norman conquest. In 1113 Prior Daniel made a pilgrimage to Palestine and wrote down an account of his travels for the devout among his countrymen. "For many people attain the Holy Land not by traveling but simply by their good deeds." The holy Prior purchased a lamp in the market, filled it with oil and placed it at the foot of the Holy Sepulchre, "and there it was lighted in the name of all the Russian princes, of all the Russian land, and all the Christians of the Russian land."

In the eleventh century lived the wise monk, Nestor, who has been called the "Father of Russian history" because he wrote down a chronicle of events from the time of Noah to his own period. Valuable, indeed, are his writings concerning his own times. These are known to us only by transcripts.

Nestor appears to have held a position in Russia comparable to that of Benedict in the West. Wherever we hear of Russian monks carrying the Christian religion to Asia, they are invariably spoken of as *Nestorian* monks.

One effect of the introduction of Christianity was less fortunate than the rest. The Norse princes who accepted the *Call* from Novgorod ruled as dukes—dux, leaders. The people were allowed to control their local affairs and only in matters of common concern did the dukes assume control. The priests who came into Russia to teach the Christian faith were accustomed to the relation of Emperor and people. They failed entirely to see the difference in Russia, or seeing, disapproved. In any event, their influence tended to make the ruler absolute and in time the title Czar—form of Caesar—appeared.

Two more writings should be noted in the ante-Mongolian age. First, the code of laws compiled by Yaroslav—sometimes written Iaroslaf. This was the first codification of Russian law and in some respects resembles the Code of Hammarabi. Money, fines and damages have largely taken the place of blood retaliation; life is valued less than property.

His grandson, Vladimir Monomah, was the early moral teacher. In a document, known as Monomah's Will, he left precepts to his children: "Never let anyone pass without giving him a greeting, but have a good word for every man." "Honour the aged as a father, honour the young as a brother." "Let the sun-rise never find you in bed." "Even when you ride and are not speaking to anybody, instead of thinking rubbish, at least repeat these simple words: 'God be merciful unto me'—this is the best of all prayers. . . . The only thing I wish is that, after having read this epistle, you should perform all manner of good deeds, praising God and His Saints."

Monomah was the last duke who could hold the tumultuous princes in check. He died in 1125. Contentions between leaders brought confusion and dissension. Before another century had quite filled out its span the black cloud of the Mongol invasion hovered over the eastern borders.

The Mongol Invasion.

Prior to the invasion of the Mongols Russia had entered to some extent into diplomatic relations with the states of western Europe. Marriage alliances were made between Russian princesses and foreign kings and Monomah's wife was the daughter of Harold, who fell on the field of Hastings. As has been seen, commercial treaties with Constantinople had been negotiated several times.

Now the tide turned and for two hundred years and more Russia looked not to the West but to the East. Until recent years historians have failed to give sufficient importance to the economic causes which have caused Europeans and Asiatics to react upon each other. The boundary between Europe and Asia is well defined only in geographies. As a matter of fact Europe has reached far into Asia at certain periods, as for example, under Alexander the Great; also Asia has extended far into Europe under the standards of Mongol and Mohammedan. Beginning with the Trojan war the pendulum has swung first one way, then the other. And the end is not yet.

The Mongols lived in northeastern Asia during the tenth and eleventh centuries. Divided into many tribes, they were

little affected by the influences of civilization. Genghis Khan (1154-1227) united the various roving tribes, saying: "As there is but one sun in heaven, so shall there be but one emperor on earth." He reached out on all sides, conquered China, Central Asia, Western Asia, and finally pressed into Europe. The states of Europe seemed paralyzed; often not a blow was struck in defense and wherever opposition manifested itself the victorious Tartars wasted the land with ferocious fury. Homes and churches, monasteries and cathedrals were quickly reduced to ashes. Men were killed, and women and children taken into slavery. Kiev fell, never again to regain its earlier importance. Only Novgorod remained free from the Tartar yoke.

It was while the great Mongol Empire held sway that Marco Polo made his journey to the far East—recounted so faithfully for his countrymen later. In late years it has been the custom of writers to point out the great advantages that attended the rule of the Tartars and their religious toleration has been made over-much of. It is true that travelers such as Marco Polo found the highways open to them and Nestorian monks were permitted to go where they would for awhile. "Children of the prairie and the desert, the Tartars had neither a religion nor a civilization to impose upon the Russian people. The khans were tolerant because they did not care. . . . The khans, while they did not care about the people, took care that the dukes should show them slavish respect. In 1303, the dukes were convoked, and when they were assembled a letter from the khan was read, in which they were commanded to stop fighting because the great khan desired to see peace established. Whenever such a letter was brought, the dukes were directed to meet the envoys on foot, prostrate themselves, spread fine carpets under their feet, present them with a cup filled with gold pieces, and listen, kneeling, while the letter was read." [1]

Gradually the princes fell under the influences of the Asiatics. In order to make necessary presents to the khans the people were heavily taxed. Only the common people held to the ancient traditions, while the princes drew more and more away from the customs of their fathers. They remained for

[1] Van Bergen: The Story of Russia, 74.

more than one hundred years in abject humiliation, but in 1380 the first blow was struck to repel the invaders and one hundred years later the power of the Tartars was broken.

Russia Before Peter the Great.

The prince of Moscow was the one who succeeded in driving the usurper from the land and the city of Moscow became the political center. For several years jealousies between princes prevented any effectual consolidation, but in 1547 Ivan IV.—John—assumed the title Czar. Constantinople had fallen about one hundred years before and Ivan hoped to make Moscow "the third Rome." It was during his reign that the conquest of Siberia was begun. This emperor ruled many years, much after the fashion of a madman. His training during his childhood probably explains many of his peculiarities, but the main difficulty was his inborn brutality and incredible cruelty. In the gradual development of the empire, however, the reign of Ivan IV. brought some substantial benefit.

In 1598 the House of Rurik, established by the Norse duke in 862, came to an end. Between that year and 1613 confusion and anarchy were everywhere rife. Finally the succession was settled upon Michael Romanoff, the first of the Romanoff house which still holds the Russian throne. The people were worn out with war and strife; the land was exhausted. Envoys visited foreign courts and obtained funds to aid in the rebuilding of the state which had suffered so much at the hand of the invader. England, Holland and several other states sent aid.

Peter the Great.

Peter the Great is one of the famous sovereigns in history. His father, Feodor Alexievitch, died in 1682, leaving two sons. Ivan was feeble minded; Peter was but nine years of age. A daughter, Peter's half-sister Sophia, ruled for awhile in the name of her brothers, but the Russians did not like her. The usual prejudices against a woman were increased by her unseemly conduct. Peter occupied himself in making boats, carpentry and a variety of other amusements unusual for a prince. When sixteen he asserted his rights, caused his sister to be confined in a convent, and began his long reign.

When Peter came to the throne, Russia had but one sea-port and that on a sea which was not navigable during half of the year. He saw at once that the importance his country was to occupy in Europe depended largely upon its commercial opportunities. Thus from the beginning, sea-ports were held desirable and necessary and to acquire them was one of his fondest hopes.

There was small opportunity for a Russian to come in contact with new methods in his own country. Peter quickly discerned that his kingdom had little standing among other nations, and to bring her in touch with them he left his kingdom and spent some years abroad. In Holland he went to work as a day laborer and learned how to build ships; in one country after another he journeyed, frequently in disguise, never as a king, studying everything new that he might take back to his native land. Laborers were engaged, capitalists interested in Russian enterprises. At length the report of an uprising called the young ruler home.

Now began those reforms in Russia for which Peter is so well known. Patience was not one of his virtues. He had to overcome the deep distrust and objection common to Russians of his day toward everything that was strange and new. Innovations were disliked by all classes. Realizing that at best his years for labor were but few, Peter abandoned any thought of gradually accustoming his subjects to changes or to educating them to judge for themselves. That would require too great a waste of time. Consequently, Peter undertook a difficult task: that of imposing civilization upon a nation, whether they wish it or not. Possessing absolute power, the matter resolved itself into commanding them to obey and if they refused, beheading them. Hundreds were beheaded because they refused to shave their beards. Many were punished who failed to promptly obey such commands as this: all towns were to send a representative number of their shoemakers to Moscow to learn how to properly make shoes—according to western ideas. So it went with many traders and callings. Peter had learned how work should be done and henceforward all were to take on the new way; otherwise they would be made to suffer. Time was thereafter to be reckoned according to the usual method, dating events before and after the ad-

vent of Christ. It had previously been reckoned from the creation. The new year was to begin in Russia as in the west, on January first instead of in September. Thus he dealt with all matters, little and great. All conditions of people were offended and antagonized. That these changes finally worked for good cannot be doubted, but his age was too near them to understand and judge them fairly.

Sea ports were won and the city of St. Petersburg founded. These two achievements would have made Peter's reign vital. The great reformer was unhappy both at home and in public affairs. As has been pointed out, while his subjects were loyal they yielded with reluctance to his innovations. Probably the greatest sorrow of his life was to find that his son and heir was incapable of sympathy with his life work. Standing with the reactionary party, hostile to the reforms of his father, so like his mother that it was impossible for him to take a broad view of anything, religious in the narrowest sense, Peter sent him abroad to study. It shortly developed that Alexis was involved in a plot. He was summoned home and tried before a court of nobles. Sentenced to death, he died in prison—probably with his father's consent, perhaps at his command. Catherine, Peter's wife, was left to govern after the great czar's death. While of humble birth and breeding, she at least tried to carry out her husband's plans.

Peter II. died early and Peter III., great grandson of his great namesake, ascended the throne. His wife, known as Catherine II., soon gained possession of the government, and for years ruled Russia with a high hand. Unscrupulous as Frederick the Great of Prussia, she increased her territory by the several partitions of Poland and by wars of conquest. During her administration French influence was strongly reflected in Russian thought and literature.

Owing to the prostration in Russia as a result of Tartar occupation and rule, and also largely owing to Russia's slight contact with the rest of Europe, the Renaissance did not spread into this country as into the states of the west. Now, at a time when French philosophy and social theories were permeating throughout Europe, they found their way to Russia. Literature was largely affected by French style, but so far as political and philosophical questions were concerned, French

phrases were meaningless when transported into this absolute monarchy of the east. Even when Napoleon's soldiers moved forward with the words of "liberty" and "republic" upon their lips, they awakened no responsive chord in their Russian brothers.

Derjavine's poetry and the first Russian novels belong to the age of Catherine II. As a whole, it may be said that the innovations of this age were superficial and did not affect at any time the life of the masses.

Alexander I. was czar of Russia during the first years of the nineteenth century and to him fell the task of saving Russia from the great Napoleon's grasp. It will be remembered that Russia joined with the powers against France, and then was drawn by the crafty Corsican into a French alliance. The dramatic meeting of Alexander and Napoleon on a raft at Tilsit, 1807, will be remembered. Here the two emperors agreed to divide the world between them. Alexander was sincere in his promises, but he soon became aware that his ally had no intention of keeping his part. The famous retreat of Napoleon's soldiers began when it was plain that Alexander would keep his word—not to treat with Napoleon so long as a French soldier remained on Russian soil. Never in the history of the world has a large army undergone such suffering as did this great array in the terrible Retreat. Of course, this affected their general only in so far as he found his plans disturbed by the course of events.

In the subsequent defeat of Napoleon, the burden fell heavily upon Russia. Alexander never stopped while the conqueror sat upon the throne. When the struggle was over it was found that the people could not be set back into previous years so easily as their sovereigns. Uneasy because of such unusual demonstrations, Russia joined with Prussia and Austria in the Holy Alliance.

In 1825 Nicholas I. succeeded his brother. He showed neither sympathy nor patience with liberal movements. His entire reign was characterized by firm measures taken to hold the people in check.

Alexander II. was crowned in 1855. He was greatest of Russia's modern rulers. Realizing that Russia, like Prussia, would never become a nation of first importance so long as a

large share of her subjects were held in bondage he soon invited the nobles to consider a means for setting them free. However, it was hardly to be expected that the landholders were going to take a nonpartisan view of a problem that involved their property so vitally. Serfdom had not originally existed in Russia. For hundreds of years after the "Calling of the Princes" there were no serfs bound to the land. During the Middle Ages land was held feudally, proprietors binding themselves to serve the prince in time of need with a given army recruited from the peasants employed on their estates. Free to come and go at will, the peasants flocked to such princes as offered them most. This left the small landholders unable to rally troops to be sure, but more especially, it rendered them helpless in the matter of tilling their estates. Consequently, in 1597, an imperial decree bound the serf to the land he tilled. Later he was permitted to go from one small estate to another, but never from a small to a large holding. In 1855-60 when the emancipation was being planned, there were in all perhaps 47,000,000 serfs in Russia, 21,000,000 of them bound to private lands. In March, 1861, their freedom was made public. However, when the Russian glories that in his country this was accomplished without a blow or a drop of blood spilled, it must be remembered that to compensate the former owners, the peasants were bound to pay a yearly fee, which has ground them down ever since and which will not be discontinued until 1930.

Alexander II. was about to give Russia a constitution and to make his empire a limited monarchy when the hand of an assassin struck him down. Russia never lost a truer friend. Many attempts had been made upon his life before the one that finally proved successful. On the very day when important steps were to have been taken to place the government on a basis where the people would have had a share in making the laws that governed them, he fell. The revelations attending the investigations of his death have never been made public, and it has been surmised that nobles who disliked any but absolute rule in Russia were involved.

His son, Alexander III., succeeded in 1881. The policy of more lenient rule had apparently failed, and throughout his life he upheld an autocracy. The folly of a socialist party—

the Nihilists—who sought to destroy all forms of government and all occupying official positions, led to the enforcement of Russia's worst affliction: a secret police system supported by secret trials or banishment to Siberia with no trials or direct charges.

The present czar, Nicholas II., has ruled since 1894. His royal consort was the Princess Alice, granddaughter of Queen Victoria. It is generally conceded that a strong ministry, composed wholly of the nobility, practically govern and that the czar is not informed of many misdoings that go on in his own country. In the recent war with Japan the grossest incompetency was evinced, and it is plain that a total reconstruction will be necessary if Russia is to abandon her present downward course and come into possession of her full strength.

Since early times Russia has failed in her efforts to push westward. Failing here, she has turned to the East. Reaching out in the direction of the Persian Gulf and the Pacific ocean, she has reached the latter. The completion of the Trans-Siberian railway, at tremendous cost, was the first great effort to make Asiatic possessions really subservient.

Spain and Russia are the backward states of Europe. Turkey, to be sure, possesses even a worse government, if that be possible. But then, Turkey is not a European state: it is an Asiatic state transported into Europe. Some day Turkish rule is bound to be driven out. At present it is a disgrace to modern civilization. Spain and Russia, however, were the last to wrench themselves free of the invader. Spain was long under Mohammedan rule. It is true that the Moorish civilization was the highest civilization of Spain. Nevertheless, the Moors were regarded as usurpers and to wrest the land from them was the work of centuries. Here, as in Russia, the people grew accustomed to fighting religious wars against the Moor, and in Russia wars against both Tartar and Turk were presented to the people as wars against the infidel. The strength of Spain is spent. Russia, on the other hand, has never come into her own. It remains for some great Alexander II. to arise and, abolishing class distinctions, ally himself with the masses. This done, and the state and army reorganized, European states would indeed have reason to respect the strength of the great Eastern state.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE

IN the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the Russian novelists, Turgenieff, Tolstoi, Dostoievsky, and others of the modern school, by their powerful and painful portrayal of the status of the serf, the doctrines of the nihilists, and the obscure strivings of the new Russian spirit won the sympathy and interest of the world. Hitherto Europe had listened carelessly, if at all, to the entertaining romances of Gogol and the odes of Pushkin. Russian Literature, as commonly understood, was hardly full-born before the middle of the eighteenth century, and emerged from its infancy only in the "Fables" of Kriloff (1809) and the "History of Russia" by Karamzin, who died in 1826, leaving his work unfinished.

The cause of this late literary development is found in the barbarous condition of Muscovy, as Russia was called till the reign of Peter the Great. He was the first ruler to appreciate Western civilization, and in person he learned its rudiments. By founding St. Petersburg, he gave Russia "a window through which to look at Europe." Up to the battle of Pultowa, in 1709, the Russians had been subjected to humiliations on all sides; the conception of a great Autocrat of All the Russias had not been formed; and the Byzantine Church held the people in bonds. It is not under such conditions that a national literature can flourish.

The lives of Russian and Pole, upon the Dnieper and Vistula, were originally alike. But the Poles, stimulated by

Western culture and Christianized from Rome, long preceded the Russians in literature. The latter had fallen under the influence of the Varangians (Scandinavians) in 862, and had got their religion and alphabet from Greek sources. The Greek Church long supplied Russia with saints and martyrologies and ecclesiastical chronicles. The monk Nestor, in his chronicle, makes us realize how small the original Russia was; it was comprised within the rivers Dwina, Upper Dnieper, Ilmen, and Dniester. Not till after many years' fighting could the two-headed Eagle spread its wings over all the Russias. Yermak, the Cossack robber, in return for an imperial pardon from Ivan the Terrible, laid at his feet his vast conquest of Siberia.

As the Empire expanded, so did the ideas of its people. The early folk-songs, tales and legends (*bilim*) had told of the old gods of their nature-worship; but now was begun the celebration, in mythic, romantic, or semi-historic form, of the great events and heroes of Russia's twilight history. Round the first Christian chieftain, Vladimir, the King Arthur of Russia, was built up the Kievian legend-cycle. He was Grand Prince for thirty-five years, till his death in 1015. The awakening national spirit was embodied in the peasant-hero of this cycle, Ilia of Murom, the chief of the bogatyrs (knights). He is a sort of Hercules. And as the warlike Kiev had its Iliad, so the commercial city of Novgorod had its Odyssey, the Ulysses of which was Sadko, the rich merchant who passed through a wonderful series of maritime adventures. Russia's great agricultural class also had its hero in Mikoula Selianinovich, a sort of Slav Triptolemus, "the divine personification of the race's passionate love of agriculture, striking with the iron share of his plough the stones of the furrow, with a noise that is heard three days' journey off." Moscow, also, had a popular hero, of the style of the English Robin Hood, in Stenka Razia, the bold robber of the Volga.

Besides these bilini, chanted in irregular metres and depending on accent for their effect, the olden Russians had a rich folk-lore and folk-song. There were the festival songs (*stikhi*) sung by the blind *kalieki*, or wandering psalmists, the

fête and bridal songs (*Obradnia Piesni*), the Christmas songs (*Koliadki*) and the dance songs (*khorovods*). Later there grew up a type of prose bilini, so to speak, of which the most notable relic is the "Story of the Expedition of Prince Igor," a bardic celebration of the expedition of the year 1185 against the Tartar tribe of Polovtzes. Another, "Zadonstchina," recites the victory of Dmitri Donskoi over the Tartars at the battle of Koulikoro ("Field of Woodcocks"). Drakoula, a cruel prince of Moldavia, supplied the theme in the fifteenth century. In the folk-lore of these old days first appeared the lieshie (wood-demons), vodiani (water-sprites), rousalki (naiads) and domovoi (house-spirits). There were, furthermore, the usual lives of the saints (these, however, were Byzantine productions), and even some of the mediæval legends common to all Europe.

But strictly Russian literature may be said to have begun with Nestor, the monk of Kiev (*circa* 1056–1114), who was undoubtedly inspired by the rich associations of that sacred city to write his country's history. Among the bones of the saints in the monastery of the catacombs at Kiev lie the remains of the old chronicler. Ilarion, Metropolitan of Kiev, had even before Nestor interpolated a panegyric on Prince Vladimir in the middle of a "Discourse on the Old and New Testaments." Nestor was acquainted with the Byzantine historians and with the native bilini, many of which he undoubtedly incorporated bodily into his works. He had the credulity of a Livy. But in style his history bears more resemblance to the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and he mixes up all manner of records.

The reigns of Vsevolod and Sviatopolk only (1078–1112) are described by Nestor as an eye-witness. He gathered much of his information from the lips of two of the oldest inhabitants of the region. He inspired a host of chroniclers, and thousands of annalists in the different Russian towns continued his records down to Alexis Mikhailovich, father of Peter the Great.

Besides these annals we have glimpses of old Russia in a few curious works, such as the famous Domostroi, or Book of Household Management, portraying the antique barbarism

from kitchen to royal chamber, bare of the romantic adornment afterwards applied by Karamzin. We gain a painful notion of the humiliation of the Russian woman of that ancient empire. In his so-called "Chronograph," Sergius Koubasor, son of a boyar of Tobol, draws the portrait of the tall, ugly and lean Ivan the Terrible himself.

Even when Russia under Peter the Great (1682–1725) was just having her eyes opened to European civilization, and when under the Tzarinas Elizabeth and Catherine II. it was falsely imitating the French and the prevalent classical styles, there was no want of national themes. Lomonosoff told of the taking of Khotin, and Queen Catherine herself (in her lyric drama, "Oleg") narrated the first march of the Russians on Constantinople. Catherine also satirized Gustavus III. in her "Gore Bogatyr" ("unfortunate knight"), just as Pushkin later revealed the treachery of the hetman, Mazeppa, in his "Poltava" (Pultowa). But the genuine national note was not to be struck until Karamsin, in his eloquent History, drew attention to the rich material of Russia's past.

Peter the Great's European tour and his founding of St. Petersburg led to a reign of French fashion in literature as well as art and manners. Elizabeth (1741–1762) was influenced by her favorite, Count Ivan Schuvaloff. The Russian Ambassador to Paris, Prince Antiochus Kantemir, a friend of Montesquieu, wrote satires, and Mikhail Lomonosoff became Russia's Malherbe. He labored to free the modern Russian language from the Cyrillic alphabet and the Slavonic of the Church. His "Odes" and his panegyrics of Peter and Elizabeth were his masterpieces. The Russian theatre had begun to exist, and Soumarokof wrote many comedies, a play concerning "Demetrius the Pretender," and even translated some of Shakespeare's dramas. This French, or pseudo-classical, era was intensified in the reign of the notorious Catherine II. (1762–1796), the "Semiramis of the North." She corresponded with Voltaire and D'Alembert, patronized Diderot, and jestingly begged her physician to bleed her of her last drop of German blood. Under her royal favor all the Russian court imitated the French classicists of the seventeenth century and the *philosophes* of the eighteenth. Catherine herself

wrote many plays and stories, after the French fashion, as well as her interesting memoirs as a Grand Duchess. She founded a Russian Academy in imitation of the French Academy. She encouraged Denis Von Visin, the "Russian Molière" and Kniajnine, who besides his comedies attempted an historical drama in "Vadim of Novgorod." Kheraskof composed a national epic, "The Russiad," and Gabriel Derzhavin—the successor to Lomonosoff—sang the glories of Catherine and of Russian arms. His "Ode to God" hung in the palace, written in letters of gold on white satin. Ivan Chemnitzler translated the fables of Gellert and foreshadowed Kriloff.

THE DEATH OF OLEG.

THE following extract from Nestor's Chronicle is probably a prose rendering of an old legend. The poet Pushkin has made the incident the subject of a spirited ballad.

Oleg lived, having peace on all sides, ruling in Kiev. And Oleg remembered his horse whom he had entrusted to others to feed, himself never seeing him. For a long time he had asked the wizards and magicians, "From whom is it fated that I should die?" And one of the magicians told him, "Prince, the horse which thou lovest and upon which thou ridest shall be the cause of thy death." Oleg received this into his mind, and said, "I will never ride the horse nor see him any more." And he ordered them to take care of the horse, but never to bring it to him again. Several years passed, and he rode the horse no more. He went among the Greeks; and he returned to Kiev, and stayed there four years. In the fifth year he remembered his horse, by whom the soothsayer had predicted that Oleg should die. Having called for the oldest of his grooms, he said, "Where is my horse, which I enjoined upon you to feed and take care of?" And they said, "He is dead." And Oleg smiled and upbraided the soothsayer, and said, "The wizard spoke falsely, and it is all a lie. The horse is dead, and I am alive." And he ordered them to saddle his steed, for he wished to see the bones of the horse. And he came to the place where the bones and the skull lay unburied. He leaped from his steed,

and said with a smile, "How can a skull be the cause of my death?" And he planted his foot on the skull, and out darted a snake and bit him on the foot, and from the wound he fell sick and died. And all the people lamented with

great lamentation and carried him and buried him on the mountain, called Stehekovitza. There is his grave to this day, and it is called "the grave of Oleg." And all the years of his reign were thirty-three.

EXECUTION OF THE REBEL PRINCE.

THIS is one of the earliest bilini committed to writing. It was taken down by Rev. Richard James, chaplain of the English embassy to Russia in 1619.

"Ah! my head, my dear head,
My head that long hast served me.
Thou hast served me, my dear head,
Three and thirty years.
Not swerving from my trusty steed,
Not turning my foot from the stirrup,
But, my head, thou hast not gained
Either joy or glory."

Yonder along the Masnitzkaia,
By the gates of the Masnitzkaia
They are leading a prince, a boyar.
Before him walk priests and clerks;
They bear in their hands a great book;
After them comes a troop of archers;
They carry their halberds uncovered;
On the right side walks the executioner,
In his hand he carries a broad axe.
On the left side goes his sister;
She weeps, as a river flows;
She groans, as brooks murmur.
Her brother soothes her,—
"Do not weep, do not weep, my sister.
Dim not with tears thy bright eyes;
Flush not thy white face;
Nor make sad thy joyous heart.
What now dost thou wish—my lands, my estates,
My rich possessions, my gold and silver?
Or dost thou weep my troubled fortunes?"
"Ah! my light, my dear brother, I do not wish them,
Neither thy lands, thy estates, nor thy rich possessions,
Nor thy gold and silver.
Only I desire, brother, to see thy prosperity restored."
To this her brother answered,—
"Thou, my light, my sister,
Thou mayst weep, but tears avail not;
Thou mayst pray, but prayers avail not,
Thou mayst entreat the Tzar, even that avails not.
God to me has been full of pity.
The Tzar has been full of mercy;
He has ordered them to sever my traitorous head
From my sturdy shoulders."
They took the prince to the lofty scaffold,
To the place appointed for his death.
He prayed to the Saviour, to the miraculous picture;
He bowed low on all sides, and said,—
"Farewell, world, and pious people.
Pray for my sins, my heavy sins."
Hardly could the people see him
When his treacherous head was cut off
From his sturdy shoulders.

MICHAEL LOMONOSOFF.

THE true founder of Russian Literature was Michael Vasielivich Lomonosoff. Born on the borders of the White Sea, in the dreary region of Archangel, in 1711, the son of a poor fisherman, he rose through a hundred curious adventures to be Queen Catherine's honored bard and tragedian, and an eminent professor of physics and chemistry at St. Petersburg. His scientific labors now merit more praise than his poetry, but in his own day he was styled "an eagle soaring in clouds." Pushkin remarked of him as a poet that he had neither feeling nor imagination, imitated German models forgotten even in Germany, was dull and inflated, and that his verse might be characterized as "a departure from simplicity and truth, an absence of all originality and nationality." But if Pushkin deemed Lomonosoff's influence on Russian literature to have been prejudicial, the verdict was over-severe. Lomonosoff inaugurated a new epoch for Russia. He was a creditable poet-laureate for Catherine, as his Ode on her accession still testifies. As Belinsky discovered, he has flashes of true poetry. His unfinished epic on Peter the Great, fashioned after Virgil's Æneid, is, however, almost grotesque in its conception. Catherine's greater panegyrist was Derzhavin.

THE MORNING HYMN.

THIS poem shows a reflection of Lomonosoff's "Discourse on the Origin of Light." In other respects it won even from the Russian critic Belinsky, the uncompromising foe to pseudo-classicism, the confession that Lomonosoff was a man possessing an undoubted talent for poetry; his odes have bright, though rare, flashes of true poetry, and whole stanzas that seem to have been written recently.

And now the beauteous globe of light
Darts its rays to cheer the earth,
And God's works stand forth distinct and clear;
Be glad, my soul, with joyous praise,
And, filled with wonder at its countless beams,
Confess how great is its Divine Creator.

Were it but given to mortal man
Thus high to soar,
And with his feeble sight to gaze
Long and close on its dazzling glories,
Then and only then, should all the realms
Of that ever-burning ocean be revealed.

There fiery billows raging strive,
But ever in vain, to reach some confine;
There flaming whirlwinds writhe
In bootless wrestling through long ages;
There rocks, like water seethe,
And burning ruins in torrents fall.

These mighty globes of fire
Are in Thy sight but as a spark.
How numerous are the lustrous lamps
Lighted by Thee, their Sovereign Creator,
To illumine us in our daily work—
The work Thou hast ordained for us.

The fields, hills, seas, and woods
Throw off the darkness of the night,
And disclose to our enraptured gaze
The fresh-created beauty of the morn,
As all the earth declares
The greatness of Thy hand Divine.

The light of day shines only
On the outward surface of the earth;
But Thine eye searches to the depths within,
And there is no limit to its ken;
In the light of Thine eye
Is the source of joy to every creature.

Creator, into my darkened soul
Shed the rays of Thy pure wisdom;
And what is pleasing in Thy sight
Make to grow and flourish within me;
And ever let Thy lowly creature
Praise Thee, his immortal King.

GABRIEL DERZHAVIN.

THE great Empress Catherine found an able panegyrist in Gabriel Romanovich Derzhavin. He was born at Kazan in 1743. Although of noble descent, one of his ancestors having been in the Golden Horde, Derzhavin had to suffer in youth the hardships both of poverty and of war. He was forced to serve as a guard against Pougatcheff and his turbulent Cossacks. For this military service he secured a small estate in White Russia, and aided by Count Schuvaloff, whom he styled his foster-father, he rose to courtly honor and riches. But his fortune was made by his poem "Felicia," in which he sketched the genius and character of Catherine under the title of the Tsaritsa of Kirghis. The Tzarina confessed that this portait of herself "made one cry like a fool," and initiated her favors to Derzhavin by sending the poet a gold snuff-box set in diamonds. The lucky man pocketed the gift, and to the end of his life remained a court-laureate. He liked occasionally to make a pretense at independence, but was probably a time-server to a condemnable degree. According to Radischeff's own testimony, it was Derzhavin's underlining of all the passages concerning the serfs in that unhappy writer's "Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow" that sent Radischeff on a second journey to Siberia. Derzhavin boasted to Catherine, "Linked with thy name mine shall be immortal." And yet, like another Dryden, he was moved in one moment of regret to lament, "I have fallen and sunk to the level of my age." Indeed, his chief merit to-day is that we see mirrored in his verse the Russian life of the eighteenth century, the Russia of Suvaroff and Potemkin. He abandoned the rhetorical style of Lomonosoff, whom he praised as the Russian Pindar, and adopted a more colloquial diction for his poetry. Still, his own poems abound in so many trite platitudes that Belinsky described them as "a rhymed manual of arithmetic." Throughout his poetic career Derzhavin continued to be "the panegyrist of the great"—as Gogol termed him—and sang the glories of three reigns. His

"Monody on Prince Meschersky" is one of his best court odes. He composed untiringly, and his last poem, "The Flight of Time," was written on a slate on the evening before his death, in July, 1816, at the age of seventy-three. The slate and poem are still preserved in St. Petersburg.

Ode to God.

This famous ode, written by Derzhavin at the age of forty, was quickly translated into the other European languages, and even into Japanese. The following version is by Sir John Bowring.

O Thou eternal One, whose presence bright
  All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight,
  Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings. Mighty One!
  Whom none can comprehend and none explore,
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone
  Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
  Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
  May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God, for Thee
  There is no weight or measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; reason's brightest spark,
  Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
  And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
  Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
  First chaos, then existence; Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation: all
  Sprung forth from Thee: of light, joy, harmony
Sole origin; all life, all beauty Thine.
  Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
  Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
  Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround:
  Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!

Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
  And beautifully mingled life and death.
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
  So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
  Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand,
  Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command
  All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
  A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
  Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
  All this magnificence in Thee is lost:
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
  And what am I then? Heaven's unnumber'd host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
  In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
  Against Thy greatness; is a cypher brought
  Against infinity! What am I then? Nought!

Nought. But the effluence of Thy light divine,
  Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;
Yes. In my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
  As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought. But I live, and on hope's pinions fly,
  Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
  Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
  I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all. Thou art!
  Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
  Though but an atom 'midst immensity,

Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
  I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
  Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
  In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
  I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A Monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!
  Whence came I here, and how? so marvelously
Constructed and conceived? unknown, this clod
  Lives surely through some higher energy;
  For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
  Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
  Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
  Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
  Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
  Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
  Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee!
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
  And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar—
  Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!
'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
  The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

On the Death of Prince Meschersky.

Thou son of luxury! child of dance and song,
  Whither, oh, whither is thy spirit fled?
On life's dull sea thy bark delayed not long,
  But sought the silent haven of the dead.
Here is thy dust! Thy spirit is not here!
  Where is it? There. Where there? 'tis all unknown:
We weep and sigh—alas! we know not where!
  For man is doubt and darkness' eldest son!

Where love, and joy, and health, and worldly good
  And all life's pleasures in their splendor glow;
He dries the nerves up, he congeals the blood,
  And shakes the very soul with mighty woe.
The songs of joy are funeral cries become—
  And luxury's board is covered with a pall—
The chamber of the banquet is a tomb:
  Death, the pale autocrat, rules o'er all.

He rules o'er all—and him must kings obey,
  Whose will no counsel knows and no control;
The proud and gilded great ones are his prey,
  Who stand like pillars in a tyrant's hall.
Beauty and beauty's charms are nought to him,
  Man's intellect is crush'd by his decrees;
Man's brightest light his dreadful frown can dim—
  He whets his scythe for trophies such as these.

Death makes all nature tremble! What are we?
  To-morrow dust, though almost gods to-day!
A mixture strange of pride and poverty:
  Now basking in Hope's fair and gladdening ray,
To-morrow—what is man to-morrow? Nought!
  How swiftly rolls the never-tarrying stream,
Hour after hour, to gloomy chaos brought;
  While ages dawn and vanish like a dream!

Even like an infant's sweet imagining,
  My early, lovely spring-tide hurried on:
Beauty just smiled and sported, then took wing;
  Joy laughed a moment, and then joy was gone.

Now less susceptible of bliss, less blest,
  Wiser and worldlier, panting for a name;
With a vain thirst of honor pain'd, opprest,
  I labor wearied up the hill of fame.

But manhood too and manhood's care will pass,
  And glory's struggles be ere long forgot;
For fame, like wealth, has busy wings, alas!
  And joy's and sorrow's sound will move us not.
Begone, ye vain pursuits, ye dreams of bliss,
  Changing and false, no longer flatter me!
I stand upon the sepulchre's abyss,
  In the dark portal of eternity.

To-day, my friend, may bring our final doom;
  If not to-day, to-morrow surely will:
Why look we sadly on Meschersky's tomb?
  Here he was happy—he is happy still!
Life was not given for ages to endure,
  Though virtue even in death may find a rest;
But know—a spirit order'd well and pure,
  May make life's sorrows and life's changes blest.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE

IMITATION of French models was the basis of Russian literature until the excesses of the opening of the French Revolution startled the Czarina Catherine II. Then she prohibited the publication of French books in her dominions. But even aside from politics, the French artificial style had begun to pall on the Russians. Von Visin in his comedy, "The Brigadier," had derided those whose only reading was French romances; and Kropotof, in his "Funeral Oration of Balabas, My Dog," congratulated that animal on never having read Voltaire! With the Napoleonic invasion the national spirit burst forth in the most bitter and violent odes and writings of a "patriot war." In tragedy, Ozerof wrote "Dmitri Donskoi," recalling the struggles of Russia against the Tartars. Krioukovski wrote the tragedy of "Pojarski," the hero of 1612. The poet Zhukovski sang the exploits of the Russians against Napoleon and stirred all anti-Napoleonic Europe with his "Bard in the Camp of the Russian Warriors." Even the childlike Kriloff satirized the French fashions of the Russian court in "The School for Young Ladies" and "The Milliner's Shop."

The great literary event of the reign (1801-25) of Alexander I. was, however, the "History of Russia" by Nikolai Mikhailovitch Karamsin. Before Karamsin there was no inspiring picture of Russia's past. Nestor had brought his crude annals down to Alexis Mikhailovitch, father of Peter the Great. Patistcheff, his successor, was rough in style. Faithful

pictures of the old barbaric Russia had been given in the "Russkaia Pravda" (code) of Yaroslaff—the Russia of Ivan the Terrible, after the lifting of the Mongolian yoke (1238-1462); in Monk Sylvester's "Domostroi" (Household Instruction), before the Mongols; and in Vladimir Monomakh's "Pouchenie" (Instruction), a quaint picture of the daily life of an ancient Slavonic prince. But these bald records of barbarism were not attractive. It needed the pen of Karamsin to cast a halo about the old Slav warriors. He admired Ivan the Terrible. After the fashion of Scott he put a romantic gloss over the real coarseness. He stirred the imagination and the patriotism of his countrymen. Kollar sounded the slogan of Panslavism. Pushkin became the laureate of Nicholas and Russia's greatest poet; Gogol mirrored in his Cossack tales the life of Little Russia; and Ivan Turgenieff revealed the misery and despair of the serf, and caught the rising mutterings of Nihilism. Ivan Kriloff, the Russian Lafontaine, supplied his countrymen with distinctively national fables abounding in vigorous pictures of Russian life.

Pushkin was succeeded by Mikhail Yurevitch Lermontoff, known as the poet of the Caucasus, and by Nicholas Nekrasoff. Lermontoff's first noteworthy ode was an appeal to Russia to avenge the killing of Pushkin in a duel, lest she receive no more poets. His lyrics are wild and varied and beautiful as the scenery of the Caucasus and Georgia. Nekrasoff's realistic poems present the melancholy feature of Russian life. It would not be right to forget Taras Shevchenko, the national poet of Little Russia, whose grave near Kanioff on the Dnieper has been marked with a cairn and cross and has become a patriotic shrine for all the Ukraine. Shevchenko, born a serf, but brought and set free by the poet Zhukovski, not only sang the old days of the Ukraine, but became the voice of the Haidamaks in their national struggle against the Tsar. Gogol probably had Shevchenko in mind in naming his great Cossack hero Taras Bulba, for Taras is just such a hero as Little Russia's poet loved to celebrate in song. Shevchenko died in 1861.

The novel, now regarded as the chief form of Russian literature, was first cultivated by Zagoskin and Lazhechnikoff under the Scott-like influence of Karamsin. It has since

reached its height of unforgiving and terrible realism in the minutely psycholigical and morbid stories of Dostoisvski, whose "Crime and Punishment" is his masterpiece, and Count Lyof Tolstoi, whose greatest works are "War and Peace," a tale of the Napoleonic War, and "Anna Karénina," an impressive picture of erring womanhood. His "Kreutzer Sonata" was a sensational attack on marriage. In other works he has advocated a return to primitive Christianity and an extreme literal observance of the precepts of Jesus. Nihilism has had its most famous novelist in Stepniak, who lived in exile in England until his death in 1896. Two young Russian women, Marie Bashkirtseff and Sonya Kovalevsky, have attracted attention by their startling revelations of an inner soul life which mirors the extreme yearnings and woes of modern womanhood.

N. M. KARAMSIN.

THE poet Pushkin declared that Karamsin had discovered ancient Russia no less than Columbus discovered America, since he gave the empire its first great history. His European travels, while saturating his literary spirit with the sentimentalism of the English Sterne and Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther," convinced him that his countrymen could "in Russia alone become good Russians." He struck the keynote of Slavophilism, which Turgenieff was to oppose later, just as Pushkin was to rise from Karamsin's sentimentalism into a grander romanticism. This sentimentalism was reflected in Karamsin's treatment of his country's history. He idealized Ivan the Terrible as a kind-hearted autocrat. His panegyrical history has been styled "the Epic of Despotism." Choosing Ivan III. and Ivan the Terrible, instead of Peter the Great, as the real founders of Russia's greatness, he pictured the mediæval, barbarous Russia in a falsely-enchanting light. In his tale of "Martha, the Mayor's Daughter," he had declared: "Political order can exist only where absolute power has been established." As Pushkin once wrote, only to have it blotted out by the censor, Karamsin "admired absolutism and the charms of the knout" (introduced by Ivan). Karamsin divided

Russian history arbitrarily, to fit his own conception, into three epochs: Rurik to Ivan III., representing the principle of division; Ivan to Peter the Great, representing unity; Peter to Alexander I., representing regeneration of social life. But though utterly wrong in his philosophy of history, he painted its external aspects with an eloquent pencil. His portraits of the old Russians are magnificent, and his battle-pictures—such as the Field of Koulikovo, and the Taking of Kazan—are thrilling.

Nikolai Mikhailovich Karamsin was born in 1766, and lived from the first years of Catherine's reign to the death of his patron, Alexander I. He died in the imperial palace, having brought the eleventh volume of his History down to the accession of Michael Romanoff, in 1613. Muravieff had made him Court historigrapher. His melodramatic History has been since displayed by the greater works of more scientific historians.

I. A. KRILOFF.

To Ivan Andreevitch Kriloff properly belongs the surname of the Russian Lafontaine. Not only was he a born fabulist, whose fables are on every Russian's lips, but he was strangely like Lafontaine in his simple-hearted nature, his careless life, and his uncouth personality. A tutor to the children of Prince Galitzin, and under that noble's protection in the middle part of his life, he was, in his childhood, the care of a poor, illiterate widow, whose father had fought against the Cossack Pougatcheff. During these early days the young Ivan was always strolling about the wharves, among the markets, and through the streets of his native Moscow, and on these roamings he stored his mind with the familiar idioms, the humorous scenes, the Russian spirit, all of which is so strikingly conspicuous in his fables. Poverty drove him to journalism and dramtic writing, but in 1809, when he was forty-five years old, he published his first "Fables," twenty-three in number. His very first—"The Oak and the Reed"—was a translation from Lafontaine. Before his death he had written one hundred and ninety-eight, of which one hundred and sixty-one were of his own invention. In 1838, a jubilee festival

was celebrated in his honor, and after his death, in 1844, a statue was raised to his memory in the Summer Garden.

THE MONARCH CAHIB.

CAHIB was a mighty sovereign, and of course renowned for his wisdom, though he never read nor consulted a book, since books are seldom written by caliphs, and it would have been beneath his dignity to learn from any of lower rank than himself. He patronized literature and science, but in a judicious way; for, by occasionally hanging a few of the learned men of his country, he took care that their number should never become dangerously great: "since they are like candles: let a moderate number burn, and a pleasant light is provided, but have too many, and there is danger of a fire." His palace was furnished with every luxury, and amongst other curiosities could boast of a small but unique collection of apes, which had been trained to bow and grimace with such elegance, that many of the nobility, in their eagerness to learn graceful manners, did their best to imitate these clever animals, and succeded so well that it was difficult to decide which made the best courtiers, they or the apes.

Naturally Cahib had in his retinue paid poets, who never failed to turn their verses to good account. One of them, indeed, once wrote a glowing ode in honor of a certain vizier, but, when he came to present his poetical tribute of homage, was informed that the minister had been beheaded early that morning, whereupon he immediately changed his title, and dedicated it to his late patron's enemy and successor; "for odes," as he slily remarked to a friend, "are like silk stockings, and can be stretched to fit any foot." When Cahib's poets did not write odes, they indulged in idyllic descriptions of the innocence and charms of shepherd life, and so excited the caliph's curiosity that he resolved with his own eyes to enjoy the sight of rustic felicity. Accordingly one day he set forth, accompanied by two or three wise viziers, and in truth found a shepherd sitting beneath a hedge, though he was not playing on an oaten reed, but crunching a morsel of stale bread; and when the monarch, surprised that he was

not being cheered by the company of his sweet Lesbia, inquired where the shepherdess was, he was told that "she had gone to town to sell a load of wood and their last fowl in order to buy some food."

There is abundant evidence that in every respect Cahib was the happiest of rulers, and no sovereign could boast of ministers more devoted, or less disposed to question the wisdom of his decisions, or contravene any of his fancies or caprices. And the means by which he contrived to surround himself with such pliant and faithful servants were as simple as they were effectual. He did not fail to assemble them on stated occasions in solemn council, and invariably commenced their deliberations by informing them what line of policy he wished to pursue, and then solicited their advice by addressing them in a speech to the following purport: "Gentlemen, if any one of you desires to express his views on the matter, he is at liberty to speak freely and without restraint, having first received fifty stripes, after which we shall be most happy to listen to what he has to say." In this way the wise Cahib escaped an immense amount of palaver, secured the unanimity of his ministers, and never experienced the annoyance of hearing opinions that were contrary to his own.

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.

PRINCE of Russian poets was Alexander Pushkin, the laureate of Czar Nicholas. Zhukovski was really the originator of the new Romantic school in poetry, twenty years before this overshadowing disciple of Byron stepped in and bore off all the laurels. But it needed the giant genius of Pushkin to transform the sickly sentimentality of the Russia of the end of the eighteenth century into a more vigorous and more truly national romanticism. He was descended from an Abyssinian negro, a slave in the seraglio at Constantinople, who had been stolen and brought to Russia by a corsair, and then not only adopted, but ennobled by Peter

the Great. Pushkin was really proud of his thick lips and crisp curly hair. He was "a drop of Afric blood on Arctic snows." Perhaps this same blood kept him from becoming truly Russian as Gogol, Turgenieff, and Tolstoi were, just after him. One has only to compare Pushkin's "Songs of Western Slavs" with Tolstoi's "Cossacks" to appreciate the essential difference of spirit. Pushkin, admired by Prosper Merimée, did not venture far from the Byronic manner. He had, however, just found his path when he was killed in a self-provoked duel, in the zenith of his fame, at the age of thirty-eight (1837). He may be said to have inspired Gogol and paved the way for him.

Pushkin was but twenty-one years old when he published his romantic poem "Ruslan and Liudmila," the scene of which was laid at Kieff, and the story of which has been beautifully rendered in opera by Glinka. Vladimir, the "Bright Sun" of the old legends, shines again. Then, banished, because of a daring "Ode to Liberty," to the sea regions of the Danube and the Crimea, Pushkin sang of the "Fountain of Bakhchisarai," the old palace of khans. In "The Prisoner of the Caucasus" he glorifies the love of a Circassian girl for a captive Russian officer (Pushkin was a general of dragoons himself). He sang gipsy (Tzigani) songs of love and vengeance. On leaving Odessa he wrote a Byronic "Ode to the Sea." In 1825 he gave the Russian stage its first play in Shakesperian style in his tragedy of "Boris Godunoff," the great usurper who ranks with the Pretender Dmitri as a dramatic figure. Mazeppa's treachery is lashed in his "Poltava," a narrative poem in which the battle scene of Pultowa is described in glowing colors. He also undertook a history of Pougatcheff's revolt against Catherine, left unfinished, and wrote some prose tales, such as "The Captain's Daughter." But his masterpiece was "Eugene Oneguin" (1837), who was an incarnation of the purposeless, restless Russian nobleman of that day. The hero of the poem flies the court to escape ennui, rejects the passionate love of the countryfied Natalia, and only learns to love her when she becomes a social queen and it is too late. An "Ode to Napoleon" by Pushkin is inferior to a similar ode by Lermontoff, his natural successor, whose poem of "The Demon" is noteworthy.

TATIANA'S RETROSPECT.

(From "Eugene Oneguin.")

I WAS younger, then, Oneguin,
And it seems to me, I was better then,
And I loved you,—and what was my reward?
What did I find in your heart?
What response? Naught but coldness
Is it not true that for you
A simple maiden's love was no novelty?
And now—God! my blood runs cold
Even at the bare remembrance of that icy look,
And the homily you read me. But do not think,
I blame you. In that awful hour
You acted well and honorably;
You were right in all you said and did;
And I thank you with all my heart.
But to me, Oneguin, this worldly glare,
This tinsel blaze of an empty life,
My triumphs and successes in the world,
My fashionable home and gay evenings;
What are these to me? This minute I'd gladly
exchange
All this masquerading frippery,
All this noisy, vaporish pomp,
For the old shelf of books, the wild garden,
The poor, humble village home,
The spot where first I saw you, Oneguin,
Or for the quiet churchyard,
Where now a cross and the shade of cypress-tree
Mark the grave of poor old nurse.
For happiness was so conceivably possible,
So nearly within our grasp. But my fate
Is now decided. Inconsiderately,
It may be, I acted:
But with tears and conjuring prayers
My mother entreated me, and poor Titiana
All sacrifices were alike . . . .
I married, and now you must,—
I implore you,—you must now leave me.

I know that in your heart you own
The stern claims of pride and honor
I love you, why seek to play the hypocrite?
But I am given to another,
And will forever remain true to him.

The Lot of Man.

The common lot of men awaited him;
The years of youth would quickly pass,
The glow of fancy growing cold within him,
Till in all he would be changed,
Bid adieu to poetry and take a wife,
Live a country life, contented and a cuckold,
Wear all day his loose striped dressing-gown,
And come to know the frets and woes of life:
From his fortieth year feel the twinging pangs of gout;
Eat, drink, mope, grow fat and weak,
Till last scene of all, he dies quietly in his bed.
Tended by his wife and children,
The village leech and whining nurse.

The Vanity of Life.

Vain gift,—gift of chance,
O life, why wert thou granted me?
Or why, by fate's mysterious decree,
Wert thou foredoomed to sorrow?

What god, what unfriendly power,
Called me forth from nothingness,
Filled my soul with passion,
And troubled my mind with torturing doubt?

An aimless future lies before me,
My heart is dry, my mind is void,
My soul is dulled and blighted
By the monotony of life's riot.

My Monument.

I have reared to myself a monument not made with hands,
And the feet of many pilgrims shall tread the path to it all smooth,
Where, with proud unbending head, it shall tower
Higher than Napoleon's column.
No! I shall not wholly die, the soul that inspires my sacred muse
Shall outlive my dust, and shall defy corruption;
And I shall be glorious, whilst in our sublunary sphere
Breathes a single poet to chant his lays.

NIKOLAI GOGOL.

Modern Russian realism is traced to Nikolai Vasilievitch Gogol (1809-1852). Born in the government of Poltava, his grandfather had been one of those Zaparog-Cossacks whose heroic exploits Gogol was to celebrate in his great epopee of "Taras Bulba." His childhood was fed on the legends of the Malo-Russians, and in later life he ransacked the memories of all his relatives and friends for these old traditions. Naturally his initial apprenticeship to the romantic phase of Pushkin lasted but a brief time and was quickly cured by the ridicule which greeted his weak German idyll, Hans Knechel Garten. In 1830 appeared the first story of his Cossack series, "Evenings at the Farm," purporting to be narrated by Rudui Panko (Sandy the little nobleman). This work has been well described as being "at once modern and archaic, learned and enthusiastic, mystic and refined—in a word, Russian." The tales are divided into two parts named respectively after the two towns of Didanka and Mirgorod. The former contains the story of "The Fair at Sorotchinsui," of which the devil is hero. Another is a witch tale. The latter included "Old-Time Proprietors" (a delightful provincial picture which somewhat foreshadowed Turgenieff's "Virgin Soil"), and "Taras Bulba," the germ soon after expanded into a wonderful romance. "When Gogol sat the colossal Taras on his

feet," declared Turgenieff, "he revealed genius." The expanded tale is a grand masterpiece of Cossack color, spirit and lore. It deals with the Atamán Taras Bulba and his two sons, whom he takes to the Setch camp of the Zaporozhtsui on an island in the Dnieper to make them warriors. Andre deserts to the Poles through love of a Polish sweetheart, meets his father face to face in battle, and is executed by the stern parent. The rigor of these primitive times is stirringly reproduced. The success of this masterpiece led Gogol to plan a History of Little Russia, but he was to be inspired to a greater work. From a comedy, "The Revizor" (Inspector-General), in which he satirized official cupidity, arrogance and corruption, he rose to a powerful satire on all Russia in his weirdly-named romance, "Dead Souls." The hero, Tchitchikof, is an impecunious adventurer who buys the dead and runaway slaves since the last Russian census, intending to raise a large loan by mortgaging these imaginary human chattels. He journeys from estate to estate in his leather-flapped britchka, accompanied by his stupid lackey Petrushka and his talkative coachman Selifan. Every small proprietor is described in a vivid portrait. The strokes are cruel, but just. There are such psychological and picturesque types as Plushkin, the miser, which stamp themselves indelibly on the memory. Not only are the repellent traits of the owners of serfs portrayed, but the cruelty of the subaltern burmistrs and the corruption of the Russian Tchinoviks. Terrible was the picture Gogol drew of the Russia of his day. He looked to Tzar Nicholas, who had issued a ukaze abolishing serfdom and then had cancelled it under pressure from the nobility, to remedy this grievous situation. But Gogol failed to paint the woes of the serf himself and his innate human nature. Emancipation waited, therefore, for the pen of revelation of Ivan Turgenieff. As for poor Gogol, who had passed from fantasy and imagination to satire and then to mysticism, his brain finally broke down, and, after burning many pages of his "Dead Souls," he died insane in Italy in 1852. His earlier tales are full of the beauty of the great Russian steppes and the Ukraine nights. There is an appreciable element of savagery in Gogol, relishable to the Russian. His characters are the half-barbarous peasants and Cossack lads of the hamlets bordering on the infinite steppes.

THE COSSACK MOTHER.

From "Taras Bulba"

BULBA was soon snoring, and all in the courtyard followed his example. All who were lying stretched in its different corners began to slumber and snore. The first to fall asleep was the watchman, for he had drunk more than the rest in honor of his master's arrival. The poor mother alone could not sleep. She hung over the pillow of her dear sons, who were lying side by side. She gently smoothed their young disheveled locks and moistened them with her tears. She watched them long and eagerly, gazing on them with all her soul, yet, though her whole being was absorbed in sight, she could not gaze enough. With her own breast she had nourished them; she had lovingly tended them and watched their youth; and now she has them near her, but only for a moment. "Sons, my dear sons, what fate is in store for you? If I could have you with me but for a little week." And tears fell down on the wrinkles that disfigured her once handsome face. . . . In truth, she was to be pitied, as was every woman in those early times. She would see her husband for two or three days in a year, and then for years together would see and hear nothing of him. And when they did meet, and when they did live together, what kind of life was it that she led? Then she had to endure insults and even blows; no kindness, save a few formal caresses, did she receive; she had, as it were, no home, and was out of her place in the rough camp of unwedded warriors. She had seen her youth glide by without enjoyment, and her fresh cheeks grew wrinkled before their time. All her love, all her desire, all that is tender and passionate in woman, all was now concentrated in one feeling, that of a mother. And like a bird of the steppe, she feverishly, passionately, tearfully hovered over her children. Her sons, her darling sons, are to be taken away from her, and it may be she will never see them again. Who can tell, but that in the first battle some Tartar may cut off their heads, and she not even know where to find their corpses, and those dear bodies, for each morsel of which, for each drop of whose blood she would gladly give the world in exchange, be cast away for wild ra-

venous birds to tear in pieces? Sobbingly she looked on them, while heavy sleep began to weigh down their eyes, and she thought, "Ah, perchance, Bulba, when he awakes, will delay his departure for a day or so, and it may be that it was only in his drink he thought to set out so quickly."

The moon had risen in the heavens, shining down on the yard covered with sleeping Cossacks, on the thick sallows, and on the high grass which had overgrown the palisade that surrounded the court. But the mother still sat beside her dear sons, not once taking her eyes off them, never thinking of sleep. Already the horses, scenting the dawn, had lain down on the grass and ceased to feed; the upper leaves of the sallow began to wave gently, and the wind's murmuring breath softly touched the branches beneath. But the mother still sat watching till dawn; she felt no weariness; she only prayed that the night might not come to an end. The shrill neighing of steeds was to be heard from the steppe, and the red streaks of the rising sun brightly illumined the sky.

Bulba was the first to awake and spring to his feet. He well remembered all that he had ordered the evening before. "Now, lads, no more sleep: it is time to get up and feed the horses. Where is the old woman? Quick, old woman, get us something to eat, but quick, for we have a long march before us." Three saddled horses stood before the door of the hut. The Cossacks leaped on their steeds, but when the mother saw that her sons had also mounted, she rushed to the younger, whose traits wore a somewhat tenderer expression, caught his stirrup, clung to his saddle, and with despair in her every feature, refused to free him from her clasp. Two strong Cossacks gently loosened her hold, and carried her into the hut. But when they had passed under the gateway, in spite of her age, she flew across the yard swifter than a wild goat, and with the incredible strength of madness stopped the horse, and clasped her son with a wild rapturous embrace. And once more they carried her into the tent.

The Cossack Father.

Andre saw before him nothing, nothing but the terrible figure of his father. "Well, what are we to do now?" said Taras, looking him full in the face. But Andre could find

nothing to answer, and remained silent, his eyes cast down to the ground. "To betray thy faith, to betray thy brothers. Dismount from thy horse, traitor." Obedient as a child, he dismounted, and unconscious of what he did remained standing before Taras. "Stand, do not move," cried Taras: "I gave thee life; I slay thee." And falling back a step, he took his gun from his shoulder. Andre was deadly pale; his lips moved slowly as he muttered some name; but it was not the name of his mother, his country, or kin; it was the name of the beautiful Polish girl. Taras fired. The young man drooped his head, and fell heavily to the ground without uttering a word. The slayer of his son stood and gazed long upon the breathless corpse. His manly face, but now full of power and a fascination no woman could resist, still retained its marvellous beauty; and his black eyebrows seemed to heighten the pallor of his features. "What a Cossack he might have been," murmured Taras: "so tall his stature, so black his eyebrows, with the countenance of a noble, and an arm strong in battle."

Not long after Taras had thus sternly vindicated the honor of his race, he and Ostap are waylaid and surrounded by a body of Poles. Long and desperately they fight, stubbornly they dispute each inch of ground, to the last they refuse to yield; but what can two effect against a score? Taras is struck senseless to the earth, and Ostap is taken prisoner and carried off. The bereaved father awakes only to discover his heavy and irreparable loss; the days henceforth pass wearily, and he no longer finds pleasure in battle or in warlike sports.

He went into the fields and across the steppes as if to hunt, but his gun hung idly on his shoulder, or with a sorrowful heart he laid it down and sat by the seashore. There with his head sunk low he would remain for hours, moaning all the while, "Oh, my son, Ostap. Oh, Ostap, my son." Bright and wide rolled the Black Sea at his feet, the gulls shrieked in the distant reeds, his white hairs glistened like silver, and the large round tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks.

But this agony of uncertainty is too great to bear; at all cost he will seek out his son, weep for him if dead, embrace

him if living. With the assistance of a Jewish spy, named Yankel, he makes his way in disguise to Warsaw, where they arrive only to learn that on the evening of the same day his brave boy is to suffer an ignominious death. He proceeds to the place of execution, takes up his stand in the midst of the crowd, and watches in silence the hideous formalities by which the sharpness of death is made more bitter.

Ostap looked wearily around him. Gracious God, not one kindly look on the upturned faces of that heaving crowd. Had there been but one of his kin there to encourage him. No weak mother with her wailings and lamentations; no sobbing wife, beating her bosom and tearing her hair; but a brave man, whose wise word might give him fresh strength and solace. And as he thus thought, his courage failed him, and he cried out, "Father, where art thou? Dost thou not hear me? " "I hear, my son," resounded through the dead silence, and all the thousands of people shuddered at that voice. A party of calvary rode hurriedly about, searching among the crowd that surrounded the scaffold. Yankel turned pale as death, and when the soldiers had riden past, looked furtively to where Taras had been standing, but Taras was no longer there; no trace of him was left.

Apostrophe to Russia.

Russia, Russia! My thoughts turn to thee from my wondrous beautiful foreign home, and I seem to see thee once more. Nature has not been lavish in her gifts to thee. No grand views to cheer the eye or inspire the soul with awe; no glorious work of art, no many-windowed cities, with their lofty palaces, no castles planted on some precipice, embowered in groves and ivy that clings to the walls, amidst the eternal roar and foam of waterfalls. No traveler turns back to gaze on high masses of mountain granite, that tower in endless succession above and around him. No distant, far-stretching lines of lofty hills ranging upwards to the bright blue heavens, and of which we catch faint glimpses through dim arches entwined with vine branches, ivy, and myriads of wild roses. All with thee is level, open and monotonous. Thy low-built cities are like tiny dots that indistinctly mark the centre of

some vast plain, nor is there aught to win and delight the eye. And yet, what is this inconceivable force that attracts me to thee? Why do I seem to hear again, and why are my ears filled with the sounds of thy sad songs, as they are wafted along thy valleys and huge plains, and are carried hither from sea to sea? What is there in that song, which, as it calls and wails, seizes on the heart? What are those melancholy notes that lull but pierce the heart and enslave the soul? Russia, what is it thou wouldst with me? What mysterious bond draws me towards thee? Why gazest thou thus, and why does all that is of thee turn those wistful eyes to me? And all the while I stand in doubt, and above me is cast a shadow of a laboring cloud, all heavy with thunder and rain, and I feel my thoughts benumbed and mute in presence of thy vast expanse. What does that indefinable, unbounded expanse foretell? Are not schemes to be born as boundless as thyself, who are without limit? Are not deeds of heroism to be achieved, where all is ready, open to receive the hero? And threateningly the mighty expanse surrounds me, reflecting its terrible strength within my soul of souls, and illumining sight with unearthly power. What a bright, marvellous, weird expanse!

IVAN S. TURGENIEFF.

In that region of Russian fiction which Gogol opened, Ivan Sergeyevitch Turgenieff achieved a marvellous success, which resulted in a social revolution. He was born near Orel, November 9, 1818, only nine years after the birth of Gogol. He not only took up the new type of fiction, but achieved the preliminary work for the emancipation of the serf in which Gogol had only half succeeded. While Gogol stopped short with his terribly realistic revelation of what the owners of the serfs were, Turgenieff forced the gaze of all Russia to the wretched and cruelly oppressed serfs themselves. His "Annals of a Sportsman," which appeared in 1846, may be regarded as having been the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of Russia. It undoubtedly contributed much to Alexander II.'s decree (1861), abolishing serfdom.

This curse of serfdom dated from the sixteenth century, and had become consecrated as a legal institution in 1609.

Denis von Visin had in "Nedorosl" (The Minor) touched upon the ill-treatment of the serfs; but the condition of the French peasant in his day was even more terrible. It was by a strange decree of fate that Turgenieff came into such appreciative contact with the Russians of the yoke. His grandmother was just such a choleric *baruina* of the old school as he afterwards painted in his story, "Punin and Baburin." Her cruel treatment of her serfs was extreme. As might be expected of such an old-style Russian lady, she forbade her grandson the study of the native Russian tongue. It was only spoken by her servants. The young Ivan was not to be hindered, however, in his childish thirst, and he learned not only the old Russian legends, but the Russian speech from one of his grandam's serfs. In later years his memory returned to one of these unfortunates when he drew the character of the dumb giant porter, Mumu. Turgenieff's grandmother never forgave him for adopting the degrading vocation of literature—he, a son of an heiress of the Litvinoffs! Perhaps it was the contrast of the innate human virtues of the serfs with this cruel nature of his ancestress that quickened Turgenieff's appreciation of the real humanity of these chattels of the Russian estates.

He conceived a profound affection for the *muzhik,* or peasant. As he afterward declared, he "swore a Hannibal's oath" never to compromise with the barbarous system of serfdom, but to fight it even to the death. And he accomplished his lofty purpose by opening the eyes of the Russian court, as his own eyes had early been unveiled, to the true inherent worth of the despised serf. In 1846 the first story of his "Annals of a Sportsman" appeared, under the title of "Khor and Kalinuitch." These characters represented two types of serf: Khor, the cautious and practical creature, Kalinuitch, the dreamy enthusiast; but in both he revealed the essential human nature. These and the succeeding pictures of Russia's wretched serfs really effected a revolution in the aristocratic mind, and hastened the ukase of enfranchised Russia. When Turgenieff himself sought for a term of praise for Alexander II., the highest he could find was to call him "the Emperor of Muzhiks."

But while Turgenieff was thus striking the blow that was to shatter the shackles on the wrists of millions of his enslaved

brother men, he was not so absorbed in the serf that he did not behold the dawning of a new Russia. In the character of "Dmitri Rudin," in "On the Eve," he drew a youth of 1840, such an epoch as Pisemsky has pictured in his "People of the Forties." This youth was cast in a generous but passive mold. His defect was revealed by the restless Lavretsky, of "The Nest of Nobles" (1859), whose propaganda to the youth of Russia was "You must act." Lavretsky was the herald: the apostle came in Bazarof, the hero of "Fathers and Sons" (1862), and his new gospel proved to be "Nihilism." In a famous passage Turgenieff coined this new word which has traveled over the world. Turgenieff has characterized Bazarof as " that quick spirit, that harbinger type." His creed was not based on any of the old wornout ones: it was to tear down, to clear the ground, to build an entirely new social fabric. The vague feeling, the still nebulous faith of the new generation, was crystallized at last around a definite nucleus. The new era of Russian socialism found its voice in the word, "Nihilism." The government and the agitators against the government both accepted the term. Fathers and sons began to be divided, in truth. Despite his half wolfish, half pessimistic spirit, the young medical student Bazarof typified the Russian soul with its aspiration towards progress. However Turgenieff may have felt towards the radically developed Nihilism of a later day, he certainly put his whole heart into Bazarof. Nevertheless he was destined to be soon disillusionized of many of his dreams of a better Russia. His intercourse with boastful Russians at Baden Baden soon led him to discover that many of the new ideals were mere chimeras. His disappointment found expression (in 1867) in the romance "Smoke." His faith in Russia's future was not crushed, but he idealized in Litvinof her gloomy and painful destiny, since amply fulfilled.

For ten years Turgenieff then held his peace while bitterly assailed by Liberals, and Nihilists alike as a renegade. But in 1877, on the eve of the great Nihilist suit against the One Hundred and Ninety-Three, he broke his silence with his grand masterpiece, "Virgin Soil." In this novel the theoretical Nihilism of his "Fathers and Sons" and "Smoke" is beheld in action. Neshdanof, the hero, represents the new type of Nihilistic propagandist. So true was the portrait that, while it was

attacked at the outset, Turgenieff was soon accused of having been paid 50,000 rubles by the Russian government thus to popularize its case. In Neshdanof the Nihilist is still the dreamer, unable to interest the masses or to achieve his revolution. Still it cannot be said that Turgenieff does not, after all, sympathize with Neshdanof. His character possesses an inalienable nobility. Nihilists have ground to claim, as they continue to do, that Turgenieff's heart was really with them to the last. An exile from Russia through troubles with the censorship (due to an article on Gogol), his declining years were embittered by the attacks on him from all sides. This bitterness is revealed in his farewell poems, "Senilia." He died in Paris on September 3, 1883, still true to the Russian people, even if warning them against Slavophilism and advising them to profit by European civilization.

Hor and Kalinatch.

Anyone who has chanced to pass from the Bolhovsky district into the Zhizdrinsky district, must have been impressed by the striking difference between the race of people in the province of Orel and the population of Kaluga. The peasant of Orel is not tall, is bent in figure, sullen and suspicious in his looks; he lives in wretched little hovels of aspen-wood, labors as a serf in the fields, and engages in no kind of trading, is miserably fed, and wears slippers of bast: the rent-paying peasant of Kaluga lives in roomy cottages of pine-wood; he is tall, bold, and cheerful in his looks, neat and clean of countenance; he carries on a trade in butter and tar, and on holidays he wears boots. The village of the Orel province (we are speaking now of the eastern part of the province) is usually situated in the midst of ploughed fields, near a water-course which has been converted into a filthy pool. Except for a few of the ever-accommodating willows, and two or three gaunt birch-trees, you do not see a tree for a mile round; hut is huddled up against hut, their roofs covered with rotting thatch. . . . The villages of Kaluga, on the contrary, are generally surrounded by forest; the huts stand more freely, are more upright, and have boarded roofs; the gates fasten closely, the hedge is not broken down nor

trailing about; there are no gaps to invite the visits of the passing pig. . . . And things are much better in the Qaluga province for the sportsman. In the Orel province the last of the woods and copses will have disappeared five years hence, and there is no trace of moorland left; in Kaluga, on the contrary, the moors extend over tens, the forest over hundreds of miles, and a splendid bird, the grouse, is still extant there; there are abundance of the friendly larger snipe, and the loud-clapping partridge cheers and startles the sportsman and his dog by its abrupt flight.

On a visit in the Zhizdrinsky district in search of sport, I met in the fields a petty proprietor of the Kaluga province called Polutikin, and made his acquaintance. He was an enthusiastic sportsman; it follows, therefore, that he was an excellent fellow. He was liable, indeed, to a few weaknesses; he used, for instance, to pay his addresses to every unmarried heiress in the province, and when he had been refused her hand and house, broken-hearted he confided his sorrows to all his friends and acquaintances, and continued to shower offerings of sour peaches and other raw produce from his garden upon the young lady's relatives; he was fond of repeating one and the same anecdote, which, in spite of Mr. Polutikin's appreciation of its merits, had certainly never amused anyone; he admired the works of Akim Nahimov and the nevel *Pinna*; he stammered; he called his dog Astronomer; instead of 'however' said 'howsomever'; and had established in his household a French system of cookery, the secret of which consisted, according to his cook's interpretation, in a complete transformation of the natural taste of each dish; in this *artiste's* hands meat assumed the flavor of fish, fish of mushrooms, macaroni of gunpowder; to make up for this, not a single carrot went into the soup without taking the shape of a rhombus or a trapeze. But, with the exception of these few and insignificant failings, Mr. Polutikin was, as has been already said, an excellent fellow.

On the first day of my acquaintance with Mr. Polutikin, he invited me to stay the night at his house.

"It will be five miles farther to my house," he added, "it's a long way to walk; let us first go to Hor's." (The reader must excuse my omitting his stammer.)

"Who is Hor?"

"A peasant of mine. He is quite close by here."

We went in that direction. In a well-cultivated clearing in the middle of the forest rose Hor's solitary homestead. It consisted of several pine-wood buildings, enclosed by plank fences; a porch ran along the front of the principal building, supported on slender posts. We went in. We were met by a young lad of twenty, tall and good-looking.

"Ah, Feyda! is Hor at home?" Mr. Polutikin asked him.

"No, Hor had gone into town," answered the lad, smiling and showing a row of snow-white teeth. "You would like the little cart brought out?"

"Yes, my boy, the little cart. And bring us some kvas."

We went into the cottage. Not a single cheap glaring print was pasted up on the clean boards of the walls; in the corner, before the heavy, holy picture in its silver setting, a lamp was burning; the table of linden-wood had been lately planed and scrubbed; between the joists and in the cracks of the window-frames there were no lively Prussian beetles running about, nor gloomy cockroaches in hiding. The young lad soon reappeared with a great white pitcher filled with excellent kvas, a huge hunch of wheaten bread, and a dozen salted cucumbers in a wooden bowl. He put all these provisions on the table, and then, leaning with his back to the door, began to gaze with a smiling face at us. We had not had time to finish eating our lunch when the cart was already rattling before the doorstep. We went out. A curly-headed, rosy-cheeked boy of fifteen was sitting in the cart as driver, and with difficulty holding in the well-fed piebald horse. Round the cart stood six young giants, very like one another, and Fedya.

"All of these Hor's sons!" said Polutikin.

"These are all Horhies' (*i. e.*, wild cats), put in Fedya, who had come after us on to the step; "but that's not all of them: Potap is in the wood, and Sidor has gone with old Hor to the town. Look out, Vasya," he went on, turning to the coachman; "drive like the wind; you are driving the master. Only mind what you're about over the ruts, and easy a little; don't tip the cart over, and upset the master's stomach!"

The other Horhies smiled at Fedya's sally. "Lift As-

tronomer in!" Mr. Polutikin called majestically. Fedya, not without amusement, lifted the dog, who wore a forced smile, into the air, and laid her at the bottom of the cart. Vasya let the horse go. We rolled away. "And here is my counting-house," said Mr. Polutikin suddenly to me, pointing to a little low-pitched house. "Shall we go in?" "By all means." "It is no longer used," he observed, going in; "still, it is worth looking at." The counting-house consisted of two empty rooms. The caretaker, a one-eyed old man, ran out of the yard. "Good day, Minyaitch," said Mr. Polutikin; "bring us some water." The one-eyed old man disappeared, and at once returned with a bottle of water and two glasses. "Taste it," said Polutikin to me; "it is splendid spring water." We drank off a glass each, while the old man bowed low. "Come, now, I think we can go on," said my new friend. "In that counting-house I sold the merchant Alliluev four acres of forest-land for a good price." We took our seats in the cart, and in half-an-hour we had reached the court of the manor-house.

"Tell me, please," I asked Polutikin at supper; "why does Hor live apart from your other peasants?"

"Well, this is why; he is a clever peasant. Twenty-five years ago his cottage was burnt down; so he came up to my late father and said: "Allow me, Nikolai Kouzmitch," says he, "to settle in your forest, on the bog. I will pay you a good rent." "But what do you want to settle on the bog for?" "Oh, I want to; only, your honor, Nikolai Kouzmitch, be so good as not to claim any labor from me, but fix a rent as you think best." "Fifty roubles a year!" "Very well." "But I'll have no arrears, mind!" "Of course, no arrears;" and so he settled on the bog. Since then they have called him Hor" (*i. e.* wild cat).

"Well, and has he grown rich?" I inquired.

"Yes, he has grown rich. Now he pays me a round hundred for rent, and I shall raise it again, I dare say. I have said to him more than once, "Buy your freedom, Hor; come, buy your freedom . . ." But he declares, the rogue, that he can't; has no money, he says. . . . As though that were likely. . . ."

The next day, directly after our morning tea, we started out hunting again. As we were driving through the village,

Mr. Polutikin ordered the coachman to stop at a low-pitched cottage and called loudly, "Kalinitch!" "Coming, your honor, coming," sounded a voice from the yard; "I am tying on my shoes." We went on at a walk; outside the village a man of about forty overtook us. He was tall and thin, with a small and erect head. It was Kalinitch. His good-humored swarthy face, somewhat pitted with small-pox, pleased me from the first glance. Kalinitch (as I learnt afterwards) went hunting every day with his master, carried his bag, and sometimes also his gun, noted where game was to be found, fetched water, built shanties, and gathered strawberries, and ran behind the droshky; Mr. Polutikin could not stir a step without him. Kalinitch was a man of the merriest and gentlest disposition; he was constantly singing to himself in a low voice, and looking carelessly about him. He spoke a little through his nose, with a laughing twinkle in his light blue eyes, and he had a habit of plucking at his scanty, wedge-shaped beard with his hand. He walked not rapidly, but with long strides, leaning lightly on a long thin staff. He addressed me more than once during the day, and he waited on me without obsequiousness, but he looked after his master as if he were a child. When the unbearable heat drove us at mid-day to seek shelter, he took us to his bee-house in the very heart of the forest. There Kalinitch opened the little hut for us, which was hung round with bunches of dry scented herbs. He made us comfortable on some dry hay, and then put a kind of bag of network over his head, took a knife, a little pot, and a smouldering stick, and went to the hive to cut us some honey-comb. We had a draught of spring water after the warm transparent honey, and then dropped asleep to the sound of the monotonous humming of the bees and the rustling chatter of the leaves. A slight gust of wind awakened me. . . . I opened my eyes and saw Kalinitch; he was sitting on the threshold of the half-opened door, carving a spoon with his knife. I gazed a long time admiring his face, as sweet and clear as an evening sky. Mr. Polutikin, too, woke up. He did not get up at once. After our long walk and our deep sleep it was pleasant to lie without moving in the hay; we felt weary and languid in body, our faces were in a slight glow of warmth, our eyes were closed in delicious

laziness. At last we got up, and set off on our wanderings again till evening. At supper I began to talk of Hor and Kalinitch. "Kalinitch is a good peasant," Mr. Polutikin told me; "he is a willing and useful peasant; he can't farm his land properly; I am always taking him away from it. He goes out hunting every day with me. . . . You can judge for yourself how his farming must fare."

I agreed with him, and we went to bed.

The next day Mr. Polutikin was obliged to go to town about some business with his neighbor Pitchukoff. This Pitchukoff had ploughed over some land of Polutikin's, and had flogged a peasant woman of his on this same piece of land. I went out hunting alone, and before evening I turned into Hor's house. On the threshold of the cottage I was met by an old man—bald, short, broad-shouldered, and stout—Hor himself. I looked with curiosity at the man. The cut of his face recalled Socrates; there was the same high, knobby forehead, the same little eyes, the same snub nose. We went into the cottage together. The same Feyda brought me some milk and black bread. Hor sat down on a bench, and, quietly stroking his curly beard, entered into conversation with me. He seemed to know his own value; he spoke and moved slowly; from time to time a chuckle came from between his long moustaches.

We discussed the sowing, the crops, the peasant's life. . . . He always semed to agree with me; only afterwards I had a sense of awkwardness and felt that I was talking foolishly. . . . In this way our conversation was rather curious. Hor, doubtless through caution, expressed himself very obscurely at times. . . Here is a specimen of our talk.

"Tell me, Hor," I said to him, "why don't you buy your freedom from your master?"

"And what would I buy my freedom for? Now I know my master, and I know my rent. . . . We have a good master."

"It's always better to be free," I remarked. Hor gave me a dubious look.

"Surely," he said.

"Well, then, why don't you buy your freedom?" Hor shook his head.

"What would you have me buy it with, your honor?"

"Oh, come, now, old man!"

"If Hor were thrown among free men," he continued in an undertone, as though to himself, "everyone without a beard would be a better man than Hor."

"Then shave your beard."

"What is a beard? A beard is grass: one can cut it."

"Well, then?"

"But Hor will be a merchant straight away; and merchants have a fine life, and they have beards.

"Why, do you do a little trading, too?" I asked him.

"We trade a little in butter and a little tar. . . . Would your honor like the cart put to?"

"You're a close man and keep a tight rein on your tongue," I thought to myself. "No," I said aloud. "I don't want the cart; I shall want to be near your homestead tomorrow, and if you will let me, I will stay the night in your hay-barn."

"You are very welcome. But will you be comfortable in the barn? I will tell the women to lay a sheet and put you a pillow. . . . Hey, girls!" he cried, getting up from his place; "here, girls! . . . And you, Fedya, go with them. Women, you know, are foolish folk."

A quarter of an hour later Feyda conducted me with a lantern to the barn. I threw myself down on the fragrant hay; my dog curled himself up at my feet; Feyda wished me good-night; the door creaked and slammed to. For rather a long time I could not get to sleep. A cow came up to the door, and breathed heavily twice; the dog growled at her with dignity; a pig passed by, grunting pensively; a horse somewhere near began to munch the hay and snort. . . . At last I fell asleep.

. At sunrise Feyda awakened me. This brisk, lively young man pleased me; and, from what I could see, he was old Hor's favorite, too. They used to banter one another in a very friendly way. The old man came to meet me. Whether because I had spent the night under his roof, or for some other reason, Hor certainly treated me far more cordially than the day before.

"The samovar is ready," he told me with a smile; "let us come and have tea."

We took our seats at the table. A robust-looking peasant woman, one of his daughters-in-law, brought in a jug of milk. All his sons came in one after another into the cottage.

"What a fine set of fellows you have!" I remarked to the old man.

"Yes," he said, breaking off a tiny piece of sugar with his teeth; "me and my old woman have nothing to complain of, seemingly."

"And do they all live with you?"

"Yes; they choose to, themselves, and so they live here."

"And are they all married?"

"Here's one not married, the scamp!" he answered, pointing to Feyda, who was leaning as before against the door. Vaska, he's still too young; he can wait."

"And why should I get married?" retorted Feyda; "I'm very well off as I am. What do I want a wife for? To squabble with, eh?"

"Now then, you . . . ah, I know you! You wear a silver ring. . . . You'd always be after the girls up at the manor house. . . . Have done, do, for shame!" the old man went on, mimicking the servant girls. "Ah, I know you, you white-handed rascal!"

"But what's the good of a peasant woman?"

"A peasant woman—is a laborer," said Hor seriously; "she is the peasant's servant.

"And what do I want of a laborer?"

"I dare say; you'd like to play with the fire and let others burn their fingers: we know the sort of chap you are."

"Well, marry me, then. Well, why don't you answer?"

"There, that's enough, that's enough, giddy pate! You see we're disturbing the gentleman. I'll marry you, depend on it. . . . And you, your honor, don't be vexed with him; you see, he's only a baby; he's not had time to get much sense."

Feyda shook his head.

"Is Hor at home?" sounded a well-known voice; and Kalinitch came into the cottage with a bunch of wild strawberries in his hands, which he had gathered for his friend, Hor. The old man gave him a warm welcome. I looked with surprise at Kalinitch. I confess I had not expected such a delicate attention on the part of a peasant.

That day I started out to hunt four hours later than usual, and the following three days I spent at Hor's. My new friends interested me. I don't know how I gained their confidence, but they began to talk to me without constraint. The two friends were not at all alike. Hor was a positive, practical man, with a head for management, a rationalist; Kalinitch, on the other hand, belonged to the order of idealists and dreamers, of romantic and enthusiastic spirits. . . . But Hor was not always the narrator. He questioned me, too, about many things. He learned that I had been in foreign parts, and his curiosity was aroused. . . . Kalinitch was not behind him in curiosity; but he was more attracted by descriptions of nature, of mountains and waterfalls, extraordinary buildings and great towns; Hor was interested in questions of government and administration. He went through everything in order. "Well, is that with them as it is with us, or different? . . . Come, tell us, your honor, how is it?" "Ah, Lord, thy will be done!" Kalinitch would exclaim while I told my story; Hor did not speak, but frowned with his bushy eyebrows, only observing at times, "That wouldn't do for us; still, it's a good thing—it's right." All his enquiries I cannot recount, and it is unnecessary; but from our conversations I carried away one conviction, which my readers will certainly not anticipate . . . the conviction that Peter the Great was pre-eminently a Russian—Russian, above all, in his reforms. The Russian is so convinced of his own strength and powers that he is not afraid of putting himself to severe strain; he takes little interest in his past, and looks boldly forward. What is good he likes, what is sensible he will have, and where it comes from he does not care. His vigorous sense is fond of ridiculing the thin theorising of the German; but, in Hor's words, "The Germans are curious folk," and he was ready to learn from them a little. Thanks to his exceptional position, his practical independence, Hor told me a great deal which you could not screw or—as the peasants say—grind with a grindstone, out of any other man. He did, in fact, understand his position. Talking with Hor, I for the first time listened to the simple, wise discourse of the Russian peasant. His acquirements were, in his own opinion, wide enough; but he could not read, though Kalinitch could.

"That ne'er-do-well has school-learning," observed Hor, "and his bees never die in the winter." "But haven't you had your children taught to read?" Hor was silent a minute. "Feyda can read." "And the others?" "The others can't." "And why?" The old man made no answer and changed the subject. However, sensible as he was, he had many prejudices and crotchets. He despised women, for instance, from the depths of his soul, and in his merry moments he amused himself by jesting at their expense. His wife was a cross old woman who lay all day long on the stove, incessantly grumbling and scolding; her sons paid no attention to her, but she kept her daughters-in-law in the fear of God. Very significantly the mother-in-law sings in the Russian ballad: "What a son art thou to me! what a head of a household! Thou dost not beat thy wife; thou dost not beat thy young wife!" . . . I once attempted to intercede for the daughters-in-law, and tried to rouse Hor's sympathy; but he met me with the tranquil rejoinder, "Why did I trouble about such . . . trifles; let the women fight it out . . . If anything separates them, it only makes it worse . . . and it's not worth dirtying one's hands over." Sometimes the spiteful old woman got down from the stove and called the yard dog out of the hay, crying, "Here, here, doggie"; and then beat it on its thin back with the poker, or she would stand in the porch and "snarl" as Hor expressed it, at everyone that passed. She stood in awe of her husband though, and would return, at his command, to her place on the stove. It was specially curious to hear Hor and Kalinitch dispute whenever Mr. Polutikin was touched upon.

"There, Hor, do let him alone," Kalinitch would say. "But why doesn't he order some boots for you?" Hor retorted. "Eh? boots! . . . what do I want with boots? I am a peasant." "Well, so am I a peasant, but look!" And Hor lifted up his leg and showed Kalinitch a boot which looked as if it had been cut out of a mammoth's hide. "As if you were like one of us!" replied Kalinitch. "Well, at least he might pay for your bast shoes; you go out hunting with him; you must use a pair a day." "He does give me something for bast shoes." "Yes, he gave you two coppers last year."

Kalinitch turned away in vexation, but Hor went off in a chuckle, during which his little eyes completely disappeared.

Kalinitch sang rather sweetly and played a little on the balalaëca. Hor was never weary of listening to him: all at once he would let his head drop on one side and began to chime in, in a lugubrious voice. He was particularly fond of the song, "Ah, my fate, my fate!" Feyda never lost an opportunity of making fun of his father, saying, "What are you so mournful about, old man?" But Hor leaned his cheek on his hand, covered his eyes, and continued to mourn over his fate. . . . Yet at other times there could not be a more active man; he was always busy over something—mending the cart, patching up the fence, looking after the harness. He did not insist on a very high degree of cleanliness, however; and, in answer to some remark of mine, said once, "A cottage ought to smell as if it were lived in."

"Look," I answered, "how clean it is in Kalinitch's bee-house."

"The bees would not live there else, your honor," he said with a sigh.

"Tell me," he asked another time, "have you an estate of your own?" "Yes." "Far from here?" "A hundred miles." "Do you live on your land, your honor?" "Yes."

"But you like your gun best, I dare say?"

"Yes, I must confess I do." "And you do well, your honor; shoot grouse to your heart's content, and change your baliff pretty often."

On the fourth day Mr. Polutikin sent for me in the evening. I was sorry to part from the old man. I took my seat with Kalinitch in the trap. "Well, good-bye,—good luck to you," I said; "good-bye, Feyda."

"Good-bye, your honor, good-bye; don't forget us." We started; there was the first red glow of sunset. "It will be a fine day tomorrow," I remarked, looking at the clear sky. "No, it will rain," Kalinitch replied; "the ducks yonder are splashing, and the scent of the grass is strong." We drove into the copse. Kalinitch began singing in an undertone as he was jolted up and down on the driver's seat, and he kept gazing at the sunset.

The next day I left the hospitable roof of Mr. Polutikin.

FEODOR M. DOSTOIEVSKY.

YOUNGER than Turgenieff by three years, Feodor Mikhailovitch Dostoievsky died three years before that great novelist. He was born at Moscow in 1821 and died February 9, 1881. He did not accept exile, as did Turgenieff, but remained in Russia, became implicated in the Petrashevsky Society conspiracy, and tasted the bitterness of Siberia. His life seems, indeed, to have been destined to gloom from the start. The child of a hospital surgeon, he first opened his eyes in a charity hospital. Throughout his life he was a victim of hallucinations. No wonder he was moved to become the psychological analyst of morbid and diseased characters. At first, however, he was drawn by pity to write a heart-stirring revelation of the miseries of the poor of St. Petersburg. His "Poor People," published while he was only twenty-three years old, won for him the title of "the new Gogol." Extreme wretchedness was shown in the catastrophe of the love idyl of the poor clerk Drevushkin, who loses the solace of his poverty in the marriage of his poor girl companion to a rich merchant. But the story-teller himself was to experience an even more cruel fate. Implicated indirectly in the plot against Emperor Nicholas, he was cast into prison, and condemned to death. On the morning of the day of doom he made his toilet, donned the white shirt, kissed the cross, and had the sabre broken over his head. At the last moment, however, a messenger arrived from the Czar. Dostoievsky was transported to Siberia. Being a sub-lieutenant of St. Petersburg School of Military Engineering, he was put to work in the mines. Religion alone upheld him during these terrible four years (1849-54). His memories of that burial alive were soon after given to the world in his vivid "Recollections of a Dead House," which moved all Russia. But his morbid tendencies gained the upper hand in his later novels. "Heavens!" exclaimed Turgenieff, after reading one story by this doctor's son, "what a sour smell! What a vile hospital odor! What idle scandal! What a psychological mole-hole!" The pathological phase of his romances renders them truly unwholesome, although in "Crime and Punishment" he has made an overwhelmingly impressive study of a brain diseased. Raskolnikoff, the weak hero, plans a deliberate mur-

der and robbery through merely accidental suggestion. Ultimately he breaks through the moral fog enshrouding him, and by the sympathetic self-sacrifice of the fallen Sonia, the heroine, starts for Siberia to spend the rest of his life in repentance. Other novels by Dostoievsky are "Idiots" and "Devils," two social satires, and "The Degraded."

THE MURDERER'S CONFESSION TO SONIA.

(From "Crime and Punishment.")

RASKOLNIKOFF wished to smile, but, do what he would, his countenance retained its sorrow-stricken look. He lowered his head, covering his face with his hands. All at once, he fancied that he was beginning to hate Sonia. Surprised, frightened even, at so strange a discovery, he suddenly raised his head and attentively considered the girl, who, in her turn, fixed on him a look of anxious love. Hatred fled from Raskolnikoff's heart. It was not that; he had only mistaken the nature of the sentiment he experienced. It signified that the fatal moment had come. Once more he hid his face in his hands and bowed his head. Suddenly he grew pale, rose, and, after looking at Sonia, he mechanically went and sat on her bed, without uttering a single word. Raskolnikoff's impression was the very same he had experienced when standing behind the old woman—he had loosened the hatchet from the loop, and said to himself: "There is not a moment to be lost!"

"What is the matter?" asked Sonia, in bewilderment.

No reply. Raskolnikoff had relied on making explanations under quite different conditions, and did not himself understand what was now at work within him. She gently approached him, sat on the bed by his side, and waited, without taking her eyes from his face. Her heart beat as if it would break. The situation was becoming unbearable; he turned towards the girl his lividly-pale face, his lips twitched with an effort to speak. Fear had seized upon Sonia.

"What is the matter with you?" she repeated, moving slightly away from him.

"Nothing, Sonia; don't be afraid. It is not worth while; it is all nonsense!" he murmured, like a man absent in mind. "Only, why can I have come to torment you?" added he all

at once, looking at his interlocutress. "Yes, why? I keep on asking myself this question, Sonia."

Perhaps he had done so a quarter of an hour before, but at this moment his weakness was such that he scarcely retained consciousness; a continued trembling shook his whole frame.

"Oh! how you suffer!" said she, in a voice full of emotion, whilst looking at him.

"It is nothing! But this is the matter in question Sonia." (For a moment or so, a pale smile hovered on his lips.) "You remember what I wished to tell you yesterday?" Sonia waited anxiously. "I told you, on parting, that I was, perhaps, bidding you farewell for ever, but that if I should come to-day, I would tell you who it was that killed Elizabeth." She began to tremble in every limb. "Well, then, that is why I have come."

"I know you told me that yesterday," she went on in a shaky voice. "How do you know that?" she added vivaciously. Sonia breathed with an effort. Her face grew more and more pale.

"I know it."

"Has *he* been discovered?" she asked, timidly, after a moment's silence.

"No, *he* has not been discovered."

For another moment she remained silent. "Then how do you know it?" she at length asked, in an almost unintelligible voice.

He turned towards the girl, and looked at her with a singular rigidity, whilst a feeble smile fluttered on his lips. "Guess!" he said.

Sonia felt on the point of being seized with convulsions. "But you—why frighten me like this?" she asked, with a childlike smile.

"I know it, because I am very intimate with *him!*" went on Raskolnikoff, whose look remained fixed on her, as if he had not strength to turn his eyes aside. "Elizabeth—he had no wish to murder her—he killed her without premeditation. He only intended to kill the old woman, when he should find her alone. He went to her house—but at the very moment Elizabeth came in—he was there—and he killed her."

A painful silence followed upon those words. For a mo-

ment both continued to look at one another. "And so you can't guess?" he asked abruptly, feeling like a man on the point of throwing himself from the top of a steeple.

"No," stammered Sonia, in a scarcely audible voice.

"Try again."

At the moment he pronounced these words, Raskolnikoff experienced afresh, in his heart-of hearts, that feeling of chilliness he knew so well. He looked at Sonia, and suddenly read on her face the same expression as on that of Elizabeth, when the wretched woman recoiled from the murderer advancing towards her, hatchet in hand. In that supreme moment Elizabeth had raised her arm, as children do when they begin to be afraid, and ready to weep, fix a glaring immovable glance on the object which frightens them. In the same way Sonia's face expressed indescribable fear. She also raised her arm, and gently pushed Raskolnikoff aside, whilst touching his breast with her hand, and then gradually drew back without ceasing to look hard at him. Her fear affected the young man, who, for his part, began to gaze on her with a scared expression.

"Have you guessed?" he murmured at last.

"My God!" exclaimed Sonia.

Then she sank exhausted on the bed, and buried her face in the pillows; a moment after, however, she rose with a rapid movement, approached him, and, seizing him by both hands, which her slender fingers clutched like nippers, she fixed on him a long look. Had he made a mistake? She hoped so, but she had no sooner cast a look on Roskolnikoff's face than the suspicion which had flashed on her mind became certainty.

"Enough, Sonia! enough! Spare me!" he implored in a plaintiff voice. The event upset all his calculations, for it certainly was not *thus* that he had intended to confess his crime.

Sonia seemed beside herself; she jumped from her bed, went to the middle of the room wringing her hands, she then quickly returned in the same way, sat once more by the young man's side, almost touching him with her shoulder. Suddenly she shivered, uttered a cry, and, without knowing why, fell on her knees before Raskolnikoff. "You are lost!" she exclaimed, with an accent of despair. And, rising suddenly, she threw herself on his neck, and kissed him, whilst lavishing on him tokens of tenderness.

Raskolnikoff broke away, and, with a sad smile, looked at the girl: "I do not understand you, Sonia. You kiss me after I told you *that*—. You cannot be conscious of what you are doing."

She did not hear the remark. "No, at this moment there cannot be a more wretched man on earth than you are!" she exclaimed with a transport of passion, whilst bursting into sobs.

Raskolnikoff felt his heart grow soft under the influence of a sentiment which for some time past he had not felt. He did not try to fight against the feeling; two tears spurted from his eyes and remained on the lashes. "Then you will not forsake me, Sonia?" said he with an almost suppliant look.

"No, no; never, nowhere!" she cried, "I shall follow you, shall follow you everywhere! Heaven! Wretch that I am! And why have I not known you sooner? Why did you not come before? Heaven!"

"You see I have come."

"Now? What is to be done now? Together, together," she went on, with a kind of exaltation, and once more she kissed the young man. "Yes, I will go with you to the galleys!"

These words caused Raskolnikoff a painful feeling; a bitter and almost haughty smile appeared on his lips. "Perhaps I may not yet wish to go to the galleys, Sonia," said he.

The girl rapidly turned her eyes on him. She had up to the present experienced no more than immense pity for an unhappy man. This statement, and the tone of voice in which it was pronounced, suddenly recalled to the girl that the wretched man was an assassin. She cast on him an astonished look. As yet, she did not know how nor why he had become a criminal. At this moment, these questions suggested themselves to her, and, once more doubting, she asked herself: "He, he a murderer! Is such a thing possible? But no, it cannot be true! Where am I?" she asked herself, as if she could have believed herself the sport of a dream. "How is it possible that you, being what you are, can have thought of such a thing? Oh! why?"

"To steal, if you wish to know. Cease, Sonia!" he replied in wearied and rather vexed accents.

Sonia remained stupefied; suddenly a cry escaped her:

"Were you hungry? Did you do so to help your mother? Speak?"

"No, Sonia! no!" he stammered, drooping his head. "I was not so poor as all that. It is true I wanted to help my mother, but that was not the real reason.—Do not torment me, Sonia!"

The girl beat her hands together. "Is it possible that such a thing can be real? Heaven! is it possible? How can I believe such a thing? You say you killed to rob; you, who deprived yourself of all for the sake of others! Ah!" she cried suddenly. "That money you gave to Catherine Ivanovna!—that money! Heavens! can it be that?"

"No, Sonia!" he interrupted somewhat sharply. "This money comes from another source, I assure you. It was my mother who sent it to me during my sickness, through the intervention of a merchant, and I had just received it when I gave it. Razoumikin saw it himself, he even went so far as to receive it for me. The money was really my own property." Sonia listened in perplexity, and strove to understand. "As for the old woman's money, to tell the truth, I really do not know whether there was any money at all," he went on hesitatingly. "I took from her neck a well-filled chamois-leather purse. But I never examined the contents, probably because I had no time to do so. I took different things, sleeve-links, watch-chains. These things I hid, in the same way as the purse, on the following day, under a large stone in a yard which looks out on the V—— Prospect. Everything is still there."

Sonia listened with avidity. "But why did you take nothing, since, as you tell me, you committed murder to steal?" she went on, clinging to a last and very vague hope.

"I don't know—as yet I am undecided whether to take this money or not," replied Raskolnikoff in the same hesitating voice; then he smiled. "What silly tale have I been telling you?"

"Can he be mad?" Sonia asked herself, but she soon dispelled such an idea; no, it was something else, which she most certainly did not understand.

"Do you know what I am going to tell you, Sonia?" he went on in a convincing tone: "If nothing but need had urged

me to commit a murder," laying stress on ever word, and his look, although frank, was more or less puzzling, "I should now be *happy!* Let me tell you that! And what can the motive be to you, since I told you just now that I had acted badly?" he cried despairingly, a moment afterwards. "What was the good of this foolish triumph over myself? Ah! Sonia, was it for that I came to you?" She once more wished to speak, but remained silent. "Yesterday, I made a proposal to you that we should both of us depart together, because you are all that is left to me."

"Why did you wish me to accompany you?" asked the girl timidly.

"Not to rob or to kill, I assure you," answered Raskolnikoff, with a caustic smile. "We are not of the same way of thinking. And—do you know, Sonia?—it is only late that I have known why I asked you yesterday to accompany me. When I asked you to do so, I did not as yet know what it would lead to. I see it now. I have but one wish—it is that you should not leave me. You will not do so, will you, Sonia?" She clasped his hand. "And why have I told her this? Why make such a confession?" he exclaimed, a moment afterwards. He looked at her with infinite compassion, whilst his voice expressed the most profound despair. "I see, Sonia, that you are waiting for some kind of explanation, but what am I to say? You understand nothing about the matter, and I should only be causing you additional pain. I see you are once more commencing to weep and to embrace me. Why do so at all? Because, failing in courage to bear my own burden, I have imposed it on another—because I seek in the anguish of others some mitigation for my own. And you can love a coward like that?"

"But you are likewise suffering!" exclaimed Sonia.

For a moment he experienced a new feeling of tenderness. "Sonia, my disposition is a bad one, and that can explain much. I have come because I am bad. Some would not have done so. But I am an infamous coward. Why, once more, have I come? I shall never forgive myself for that!"

"No, no!—on the contrary, you have done well to come," cried Sonia; "it is better, much better, I should know all!"

Raskolnikoff looked at her with sorrowful eye. "I was

ambitious to become another Napoleon; that was why I committed a murder. Can you understand it now?"

"No," answered Sonia, naïvely and in timid voice. "But speak! speak!—I shall understand all!"

"You will, say you? Good! we shall see!" For some time Raskolnikoff collected his ideas. "The fact is that, one day, I asked myself the following question: 'Supposing Napoleon to have been in my place, supposing that to commence his career he had neither had Toulon, nor Egypt, nor the crossing of Mont Blanc, but, in lieu of all these brilliant exploits, he was on the point of committing a murder with a view to secure his future, would he have recoiled at the idea of killing an old woman, and of robbing her of three thousand roubles? Would he have agreed that such a deed was too much wanting in prestige and much too—criminal a one?" For a long time I have split my head on that question, and could not help experiencing a feeling of shame when I finally came to the conclusion that he not only would not have hesitated, but that he would not have understood the possibility of such a thing. Every other expedient being out of his reach, he would not have flinched, he would have done so without the smallest scruple. Hence, I ought not to hesitate—being justified on the authority of Napoleon!"

COUNT L. N. TOLSTOI.

THE greatest Russian figure in the world of thought at the beginning of the twentieth century has been Count Lyof Nikolaivitch Tolstoi, in many respects the most remarkable literary product of the vast empire of the Czars. He had long been one of the oracles of the modern civilized world. When he spoke all Europe, and even the New World, turned to listen. He became the prophet of a new religion, rather than a new literature; indeed, he denounced all fiction as licentious; and yet his development has been steadily mirrored in his literary work, and he was, after all, a great literary influence rather than a great social factor. What he has done for Russian literature may be epitomized in a brief sentence: he has painted her aristocratic classes, as Gogor painted her small-property classes, and as Turgenieff painted her peasants and Nihilists. For Europe Tolstoi has pictured the horrors of war, not simply its dangers and bloodshed, but its saddening effects on the lives and characters of the soldiers, the monotony of the siege, the curious spirit of patriotism behind the moving armies. For the world he has preached a powerful, even if strange, sermon on the unhappiness of marriages, the real social sin behind the sins of adultery, the divine necessity for forgiveness, the crime of divorce. His doctrines have led him to a variously interpreted mysticism, but he has written at least one great Russian work, "The Cossacks," and two great world-books, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina."

Born on August 28, 1828, at Yasnaya Polyana, near Tula, a descendant of Peter the Great's honored Count Piota Tolstoi, young Lyof (Leo) had the training of a noble. The university could not hold his attention, however; he broke from his studies against the earnest exhortations of his professors, and retired to the paternal estate. In those days he was sowing his wild oats. He nearly came to disgrace through an inordinate passion for gambling: the character of the ruined gamester in

his "Recollections of a Scorer" being partly autobiographic. At that time, too, Tolstoi's ideal was force. He admired all the manifestations of individual force, such as ambition, cupidity, lust, pride, wrath and vengeance. "In reality," he has confessed, "I loved only force, and when I found it without alloy of folly, I took it for truth." It was only natural, therefore, that one day he should have started for the Caucusus, where his elder brother, Nikolai, was serving as captain. Lyof Tolstoi took part in guerrilla warfare in Circassia and was shut up in Sebastopol. At the age of twenty-six he left the army, but published a record of his impressions and recollections in his "Military Sketches" (collected in 1856), which describe the siege rather than the battles of the English and French invasion. The realism of these sketches at once attracted attention. In St. Petersburg he became interested in the "mission of the men of thought." He wrote "Childhood and Youth," a study of Russian family life. He became an educationalist, and, to quote his own words, "got upon stilts to satisfy his desire for teaching."

But sickened by the immorality of the educated class, Tolstoi's mind reverted to the more natural, even if animal-like, life of the steppe. "I went forth," he has declared, "among the *bashkirs* to breathe the pure air, to drink kumis, and to lead an animal life." A similar flight from the wickedness of the city life that he makes Olenin, the hero of "The Cossacks" (1856) take at the start of that romance. Turgenieff has praised this work as "an incomparable picture of men and things in the Caucasus." The wild, almost lawless state of nature among the children of the Caucasus is not only revealed in the turbulent Marianka, with whom Olenin falls in love, and in her wooer, the daring and handsome Lukashka, but also in old Yeroshka, the giant huntsman, a regular savage who has the indelible odor of vodka, powder, and dried blood. Lukashka is killed by a vengeful foe, but Marianka cannot understand Olenin's nature and he departs without his wild Cossack bride. Not only his Caucasan memories were thus utilized, but in "War and Peace" (1860) he drew upon his recollections as an ensign and aide on Prince Gortchakof's staff in the Crimea. He chose for his canvas, however, the Napoleonic invasion of 1812. This romance is full of wonderful realistic scenes of camp life, of battle, of

military art and strategy, of great warriors from the German officers to the life-like and untheatrical Napoleon. Upon this lurid background Tolstoi placed a sociological tragedy.

Pierre Bezukhof, the typical Russian, marries the sensual beauty, Elen Kuragina, against his own reason and through mere animal lust. She proves unfaithful. He slays her lover and separates from her. Then he saves Natasha Rostof from betrayal by a rake. She learns to love him, but he does not seek a divorce. His wife's death permits a new and happier marriage. Thus Tolstoi emphasizes his doctrine that divorce is wrong. And yet in this story Bedukhof had not forgiven his wife, nor had she sought a divorce to free herself.

"Anna Karenina" (1876) became an even more tragic tale of adultery. Anna marries Aleksei Karenin, a husband utterly unfitted to her. As a result of this mismated union, she proves untrue. 'A flagrant liaison ensues with the dashing young Baron Vronsky. Aleksei is an upright man. At first full of the most bitter hate, he is at last moved to forgive her through her sufferings, her remorse, and her devoted maternal love of their little boy. Vronsky, with all his nobler traits aside from his passion for Anna, perceives in Aleksei, although he cannot understand, a greater nature than his own. But Aleksei, who had at the outset urged divorce in vain, at last refuses to consent to it. He considers that it would be a sin. Anna and Vronsky grow unhappy together; they part; and a suicide, foreshadowed on the first page, ends her sinning and misery. Despite their crime Anna and Vronsky retain a certain hold on our sympathy, but the disagreeable Aleksei really rises to the noblest level. And yet we feel that he is partly responsible for his wife's sin. This point Tolstoi sought again to emphasize in the sensational and overwrought "Kreutzer Sonata," in which the viciousness of the husband is made the cause of crime, but in which the institution of marriage itself is almost deplored, owing to its abuse. Tolstoi has been misunderstood by those who claim that he has wished to end the human race through universal celibacy. He simply preaches a purer youth and a holier marriage than is now the rule. In the wooing and honeymoon of Konstantin Levin and Katia, in "Anna Karenina," he has given an idyl of a happy marriage. In that novel Tolstoi has also emphasized his opposition to war, and has treated the social and

agricultural problems of serf-liberated Russia. His experiment of a Slavic commune, afterward to be tried on his own estate, was hinted at. His extreme doctrines of "non-resistance to evil and force," and of a socialism based on the Gospels have been revealed in "My Confession" and "My Religion."

CHILDHOOD.

On the 12th of August, 18—, the third day after my birthday, when I had attained the age of ten, and had received such wonderful presents, Karl Ivanitch woke me at seven o'clock in the morning by striking at a fly directly above my head, with a flapper made of sugar-paper and fastened to a stick. He did it so awkwardly that he entangled the image of my angel, which hung upon the oaken headboard of the bed; and the dead fly fell straight upon my head. I thrust my nose out from under the coverlet, stopped the image, which was still rocking, with my hand, flung the dead fly on the floor, and regarded Karl Ivanitch with angry although sleepy eyes. But attired in his motley wadded dressing-gown, girded with a belt of the same material, a red knitted skullcap with a tassel, and soft goatskin shoes, he pursued his course along the walls, taking aim and flapping away.

"Suppose I am little," I thought, "why should he worry me? Why doesn't he kill the flies around Volodya's bed? There are quantities of them there. No; Volodya is older than I; I am the youngest of all, and that is why he torments me. He thinks of nothing else in life," I whispered, "except how he may do unpleasant things to me. He knows well enough that he has waked me up and frightened me; but he pretends not to see it,—the hateful man! And his dressing-gown, and his cap, and his tassel—how disgusting!"

As I was thus mentally expressing my vexation with Karl Ivanitch, he approached his own bed, glanced at the watch which hung above it in a slipper embroidered with glass beads, hung his flapper on a nail, and turned toward us, evidently in the most agreeable frame of mind.

"Get up, children, get up. It's time! Your mother is already in the hall!" he cried in his kindly German voice; and then he came over to me, sat down at my feet, and pulled his

snuff-box from his pocket. I pretended to be asleep. First Karl Ivanitch took a pinch of snuff, wiped his nose, cracked his fingers, and then turned his attention to me. He began to tickle my heels, laughing the while. "Come, come, lazy-bones," he said.

Much as I dreaded tickling, I neither sprang out of bed nor made any reply, but buried my head deeper under the pillow, kicked with all my might, and used every effort to keep from laughing.

"How good he is, and how he loves us, and yet I could think so badly of him!"

I was vexed at myself and at Karl Ivanitch; I wanted to laugh and to cry; my nerves were upset.

"Oh, let me alone, Karl Ivanitch!" I cried, with tears in my eyes, thrusting my head out from beneath the pillows. Karl Ivanitch was surprised; he left my soles in peace, and began anxiously to inquire what was the matter with me: had I had a bad dream? His kind German face, the sympathy with which he storve to divine the cause of my tears, caused them to flow more abundantly. I was ashamed; and I could not understand how, a moment before, I had been unable to love Karl Ivanitch, and had thought his dressing-gown, cap, and tassel disgusting; now, on the contrary, they all seemed to me extremely pleasing, and even the tassel appeared a plain proof of his goodness. I told him I was crying because I had had a bad dream,—I thought mamma was dead, and they were carrying her away to bury her. I invented all this, for I really did not know what I had been dreaming that night; but when Karl Ivanitch, touched by my tale, began to comfort and soothe me, it seemed to me that I actually had seen that dreadful vision, and my tears flowed from another cause.

When Karl Ivanitch left me, and, sitting up in bed, I began to draw my stockings upon my little legs, my tears ceased in some measure; but gloomy thoughts of the fictitious dream did not leave me. Dyadka[1] Nikolai came in,—a small, neat little man, who was always serious, precise, and respectful, and a great friend of Karl Ivanitch. He brought our clothes and shoes; Volodya had boots, but I still had those intolerable slippers with ribbons. I was ashamed to cry

[1] Children's Valet.

before him; besides, the morning sun was shining cheerfully in at the window, and Volodya was imitating Marya Ivanovna (my sister's governess), and laughing so loudly and merrily as he stood over the wash-basin, that even grave Nikolai, with towel on shoulder, the soap in one hand and the hand-basin in the other, smiled and said:

"Enough, Vladmir Petrovitch, please wash yourself." I became quite cheerful.

"Are you nearly ready?" called Karl Ivanitch's voice from the school-room.

His voice was stern, and had no longer that kindly accent which had moved me to tears. In the school-room Karl Ivanitch was another man; he was the tutor. I dressed quickly, washed, and, with brush in hand, still smoothing my wet hair, I appeared at his call.

Karl Ivanitch, with spectacles on nose, and a book in his hand, was sitting in his usual place, between the door and the window. To the left of the door were two shelves of books: one was ours—the children's; the other was Karl Ivanitch's particular property. On ours were all sorts of books,—school-books and others; some stood upright, others were lying down. Only two big volumes of "Historie des Voyages," in red bindings, leaned in a stately way against the wall: then came long, thick, big and little books,—covers without books, and books without covers. All were piled up and pushed in when we were ordered to put the library, as Karl Ivanitch loudly called this shelf, in order before our play-hour. If the collection of books on his private shelf was not as large as ours, it was even more miscellaneous. I remember three of them,—a German pamphlet on the manuring of cabbage-gardens, without a cover; one volume of the history of the "Seven Years' War," in parchment, burned on one corner; and a complete course of Hydrostatics. Karl Ivanitch passed the greater part of his time in reading, and even injured his eyesight thereby; but he never read anything except these books and "The Northern Bee."

Among the articles which lay on Karl Ivanitch's shelf was one which recalls him to me more than all the rest. It was a circle of cardboard fixed on a wooden foot, upon which it revolved by means of pegs. Upon this circle was pasted a

picture representing caricatures of some lady and a wig-maker. Karl Ivanitch pasted very well, and had himself invented and manufactured this circle in order to protect his weak eyes from the bright light.

I seem now to see before me his long figure, in its wadded dressing-gown, and the red cap beneath which his thin gray hair is visible. He sits beside a little table, upon which stands the circle with the wig-maker, casting its shadow upon his face; in one hand he holds a book, the other rests on the arm of the chair; beside him lies his watch, with the huntsman painted on the face, his checked handkerchief, his round black snuff-box, his green spectacle-case, and the snuffers on the tray. All those lie with so much dignity and precision, each in its proper place, that one might conclude from this orderliness alone that Karl has a pure conscience and a restful spirit.

If you stole upstairs on tiptoe to the school-room, after running about downstairs in the hall as much as you pleased, behold—Karl Ivanitch was sitting alone in his arm-chair, reading some of his beloved books, with a proud, calm expression of countenance. Sometimes I found him at such times when he was not reading; his spectacles had dropped down on his big aquiline nose; his blue, half-shut eyes had a certain peculiar expression, and his lips smiled sadly. All was quiet in the room; his even breathing, and the ticking of the hunter-adorned watch, alone were audible.

He did not perceive me; and I used to stand in the door, and think: "Poor, poor old man! There are many of us; we play, we are merry; but he—he is all alone, and no one treats him kindly. He tells the truth when he says he is an orphan. And the history of his life is terrible! I remember that he related it to Nikolai; it is dreadful to be in his situation!" And it made one so sorry, that one wanted to go to him, take his hand, and say, "Dear Karl Ivanitch!" He liked to have me say that; he always petted me, and it was plain that he was touched.

On the other wall hung maps, nearly all of them torn, but skillfully repaired by the hand of Karl Ivanitch. On the third wall, in the middle of which was the door leading downstairs, hung two rulers; one was all hacked up—that was ours;

the other—a new one—was his own private ruler, and employed more for encouraging us than for ruling proper. On the other side of the door was a blackboard, upon which our grand misdeeds were designated by circles, and our small ones by crosses. To the left of the board was the corner where we put on our knees.

How well I remember that corner! I remember the grated stove-door, and the slide in it, and the noise this made when it was turned. You would kneel and kneel in that corner until your knees and back ached, and you would think, "Karl Ivanitch has forgotten me; he must be sitting quietly in his soft arm-chair, and reading his hydrostatics: and how is it with me?" And then you would begin to hint of your existence, to softly open and shut the heat-damper, or pick the plaster from the wall; but if too big a piece suddenly fell noisily to the floor, the fright alone was worse than the whole punishment. You would peep around at Karl Ivanitch; and there he sat, book in hand, as though he had not noticed anything.

In the middle of the room stood a table, covered with a ragged black oilcloth, beneath which the edge, hacked in places with penknives, was visible in many places. Around the table stood several unpainted stools, polished with long use. The last wall was occupied by three windows. This was the view which was had from them: Directly in front of the windows ran the road, every hollow, pebble and rut of which had long been familiar and dear to me; beyond the road was a close-trimmed linden alley, behind which the wattled fence was visible here and there. A field could be seen through the alley; on one side of this was a threshing-floor, on the other a forest; the guard's little cottage was visible far away in the forest. To the right, a part of the terrace could be seen, upon which the grown-up people generally sat before dinner. If you looked in that direction while Karl Ivanitch was correcting your page of dictation, you could see mamma's black hair, and some one's back, and hear faint sounds of conversation and laughter; and you would grow vexed that you could not be there, and think, "When I grow up, shall I stop learning lessons, and sit, not over conversation forever, but always with those I love?" Vexation changes to sorrow; and God

knows why and what you dream, until you hear Karl Ivanitch raging over your mistakes.

Karl Ivanitch took off his dressing-gown, put on his blue swallow-tailed coat with humps and folds upon the shoulders, arranged his necktie before the glass, and led us downstairs to say good-morning to mamma.

BOYHOOD.

Katenka was sitting beside me in the britchka, and, with her pretty head bent, was thoughtfully watching the dusty road as it flew past beneath the wheels. I gazed at her in silence, and wondered at the sad, unchildish expression which I encountered for the first time on her rosy little face.

"We shall soon be in Moscow now," said I. "What do you think it is like?"

"I do not know," she answered unwillingly.

"But what do you think? Is it bigger than Serpukhoff, or not?"

"What?"

"Oh, nothing."

But through that instinct by means of which one person divines the thoughts of another, and which serves as a guiding thread in conversation, Katenka understood that her indifference pained me; she raised her head, and turned toward me.

"Your papa has told you that we are to live with grandmamma?"

"Yes, grandmamma insists on our living with her."

"And are we all to live there?"

"Of course; we shall live upstairs in one half of the house; you will live in the other half, and papa will live in the wing; but we shall all dine together downstairs with grandmamma."

"Mamma says that your grandmother is so majestic—and cross."

"No-o! She only seems so at first. She is majestic, but not at all cross; on the contrary, she is very kind and cheerful. If you had only seen what a ball we had on her name-day!"

"Nevertheless, I am afraid of her; and besides, God knows if we shall——"

Katenka stopped suddenly, and again fell into thought.

"What is it?" I asked uneasily.

"Nothing."

"Yes, but you said, 'God knows——' "

"And you said, 'What a ball we had at grandmamma's.' "

"Yes, it's a pity that you were not there; there were ever so many guests,—forty people, music, generals, and I danced. Katenka!" I said all at once, pausing in the middle of my description, "you are not listening."

"Yes, I am; you said that you danced."

"Why are you so sad?"

"One can't be gay all the time."

"No; you have changed greatly since we returned from Moscow. Tell me truly," I added, with a look of determination, as I turned toward her, "why have you grown so strange?"

"Am I strange?" replied Katenka, with an animation which showed that my remark interested her. "I am not at all strange."

"You are not as you were formerly," I went on. "It used to be evident that we were one in everything, that you regarded us as relatives, and loved us, just as we did you, and now you have become so serious, you keep apart from us——"

"Not at all!"

"No, let me finish," I interrupted, already beginning to be conscious of a slight tickling in my nose, which preceded the tears that were always rising to my eyes, when I gave utterance to a long-repressed tender thought. "You withdraw from us; you talk only with Mimi, as if you did not want to have anything to do with us."

"Well, it's impossible to remain the same always; one must change sometime," replied Katenka, who had a habit of explaining everything by a kind of fatalistic necessity, when she did not know what to say.

I remember that once, after quarreling with Liubotchka, who had called her a *stupid little girl,* she answered, "Everybody cannot be wise; some people must be stupid." But this reply that a change was necessary sometime did not satisfy me, and I pursued my inquiries:

"Why is it necessary?"

"Why, we can't live together always," answered Katenka, reddening slightly, and staring steadily at Philip's neck. "My

mamma could live with your dead mamma, because she was her friend; but God knows whether she will get along with the countess, who is said to be so cross. Besides, we must part some day, in any case. You are rich, you have Petrovskoe; but we are poor, my mamma has nothing."

You are rich; we are poor! These words, and the ideas connected with them, seemed very strange to me. According to my notions at that period, only beggars and peasants could be poor, and this idea of poverty I could never reconcile in my imagination with pretty, graceful Katenka. It seemed to me that, since Mimi and Katenka had once lived with us, they would always do so, and share everything equally. It could not be otherwise. But now a thousand new, undefined thoughts, touching their equality of position, dawned on my brain; and I was so ashamed that we were rich that I blushed, and positively could not look Katenka in the face.

"What does it mean?" I thought, "that we are rich and they are poor? And how does that entail the necessity of a separation? Why cannot we share what we have equally?" But I understood that it was not fitting that I should speak to Katenka about this; and some practical instinct, which ran contrary to these logical deductions, already told me that she was right, and that it would be out of place to explain this idea to her.

"Are you actually going to leave us?" I said. "How shall we live apart?"

"What is to be done? It pains me, too; but if this takes place, I know what I shall do."

"You will become an actress! What nonsense!" I broke in, knowing that it had always been one of her cherished dreams to be an actress.

"No; I said that when I was very small."

"What will you do, then?"

"I will go into a convent, and live there, and go about in a black gown and a velvet hood."

Katenka began to cry.

Has it ever happened to you, reader, to perceive, all at once, at a certain period of your life, that your view of things has entirely changed, as though all the objects which you had seen hitherto had suddenly turned another, unknown side to

you? This species of moral change took place in me for the first time during our journey, from which epoch I date the beginning of my boyhood.

For the first time a distinct idea entered my head that not we, that is to say, our family, alone inhabited this world; that all interests did not revolve about us; and that there exists another life of people who have nothing in common with us, who have no idea of our existence even. No doubt, I had known all this before; but I had not known it as I knew it now. I did not acknowledge it or feel it.

A thought often passes into conviction by one familiar path, which is often entirely unexpected and apart from the paths which other souls traverse to arrive at the same conclusion. The conversation with Katenka, which affected me powerfully, and caused me to reflect upon her future position, constituted that path for me. When I looked at the villages and towns which we traversed, in every house of which lived at least one family such as ours; at the women and children who gazed after our carriages with momentary curiosity, and vanished forever from sight; at the shopkeepers and the peasants, who not only did not salute us as I was accustomed to see them do in Petrovskoe, but did not deign so much as a glance,—the question entered my mind for the first time: What could occupy them if they cared nothing for us? And from this question others arose: How and by what means do they live? how do they bring up their children? do they instruct them, or let them play? how do they punish them? and so forth.

POLISH LITERATURE

POLAND holds a unique place in the history of the world. The country long formed the borderland of Christendom, and the brave people from the time of their conversion to Catholicism were engaged in constant wars with the Pagan Lithuanians, the Mongols and Russians. The nobles filled with military enthusiasm showed a proud independence. They rejected hereditary monarchy and insisted on electing their sovereign. Early in the sixteenth century they established the "liberum veto," by which a single noble could nullify the choice of the diet. This absurd custom sapped the strength of the nation and at times led to practical anarchy. The neighboring nations, pretending to fear for the safety of their own institutions, invaded the ill-fated land and twice divided its territory among them.

Yet not until that lamented overthrow did Polish literature become known to the rest of the world. Down to the sixteenth century Latin was the only medium used by the Poles for literary purposes. When the Reformation movement reached the land, there were some signs of the rise of a native literature. But the Jesuits secured control of the schools and enabled Latin to preserve its supremacy. France and Poland, animated with a common jealousy of Germany, had much friendly intercourse, and before the eighteenth century the Polish nobility, apt in imitating foreign fashions, had made French their favorite speech. Some books were written in Polish, but the style of the more pretentious was interlarded with Latin and French phrases. After the partition of Poland the wave of Romanti-

cism swept over Europe. History had been the chief form of literature, and now Polish writers were roused to tell again in verse and romance the exploits of their ancestors. The intense national feeling found vent in unaffected language. The hope that Napoleon would prove the saviour of their down-trodden country inspired poets, such as Julian Ursin Niemcewicz (1757-1841), whose earliest work was "Historical Lyrics," celebrating the national heroes. He died an exile in Paris. The chief representative of Romanticism was Adam Mickiewicz (1798-1855), who lived for a time in St. Petersburg, afterwards visited Italy, and in 1832 settled in Paris, where he taught Slavonic in the College of France. He never ceased his poetic battle for his native land. He was a disciple of Byron, but his poems resounded with Polish lore and legends. His "Pan Tadeusz" is a stirring picture of Lithuania on the eve of Napoleon's invasion of Russia.

Julius Slowacki (1809-49) belonged to the Romantic school and for a time followed Byron and Victor Hugo, taking corsairs and adventurers for his heroes. But the revolution of 1830 stirred his national feeling, as was seen in his noble "Ode to Freedom" and the martial "Song of the Lithuanian Legion." The poet was exiled, and while in Geneva composed dramas vividly illustrating Polish history and character. His lyrical masterpiece is "In Switzerland," a lamentation for his country and his lost love. Later he became a mystic, sometimes depicting in weird allegories the woes of his nation and sometimes dreaming of her impossible resurrection.

Still greater as a poet and more in harmony with the Polish spirit was Count Sigismund Krasinski (1812-59), who was born and died in Paris. On account of his father's unpopularity, he wrote anonymously and was called "The Unknown Poet." In the drama "Iridion" he presented the struggle between Christianity and Paganism in Rome under the Cæsars. In "The Undivine Comedy" he represented the sufferings of Poland allegorically. His lyric poems treat the same theme with powerful imagination, but are melancholy and dirge-like.

Prose fiction has flourished in Poland in the nineteenth century as throughout Europe. The most prolific author in this department was Josef Ignacy Kraszewski (1812-87), who wrote about 250 novels, and altogether more than 500 works.

Though this rapidity of production may have lessened their merit, they are still widely read by his countrymen. He treated the whole history of Poland in a series of novels, after the style of Sir Walter Scott. Other novelists have acquired local and temporary fame, but no Polish writer obtained recognition in English until the works of Henryk Sienkiewics began to be translated by Jeremiah Curtain. His novels of Polish history were welcomed by discerning critics, but later his great romance, "Quo Vadis," treating of the introduction of Christianity into Imperial Rome, captivated readers of all classes. Sienkiewics practically represents Polish literature to readers of English.

HENRY SIENKIEWICZ.

THE civilized world has never been more suddenly captivated by literary genius than in the case of Sienkiewicz. In spite of native critics who sought to smother his attempts, he won the affectionate regard of his countrymen and almost at the same time the admiration of all nations. This brilliant novelist was born at Wola Okrejska, in Lithuania, in 1846, of an old noble family. He was thirty-five years of age before he entered upon the work that has made him famous. After a student's career at the University of Warsaw, he edited a journal there, and in 1872 published his first work, a humorous tale. Then he set out on almost aimless wanderings, and for some years led a kind of gipsy life. He was a Bohemian in Paris; and in 1876 he joined the Polish fraternity of expatriated artists and musicians, gathered around Madame Modjeska to form at Los Angeles, in California, a Polish commonwealth of denationalized genius. Sienkiewicz wrote letters of travel and story-sketches some of which treated American scenes. Before returning to Warsaw, he visited Africa. In 1880 he issued his first large work, "Tartar Slavery," but he soon applied himself to his great proseepic of Poland in the seventeenth century. To this period he was obliged to revert in order to exhibit the true greatness of his country and race. In that age Poland was still a powerful nation. Sienkiewicz in his wanderings had explored nearly every corner of his country. He now produced a trilogy, thoroughly Polish in sentiment and patriotism. In the background there is a deep feeling for nature, and a sadness which

seems inseparable from the Lithuanian temperament. "With Fire and Sword," the first novel of the series (published in 1884) describes the Cossack invasion of Poland in 1647-51, and ends with the siege of Zharaj. "The Deluge" (1886) opens in the year 1655, deals mainly with the Swedish invasion, and ends with the expulsion of the Swedes in 1657. "Pan Michael" (1887) the last of the series, treats of the Turkish invasion, while the epilogue narrates subsequent events down to the final triumph of Poland under John Sobieski. In all of these novels figures a unique personage, Zagloba, who has been said to combine "a great deal of Falstaff, a touch of Thersites, and a gleam of Ulysses." Sienkiewicz is said to have found the original model in the Polish settlement in California. Taken as a whole, these novels rank among the foremost historical romances of the world.

To an entirely different class belongs Sienkiewicz's next work, "Without Dogma" (1890). This is a psychological novel, and therefore appeals to a limited class. But his wider fame was not long to be deferred. "Quo Vadis" appeared in 1895, and gave a brilliant view of Nero's reign and the first struggle of Christianity in Rome. It is founded on Tacitus and other Roman historians, on the "Satiricon" of Petronius Arbiter, and the early Christian traditions. The hero, a nephew of Petronius, is converted from Paganism through his love for the pure Christian maiden Lygia, and finally suffers martyrdom in the arena with her. On the other hand the courtly Petronius, who sought, after Nero's burning of Rome, to prevent the persecution of the innocent Christians, loses favor with his imperial master and is driven to suicide. Readers of English are indebted to the learned linquist, Jeremiah Curtin, for admirable translations of the works of Sienkiewicz.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

A REMINISCENCE OF SPAIN.

It is Sunday! Great posters, affixed for a number of days to the corners of Puerta del Sol, Calle Alcala, and all streets on which there was considerable movement, announce to the city that today, "Si el tiempo lo permite" (if the weather

permits), will take place bull-fight XVI., in which Cara-Ancha Lagartijo and the renowned Frascuello are to appear as "espadas" (swords).

Well, the weather permits. There was rain in the morning; but about ten o'clock the wind broke the clouds, gathered them in heaps, and drove them away off somewhere in the direction of the Escurial. Now the wind itself has ceased; the sky as far as the eye can reach is blue, and over the Puerta del Pol a bright sun is shining—such a Madrid sun, which not only warms, not only burns, but almost bites.

Movement in the city is increasing, and on people's faces satisfaction is evident.

Two o'clock.

The square of the Puerta del Sol is emptying gradually, but crowds of people are advancing through the Calle Alcala toward the Prado. In the middle is flowing a river of carriages and vehicles. All that line of equipages is moving very slowly, for on the sidewalks there is not enough room for pedestrians, many of whom are walking along the sides of the street and close to the carriages. The police, on white horses and in showy uniforms and three-cornered hats, preserve order.

It is Sunday, that is evident, and an afternoon hour; the toilets are carefully made, the attire is holiday. It is evident also that the crowds are going to some curious spectacle. Unfortunately the throng is not at all many-colored; no national costumes are visable—neither the short coats, yellow kerchiefs *á la contrabandista,* with one end dropping down to the shoulder, nor the round Biscay hats, nor girdles, nor the Catalan knives behind the girdles.

Those things may be seen yet in the neighbourhood of Granada, Seville, and Cordova; but in Madrid, especially on holidays, the cosmopolitan frock is predominant. Only at times do you see a black mantilla pinned to a high comb, and under the mantilla eyes blacker still.

In general, faces are dark, glances quick, speech loud. Gesticulation is not so passionate as in Italy, where when a man laughs he squirms like a snake, and when he is angry he gnaws off the top of his hat; still, it is energetic and lively. Faces have well-defined features and a resolute look. It is

easy to understand that even in amusement these people retain their special and definite character.

However, they are a people who on week-days are full of sedateness, bordering on sloth, sparing of words, and collected. Sunday enlivens them, as does also the hope of seeing a bloody spectacle.

Let us cut across the Prado and enter an alley leading to the circus.

The crowd is becoming still denser. Here and there shouts are rising, the people applauding single members of the company, who are going each by himself to the circus. . . .

In the carriages are sitting the flower of Madrid society. The dresses are black, there is very black lace on the parasols, on the fans, and on the heads of ladies; black hair trimmed in forelocks, from under which are glancing eyes, as it were, of the lava of Vesuvius. Mourning colors, importance, and powder are the main traits of that society.

The faces of old and of young ladies too are covered with powder, all of them are equally frigid and pale. A great pity! Were it not for such a vile custom, their complexion would have that magnificent warm tone given by southern blood and a southern sun, and which may be admired in faces painted by Fortuni.

In the front seats of the carriages are men dressed with an elegance somewhat exaggerated; they have a constrained and too holiday air—in other words, they cannot wear fine garments with that free inattention which characterizes the higher society of France.

But the walls of the circus are outlined before us with growing distinctness. There is nothing especial in the building: an enormous pile reared expressly to give seats to some tens of thousands of people—that is the whole plan of it.

Most curious is the movement near the walls. Round about, it is black from carriages, equipages, and heads of people. Towering above this dark mass, here and there, is a horseman, a policeman, or a picador in colors as brilliant as a poppy full blown.

The throng sways, opens, closes, raises its voice; coachmen shout; still louder shout boys selling handbills. These boys squeeze themselves in at all points among footmen and horse-

men; they are on the steps of carriages and between the wheels; some climb up on the buttresses of the circus; some are on the stone columns which mark the way for the carriages. Their curly hair, their gleaming eyes, their expressive features, dark faces, and torn shirts open in the bosom, remind me of our gypsies, and of boys in Murillo's pictures. Besides programmes some of them sell whistles. Farther on, among the crowds, are fruit-venders; water-sellers with bronze kegs on their shoulders; in one place are flower dealers; in another is heard the sound of a guitar played by an old blind woman led by a little girl.

Movement, uproar, laughter; fans are fluttering everywhere as if they were wings of thousands of birds; the sun pours down white light in torrents from a spotless sky of dense blue.

Suddenly, and from all sides are heard cries of "mira, mira!" (look, look!) After a while these cries are turned into a roar of applause, which like real thunder flies from one extreme to another; now it is quiet, now it rises and extends around the whole circus.

What has happened? Surely the queen is approaching, and with her the court?

No! Near by is heard "eviva Frascuello." That is the most famous espada, who is coming for laurels and applause.

All eyes turn to him, and the whole throng of women push toward his carriage. The air is gleaming with flowers thrown by their hands to the feet of that favorite, that hero of every dream and imagining, that "pearl of Spain." They greet him the more warmly because he has just returned from a trip to Barcelona, where during the exhibition he astonished all barbarous Europe with thrusts of his sword; now he appears again in his beloved Madrid, more glorious, greater—a genuine new Cid el Campeador.

Let us push through the crowd to look at the hero. First, what a carriage, what horses! More beautiful there are not in the whole of Castile. On white satin cushions sits, or reclines, we should say, a man whose age it is difficult to determine, for his face is shaven most carefully. He is dressed in a coat of pale lily-colored satin, and knee-breeches of similar material trimmed with lace. His coat and the side seams

of his breeches are glittering and sparkling from splendid embroidery, from spangles of gold and silver shining like diamonds in the sun. The most delicate laces adorn his breast. His legs, clothed in rose-colored stockings, he holds carelessly crossed on the front seat—the very first athlete in the hippodrome at Paris might envy him those calves.

Madrid is vain of those calves—and in truth she has reason.

The great man leans with one hand on the red hilt of his Catalan blade; with the other he greets his admirers of both sexes kindly. His black hair, combed to his poll, is tied behind in a small roll, from beneath which creeps forth a short tress. That style of hair-dressing and the shaven face makes him somewhat like a woman, and he reminds one besides of some actor from one of the provinces; taken generally, his face is not distinguished by intelligence, a quality which in his career would not be a hindrance, though not needed in any way.

The crowds enter the circus, and we enter with them.

Now we are in the interior. It differs from other interiors of circuses only in size and in this—that the seats are of stone. Highest in the circle are the boxes; of these one in gold fringe and in velvet is the royal box. If no one from the court is present at the spectacle this box is occupied by the prefect of the city. Around are seated the aristocracy and high officials; opposite the royal box, on the other side of the circus, is the orchestra. Half-way up in the circus is a row of arm-chairs; stone steps form the rest of the seats. Below, around the arena, stretches a wooden paling the height of a man's shoulder. Between this paling and the first row of seats, which is raised considerably higher for the safety of the spectators, is a narrow corridor, in which the combatants take refuge, in case the bull threatens them too greatly.

One-half of the circus is buried in shadow, the other is deluged with sunlight. On every ticket, near the number of the seat, is printed "sombra" (shadow) or "sol" (sun). Evidently the tickets "sombra" cost considerably more. It is difficult to imagine how those who have "sol" tickets can endure to sit in such an atmosphere a number of hours and on those heated stone steps, with such a sun above their heads.

The places are all filled, however. Clearly the love of a bloody spectacle surpasses the fear of being roasted alive.

In northern countries the contrast between light and shadow is not so great as in Spain; in the north we find always a kind of half shade, half light, certain transition tones; here the boundary is cut off in black with a firm line without any transitions. In the illuminated half the sand seems to burn; people's faces and dresses are blazing; eyes are blinking under the excess of glare; it is simply an abyss of light, full of heat, in which everything is sparkling and gleaming excessively, every color is intensified tenfold. On the other hand, the shaded half seems cut off by some transparent curtain, woven from the darkness of night. Every man who passes from the light to the shade, makes on us the impression of a candle put out on a sudden.

At the moment when we enter, the arena is crowded with people. Before the spectacle the inhabitants of Madrid, male and female, must tread that sand on which the bloody drama is soon to be enacted. It seems to them that thus they take direct part, as it were, in the struggle. Numerous groups of men are standing, lighting their cigarettes and discoursing vivaciously concerning the merits of bulls from this herd or that one. . . .

Suddenly the shrill, and at the same time the mournful, sound of a trumpet is heard in the orchestra; the door of the stable opens with a crash, and the bull bursts into the arena, like a thunderbolt.

That is a lordly beast, with a powerful and splendid neck, a head comparatively short, horns enormous and turned forward. Our heavy breeder gives a poor idea of him; for though the Spanish bull is not the equal of ours in bulk of body, he surpasses him in strength, and, above all, in activity. At the first cast of the eye you recognize a beast reared wild in the midst of great spaces; consequently with all his strength he can move almost as swiftly as a deer. It is just this which makes him dangerous in an unheard-of degree. His forelegs are a little higher than his hind ones; this is usual with cattle of a mountain origin. In fact, the bulls of the circus are recruited especially from the herds in the Sierra Morena. Their color is for the greater part black, rarely reddish or pied. The

hair is short, and glossy as satin; only the neck is covered somewhat with longer and curly hair.

After he has burst into the arena, the bull slackens his pace toward the center, looks with bloodshot eyes to the right, to the left, but this lasts barely two seconds; he sees a group of capeadors; he lowers his head to the ground, and hurls himself on them at random.

The capeadors scatter, like a flock of sparrows at which some man has fired small-shot. Holding behind them red capes, they circle now in the arena, with a swiftness that makes the head dizzy; they are everywhere; they glitter to the right, to the left; they are in the middle of the arena, at the paling, before the eyes of the bull, in front, behind. The red capes flutter in the air, like banners torn by the wind.

The bull scatters the capeadors in every direction. With lightning-like movements he chases one—another thrusts a red cape under his very eyes. The bull leaves the first victim to run after a second, but before he can turn, some third man steps up. The bull rushes at that one! Distance between them decreases, the horns of the bull seem to touch the shoulder of the capeador; another twinkle of an eye and he will be nailed to the paling—but meanwhile the man touches the top of the paling with his hand, and vanishes as if he had dropped through the earth.

What has happened? The capeador has sprung into the passage extending between the paling and the first row of seats.

The bull chooses another man; but before he has moved from his tracks the first capeador thrusts out his head from behind the paling, like a red Indian stealing to the farm of some settler, and springs into the arena again. The bull pursues more and more stubbornly those unattainable enemies, who vanish before his very horns. At last he knows where they are hidden. He collects all his strength, anger gives him speed, and he springs like a hunting-horse over the paling, certain that he will crush his foes this time like worms.

But at that very moment they hurl themselves back to the arena with the agility of chimpanzees, and the bull runs along the empty passage, seeing no one before him.

The entire first row of spectators incline through the bar-

rier, then strike from above at the bull with canes, fans, and parasols. The public are growing excited. A bull that springs over the paling recommends himself favorably. When people in the first row applaud him with all their might, those in the upper rows clap their hands, crying, "Bravo el toro! muy bien! Bravo el toro!" (Brave the bull! Very well! Brave the bull!)

Meanwhile he comes to an open door and runs out again to the arena. On the opposite side of it two capeadors are sitting on a step extending around the foot of the paling, and are conversing without the slightest anxiety. The bull rushes on them at once. He is in the middle of the arena—and they sit on without stopping their talk; he is ten steps away—they continue sitting as if they had not seen him; he is five steps away—they are still talking. Cries of alarm are heard here and there in the circus. Before his very horns the two daring fellows spring, one to the right, the other to the left. The bull's horns strike the paling with a heavy blow. A storm of hand-clapping breaks out in the circus, and at that very moment these and other capeadors surround the bull again and provoke him with red capes.

His madness now passes into fury. He hurls himself forward, rushes, turns on his tracks; every moment his horns give a thrust, every moment it seems that no human power can wrest this or that man from death. Still the horns cut nothing but air, and the red capes are glittering on all sides; at times one of them falls to the ground, and that second the bull in his rage drives almost all of it into the sand. But that is not enough for him—he must search out some victim and reach him at all costs.

Hence, with a deep bellow and with bloodshot eyes, he starts to run forward at random, but halts on a sudden; a new sight strikes his eye—that is, a picador on horseback.

The picadors had stood hitherto on their lean horses, like statues, their lances pointing upward. The bull, occupied solely with the hated capes, had not seen them, or if he had seen them he passed them.

Almost never does it happen that the bull begins a fight with horsemen. The capes absorb his attention and rouse all his rage. It may be, moreover, that the picadors are like

his half-wild herdsmen in the Sierra Morena, whom he saw at times from a distance, and before whom he was accustomed to flee with the whole herd.

But now he has had capes enough. His fury seeks eagerly some body to pierce and on which to sate his vengeance.

For spectators who are not accustomed to this kind of play, a terrible moment is coming. Every one understands that blood must be shed soon.

The bull lowers his head and withdraws a number of paces, as if to gather impetus; the picador turns the horse a little, with his right side to the attacker, so that the horse, having his right eye bound with a cloth, shall not push back at the moment of attack. The lance with a short point is lowered in the direction of the bull; he withdraws still more. It seems to you that he will retreat altogether, and your oppressed bosom begins to breathe with more ease.

Suddenly the bull rushes forward like a rock rolling down from a mountain. In the twinkle of an eye you see the lance bent like a bow; the sharp end of it is stuck in the shoulder of the bull—and then is enacted a thing simply dreadful: the powerful head and neck of the furious beast is lost under the belly of the horse, his horns sink their whole length in the horse's intestines; and sometimes the bull lifts horse and rider, sometimes you see only the up-raised hind part of the horse, struggling convulsively in the air. The rider falls to the ground, the horse tumbles on him, and you hear the creaking of the saddle; horse, rider and saddle form one shapeless mass, which the raging bull tramples and bores with his horns.

Faces accustomed to the spectacle grow pale. In Barcelona and Madrid I have seen Englishwomen whose faces had become as pale as linen. Every one in the circus, for the first time, has the impression of a catastrophe. When the rider is seen rolled into a lump, pressed down by the weight of the saddle and the horse, and the raging beast is thrusting his horns with fury into that mass of flesh, it seems that for the man there is no salvation, and that the attendants will raise a mere bloody corpse from the sand.

But that is illusion. All that is done is in the programme of the spectacle.

Under the white leather and tinsel the rider has armor

which saves him from being crushed. He fell purposely under the horse, so that the beast should protect his body from the horns. In fact, the bull, seeing before him the fleshy mass of the horse's belly, expends on it mainly his rage. Let me add that the duration of the catastrophe is counted by seconds. The capeadors have attacked the bull from every side, and he, wishing to free himself from them, must leave his victims. He does leave them; he chases again after the capeadors. His steaming horns, stained with blood, seem again to be just touching the capeadors' shoulders. They, in escaping, lead him to the opposite side of the arena. Other men meanwhile draw from beneath the horse the picador, who is barely able to move under the weight of his armor, and throw him over the paling.

On the arena comes out the "matador" himself—that is, the espada. He is dressed like the other participants in the play, only more elaborately and richly. His coat is all gold and tinsel; costly laces adorn his breast. He may be distinguished by this too—that he comes out bareheaded always. His black hair, combed back carefully, ends on his shoulders in a small tail. In his left hand he holds a red cloth flag, in his right a long Toledo sword. The capeadors surround him as soldiers their chief, ready at all times to save him in a moment of danger, and he approaches the bull, collected, cool, but terrible and triumphant.

In all the spectators the hearts are throbbing violently, and a moment of silence sets in.

In Barcelona and Madrid I saw the four most eminent espadas in Spain, and in truth I admit that, besides their cool blood, dexterity, and training, they have a certain hypnotic power, which acts on the animal and fills him with mysterious fear. The bull simply bears himself differently before the espada from what he did before the previous participants in the play. It is not that he withdraws before him; on the contrary, he attacks him with greater insistence perhaps. But in former attacks, in addition to rage, there was evident a certain desire. He hunted, he scattered, he killed; he was as if convinced that the whole spectacle was for him, and that the question was only in this, that he should kill. Now, at sight of that cold, awful man with a sword in his hand, he

convinces himself that death is there before him, that he must perish, that on that bloody sand the ghastly deed will be accomplished in some moments. . . .

But do not imagine that the spectacle is ended with one bull. After the first comes a second, after the second a third, and so on. In Madrid six bulls perish at a representation. In Barcelona, at the time of the fair, eight were killed.

Do not think either that the public are wearied by the monotony of the fight. To begin with, the fight itself is varied with personal episodes caused by temperament, the greater or less rage of the bull, the greater or less skill of the men in their work. Secondly, the public is never annoyed at the sight of blood and death.

The "toreadors" (though in Spain no participant in the fight is called a toreador), thanks to their dexterity, rarely perish; but if that happens, the spectacle is considered as the more splendid, and the bull receives as much applause as the espada. Since, however, accidents happen to people sometimes, there is present a priest with the sacrament. That spiritual person is not among the audience, of course, but he waits in a special room, to which the wounded are borne in case of accident.

Whether in time, under the influence of civilization, bull-fights will be abandoned in Spain, it is difficult to say. The love of those fights is very deep in the nature of the Spanish people. The higher and intelligent ranks of society take part in them gladly. The defenders of these spectacles say that in substance they are nothing more than hazardous hunting, which answers to the knightly character of the nation. But hunting is an amusement, not a career; in hunting there is no audience—only actors; there are no throngs of women, half fainting from delight at the spectacle of torment and death. Finally, in hunting no one exposes his life for hire.

Were I asked if the spectacle is beautiful, I should say yes; beautiful especially in its surroundings—that sun, those shades, those thousands of fans at sight of which it seems as though a swarm of butterflies had settled on the seats of the circus; those eyes, those red moist lips. Beautiful is that incalculable quantity of warm and strong tones, that mass of colors, gold, tinsel, that inflamed sand, from which heat is

exhaling. Finally, those proofs of bold daring, and that terror hanging over the play. . . .

Of the Spaniards it may be said, that in the whole course of their history they have shown a tendency to extremes. Few people have been so merciless in warfare; none have turned a religion of love into such a gloomy and bloody worship. Finally, no other nation amuses itself by playing with death.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

By Professor T. M. Parrott, Ph. D.

AMERICAN literature may be regarded from two quite different points of view, either as a contributory stream to the great river of English literature, or as an independent organism, derived indeed from the old world, but mainly interesting because of its revelation of American life. Our estimate of American literature and the tests by which we arrive at such an estimate necessarily differ according to the point of view which we adopt. If we regard it from the first standpoint, we must apply neither the historical nor the personal test, but must compare American literature, man for man and book for book, with the authors and works of the corresponding period of English literature, Cooper with Scott, Longfellow and Poe with Browning, Tennyson, and Swinburne, the *Scarlet Letter* with *Vanity Fair, David Copperfield,* and *Adam Bede.* Such a comparison, we must frankly admit, American literature cannot sustain. Interesting and delightful as have been our contributions to the whole body of English literature, they have been, with a few exceptions, hardly of the first order of merit. A standard collection of the masterpieces of literature produced in English since the beginning of the seventeenth century would include comparatively few American works. We should outrank the other English settlements and conquests, Canada, Australia, and South Africa, but should still fall far behind the mother country. Yet, after all, this is only what is to be expected, and no American except one whose patriotism blinds his judgment would dream of making such a comparison.

There is, however, another test which we may apply to American literature and another reason for our interest and delight in it. American literature springs naturally from that of Great Britain, but almost from the beginning it has sought its themes in American life, and with the development of civilization on this continent our literature has developed in variety,

number succeeded in circumnavigating Africa. Yet while this new waterway gave access to the East, it was so interminably long as to be hardly practical.

The Travels of Marco Polo had stimulated Europeans with a desire to know more of a land which had impressed the illustrious Venetian as so remarkable and full of resources. The invention of printing led to the more general diffusion of such literature, and, take it all in all, many were pondering upon various plans which might lead to the working out of a new route thither.

Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, Italy, studied the writings of Polo and all the maps and charts then available. He was persuaded that if one should sail due west, he must come at last to the countries visited by Polo on his prolonged journey to the Orient—to Cathay (China), and Cipango (Japan). The story of his weary striving to enlist the interest of kings in his enterprise is well known,—how he wandered from court to court, vainly trying to procure funds necessary for the fitting out of an expedition. The truth was that European monarchs were concerned with matters vitally affecting their kingdoms and had scant time for men like Columbus, who appeared to his contemporaries to be almost mentally unbalanced, so intense was he in promoting his scheme.

It was Isabella of Castile who finally offered to aid Columbus, and every child in America who has had even a few years in school remembers the names of the three small vessels at last placed at his command—the Pinta, the Niña and the Santa Maria. Slight, fragile crafts they were, in the like of which no one would attempt an ocean voyage today. And yet the discovery of two unknown continents fell to the share of those who sailed in the three light barks.

To understand the disappointment, neglect and shame that overtook Columbus' later life, one must ever keep in mind the object with which he first set out—*to find a new route to the Indies,* as the East was often called. On that memorable morning when he planted the Spanish flag on the new-found land and took possession of it in the name of the king and queen of Spain, Columbus firmly believed he had touched upon the shores of the country concerning which Marco Polo

had written: Cathay, or possibly the islands which Polo had said skirted its eastern coast. Slight investigation, to be sure, did not reveal the much-desired riches, but it was quite enough to have given reality to a dream and, having taken such trophies as the region afforded, the vessels soon put about to carry the glad tidings back to Spain. High honors were accorded the great admiral upon his return, and the imaginations of Spanish adventurers were enkindled with wild fancies and extravagant hopes. The news of the great discovery was not heralded about very widely, for naturally Spain wished to keep her recently-found territory for herself.

Columbus made three later voyages. He visited some of the islands belonking to the West Indies group and coasted along South America and Central America. Because he supposed he had reached the Indies, the people found inhabiting the lands were called Indians. Thus we see that the name by which the American red man is commonly known was given him by mistake. In vain did Columbus search for the coveted wares of the Orient; in vain did he attempt to reach that portion of the country of which travellers had written. Then, dejected, reproached by the sovereigns who had made his great work possible, poor and broken-hearted, he died in 1506, never knowing what a boon he had conferred upon humanity.

For many years this mistaken idea of Columbus was kept alive. Spaniards, French and English came thither, not with the desire to learn of a strange country, but with the hope of being the first to reach the Orient and point the way to a new trade route. To be sure, the more they searched, the more they learned about the continent and at last the truth was borne in upon them that this was not Cathay. Even then the desire to get through a land which hindered their progress was paramount. We may read how the sixteenth century was filled with adventures made with the hope of finding an outlet to the land beyond. The St. Lawrence, Mississippi, Amazon, de la Plata, and many other rivers were traced with the vain purpose. Even Captain John Smith, of Virginia, thought that the little James river might be the way through the country to a western ocean.

And yet, as we read the strange story, and see how lives were wasted and fortunes spent with a mistaken purpose, it

need not seem so remarkable that it took men at least one hundred years to believe what was long thought beyond credence: that a great, unappropriated world had been brought to light. It must ever seem marvellous, when reflected upon, that civilization after civilization had been born, kingdom after kingdom had risen and fallen, and the human race, whose progress is recorded since about 4777 B. C., remained for the most part in ignorance of a great undiscovered country. There were, to be sure, people living in the new land, but they dwelt apart from the great stream of human progress.

Spain had issued forth victorious in a terrible war with the Moors—a war which had been finally waged for life or death. Having driven the Mohammedans from Christian Spain, there were many devoted Spaniards who saw another religious mission opening before them: to convert the simple people of the newly found lands to the orthodox faith. For this reason, among others, the Pope was besought to make Spain a grant of the world discovered by Columbus. Alexander VI, utterly unscrupulous about important matters, was not likely to discern that in this comparatively unimportant matter—as it was then viewed—he was acting beyond any authority he possessed, when he gave to the king of Spain, and his heirs forever, such lands as lay west of an imaginary line drawn through the Atlantic ocean.

Now Spain entered upon a wonderful chapter of her development. Only in late years has the world awakened to the tremendous part she played in the early history of America. With a courage not exceeded by men at any time, her proud-hearted subjects threw themselves into the prodigious task of exploration and discovery. While other European nations still went their ways, as though no momentous change had taken place in the world, Spanish leaders and priests were pressing through the well-nigh impenetrable forests and deserts of America, making their conquests and founding their settlements.

"She was the only European nation that did not drowse. Her mailed explorers overran Mexico and Peru, grasped their incalculable riches, and made those kingdoms inalienable parts of Spain. Cortez had conquered and was colonizing a savage country a dozen times as large as England years before the

first English-speaking expedition had ever seen the mere coast where it was to plant colonies in the New World; and Pizarro did a still greater work. Ponce de Leon had taken possession for Spain of what is now one of the States of our Union a generation before any of those regions were seen by Saxons. That first traveller in North America, Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, had walked his unparalleled way across the continent from Florida to the Gulf of California half a century before the first foot of our ancestors touched our soil. . . .

"They were Spaniards who first saw and explored the greatest gulf in the world; Spaniards who discovered the two greatest rivers; Spaniards who found the greatest ocean; Spaniards who first knew that there were two continents of America; Spaniards who first went round the world! There were Spaniards who had carved their way into the far interior of our own land, as well as of all to the south, and founded their cities a thousand miles inland long before the first Anglo-Saxon came to the Atlantic sea-board. That early Spanish spirit of *finding out* was fairly superhuman. Why, a poor Spanish lieutenant with twenty soldiers pierced an unspeakable desert and looked down upon the greatest natural wonder of America or of the world—the Grand Cañon of the Colorado—three full centuries before any 'American' eyes saw it! And so it was from Colorado to Cape Horn. Heroic, impetuous, imprudent Balboa had walked that awful walk across the Isthmus, and found the Pacific Ocean, and built on its shores the first ships that were ever made in the Americas, and sailed that unknown sea, and had been dead more than half a century before Drake and Hawkins saw it." [1]

The Spanish explored Florida, the Gulf of Mexico, found the great ocean,—called by them for some time the South Sea,—the Pacific, and crossed it. They traced the Father of Waters—the Mississippi—to its mouth, and from Florida crossed the continent to New Mexico, Arizona and California. Brazil was explored and the silver mines of Peru soon made to yield up their treasure.

The French joined in the search to the Indies. Following the St. Lawrence from its mouth, Cartier landed at the rapids, which he named Lachine (Chinese), and spent the winter at

[1] Lummis, The Spanish Pioneers, 20.

Mont Royal—Montreal. Soon after Columbus' great discovery, John and Sebastian Cabot sailed across the Atlantic from England and coasted along the shores of Newfoundland. For thus reaching the supposed "China" John Cabot was given ten pounds—about $500— and a yearly pension amounting to about $1,000.

By great injustice the new world was called America. It happened in this way: An Italian by the name of Amerigo Vespucci made several visits to the shores of Brazil. Upon his last return to Europe he wrote extensively of his voyages. He said that only three-quarters of the world had been known to the ancients and that the other fourth had now been found. A German map maker suggested that this fourth be called America, and so named Brazil on his map. In time the whole of South America was thus designated, and when it was at last understood that the two continents were connected, the whole of the new world came to be known by this name.

After the lapse of fifty years the coasts of the two continents had been quite generally visited. No permanent settlements had yet been made, and for fifty years longer the hope of finding an inside passage to China deterred men from making the most of their opportunities.

FROM A DRAWING MADE ABOUT 1450.

CHAPTER II.

THE AGE OF SETTLEMENT.

The great pioneers in America—the Spanish—were unceasing in their activities during the first two centuries after the discovery of the new world. For the first century they were almost alone here; during the second century they were still foremost. The Portuguese made some settlements in South America, but the Spanish made more, and still more numerous were their settlements in Mexico. In what is now the United States, fewer towns were founded, although the first permanent colony planted here was the one that grew up around the fort at St. Augustine—founded in 1565. Through New Mexico, Arizona, Texas and California their tremendous strength was felt and the later development of the southern Pacific slope was deeply affected by the Spanish. In 1769 the Franciscans landed near the present site of San Diego and began their tireless efforts to civilize the Indians. The final suppression of their work resulted disastrously indeed.

"That later times have reversed the situation; that Spain (largely because she was drained of her best blood by a conquest so enormous that no nation even now could give the men or the money to keep the enterprise abreast with the world's progress) has never regained her old strength, and is now a drone beside the young giant of nations that has grown, since her day, in the empire she opened—has nothing to do with the obligation of American history to give her justice for the past. Had there been no Spain four hundred years ago, there would be no United States today. It is a most fascinating story to every genuine American,—for every one worthy of the name admires heroism and loves fair-play everywhere, and is first of all interested in the truth about his own country." [1]

Spain's enormous profits from the mines of Peru soon aroused the lethargy of England. Adventurous spirits began

[1] Lummis, Spanish Pioneers in America, 90.

to intercept Spanish galleons on the seas, and, finding that their sovereign made slight inquiry as to the means by which they gained their wealth, they laid in wait for the stately ships that were returning with much treasure. The buccaneering of Hawkins, Drake and men of similar spirit, did much to stimulate a feeling of hostility between the two countries. Spain stood for a united Church; the Holy See found Spanish sovereigns among the staunchest supporters of Catholicism. England had shaken herself free from Rome, and for religious causes Spain wanted to strike a blow at the sturdy island. However, rivalry in trade has always been as potent a factor as religion in provoking a war—today it is the stronger of the two, but even in former ages its force was not to be despised. Spain laid claim to all the new world with the exception of certain districts in Brazil, settled by Portugal. Between England and Spain it was to be war to the death, and the resources of the latter were bountifully expended in preparing the Spanish Armada which was to strike at the heart of the rival country.

For many years Spain had been draining her country of its fighting strength in prosecuting wars on the continent. Recently her men of vigor had been plunging into the unknown world, and while the fact was not wholly realized by the king, Spain was ill prepared to enter upon a terrible struggle with sturdy England. When the ministers, filled with alarm for England's safety, called for soldiers, practically the whole island responded—Catholic and Protestant alike—ready to fight for native land.

Utterly defeated on the seas, both countries understood the meaning of Spain's defeat and England's victory. Henceforth Spain must hold what she could. Having attempted too much, she was doomed to lose everything. Confident of their strength, the English were now free to plant their colonies at will.

The attempts made by the English to establish colonies in Newfoundland and on the island of Roanoke failed. The early English settlements were managed by companies of merchants in London, who were looking for prompt returns for investments and did not comprehend the conditions prevailing in a remote wilderness. Those who responded to the call for

men to go out into a new country were, as a rule, those who had failed at home. Successful business men were not likely to entertain the idea of beginning in a strange land. Men who had recently served in continental wars and were now without employment; men who found themselves out of work because land in England was being thrown into large holdings for sheep pastures; sons of nobles who wished to seek their fortunes but who knew nothing of actual work—such were the men who responded to the opportunity given by companies promoting colonies in America.

In 1907 there was held in Jamestown, Virginia, an exposition commemorating the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of that little town. In 1607, on the banks of the James river, the first permanent English settlement was made in America. Men of all sorts and conditions came hither, but one tendency characterized nearly all: a strong aversion to work. Even the ones who were willing did not know how to proceed, and lack of food, bad water, fevers and dissensions worked them woe. Had it not been for Captain John Smith the whole colony might have been destroyed. As it was, in 1610 the survivors had already set sail for England when they met Lord Delaware bringing food and other necessities, and were persuaded to turn back to the homes they had just abandoned.

In time prosperity came to Virginia. There were many rivers affording water and fertile soil. Along these streams great fields of tobacco soon were planted. This commodity found a ready sale in England, and the Virginian planters became the wealthy men of the eastern sea-board. The very conditions of life explain the political organization that sprang up among them almost unnoticed. Living far apart, rivers rather than roads afforded them means of communication. Ships came up to the planter's private wharf, loaded on his tobacco for shipment to England, and gave him in exchange such articles, commodities and products as he could not procure at home. A visit between planters involved quite a journey. As a natural result, towns were few, roads poor, and the political unit became, not the township, as in New England, but the county.

In 1619 three events significant for the future transpired

in Virginia: a goodly number of maidens were brought out to become the wives of the colonists and make possible the establishment of permanent homes; the first colored slaves were brought to Jamestown and sold to the planters; and the first legislative assembly convened in the little Jamestown church to make laws for the community. To be sure, the charter of Virginia was afterwards withdrawn and the colony became a royal province, but the spirit of representation, justice and freedom had been fostered and was destined to assert itself in the future.

In 1620 the Mayflower made its memorable voyage, bringing to the cold, inhospitable shores of New England that little company of brave men and women who came hither for the purpose of worshipping as they thought right. Even little children in America today know the story of their wanderings; how, persecuted in England, they found a place of refuge in Holland, but soon realized that in course of time their nationality would there be lost. Then with a mighty effort and a staunch courage they resolutely turned their faces toward the new world, hoping to be able there to remain Englishmen and enjoy freedom of religious thought and service. Among them the faults of idleness and indolence were not found, but they landed in the month of December and were ill prepared for the intense cold, miserable shelter and scanty food. Small wonder that more than half died before spring. Their difficulties with the Indians, their trials and dangers need no recital here. Like other stories of Colony Days, they are early implanted in the minds of all American citizens.

There was no single commodity to be grown here which would bring prosperity to New England. The soil of this section had been made poor and stony by great glaciers which spread over the whole region twice, at least, in ages long passed away. The deposits that were brought down by these rivers of ice filled up the old river beds and when the ice at length subsided, new streams set to work to cut down their channels. Young rivers are generally characterized by waterfalls, and these were especially plentiful in New England. As a result of its topography, then, this region became, not a farming section, but a manufacturing district. Towns sprang up everywhere. Roads led from one to another. Each

locality possessed its own peculiar needs. Consequently the township, and not the county, became the political unit of New England.

Conditions in England accounted for the large migration westward during the latter part of the seventeenth century. Religious persecution affected in turn Catholics, Puritans, Dissenters and Quakers. Maryland was settled as a refuge for Catholics, and in 1649 the first act of religious toleration ever enacted in America was passed in this colony. William Penn founded Philadelphia—City of Brotherly Love—as a home for Quakers. Rhode Island was settled by people who were driven out of Puritan Massachusetts because they would not conform to the ideas of that sect. In the latter part of the century, political reasons were as potent as those pertaining to religion. The Stuarts were trying to give the theory of the Divine Right of kings a material reality in England. Many independent spirits found submission intolerable and migrated to other lands. Again, during the Commonwealth, the royalists did not feel safe at home, and they in turn looked across the ocean and felt that it was best to try their fortunes in the western land.

While the English were swarming to the Atlantic seaboard, other nations were not idle. As early as 1604 the French tried to plant colonies in Nova Scotia and Port Royal, but neither was successful. However, forts were established at Montreal and Quebec, and Jesuit Fathers, in company with French traders and explorers, journeyed all through the St. Lawrence basin, around the Great Lakes and down the Mississippi, founding a station near the mouth of the great river—New Orleans. From Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico they thus blocked out a highway through the continent. Conditions within France prevented a firm and aggressive policy in the new world at a time when this alone could have won lasting possessions.

The Dutch, who had become to a considerable extent the carriers for Europe on the high seas, looked eagerly toward the new world. In 1909 the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York commemorated the three hundredth anniversary since Henry Hudson had sailed up the Hudson River in his vessel, the Half-Moon, in search for a passage to China. The

Dutch, like the French, found the fur trade with the Indians profitable. There was scarcely any limit to the number of pelts to be bought for a trifling amount from the natives. Simple-minded people, the Indians were satisfied to exchange the most valuable furs for gaudy scarfs or brightly colored beads.

To encourage settlement, the Dutch trading company offered any one who would take a little colony of fifty families to the new world at his own expense, sixteen miles along the bank of a river or eight miles along both banks, the tract to reach inland almost any distance. They were given rights corresponding in some respects to those exercised by feudal lords and were called Patroons. Even with such inducements the Dutch did not come thither in very large numbers. They early came into conflict with the Swedes in Delaware and were driven out of that colony. Their settlements at Fort Orange, Albany and New Amsterdam, New York, were very prosperous. However, Charles II granted all this region to his brother, the Duke of York, who came over to take possession of it. The Dutch were too wedded to their commerce to launch upon war. War destroys trade and their interest was to build it up; consequently, in 1664 the Dutch governor surrendered the colony to the English.

The dawn of the eighteenth century found thirteen English colonies stretching along the Atlantic coast. The French were strong to the north, and there was still a struggle to be waged for the Mississippi basin. However, in that struggle the English were destined to win. Spain, foremost in early discovery, had no part in the settlement of the East. Florida, to be sure, remained a Spanish province, but it was not strong enough to make itself felt.

From this time forward, save for the rivalry with France, interest in America was to center for years in the welfare of those colonies that reached from Massachusetts to Georgia. Considered geographically, they were distinguished as the New England, Middle and Southern Colonies. Classified according to their government, some were charter, some royal, some proprietary. The colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island were governed by charters which had been granted by English sovereigns and which designated cer-

tain provisions concerning the administration of each. Local affairs were left largely in the hands of the colonists. The royal colonies were provinces governed directly by the king; New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia being of this kind. Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland were proprietary colonies and were under the immediate control of the proprietors who had received these tracts as grants from the king. The township system, as has been noted, prevailed in the north; in the south the county system, and in the Middle colonies a combination of the two grew up.

A SPANISH GALLEON.

CHAPTER III.

THE BEGINNINGS OF A NATION.

During the latter part of the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth centuries, England and France were at war with one another. Rivalries in trade and for imperial possessions were the real points of difficulty between them, although other reasons were set forth upon the various outbreaks of hostilities. This strife between the two countries invariably spread into the colonies and in America these wars became known as King William's, Queen Anne's or King George's war, according to the particular sovereign who chanced to be on the English throne at the time.

The French allied themselves with the Indians more firmly and more uniformly than did the English. For this reason war between the English colonies and the French in America meant Indian raids and massacres. The towns on the frontiers always suffered most. The Indians were semi-barbarous and, while they had been docile and kind in their attitude toward the first white explorers, the utter greed and injustice displayed by these men aroused feelings of deepest distrust and hatred on the part of the Red men. When outbreaks of war gave them confidence to fight at all, they shot out from behind trees, burned dwellings, scalped women and children, and in every particular followed the same methods by which they had always fought each other.

For these reasons the recitals of Indian raids are invariably similar. Harrowing deeds, fiendish delight in causing suffering, lack of sympathy for the helpless, characterized the attacks made upon the little English hamlets along the eastern coast during these years and the ones made later upon settlers who pressed farther west, making them more fearful than ever of the natives and more determined to drive them back, away from their settlements. We today are sufficiently removed to view the matter fairly and to realize how mistaken has been the policy pursued toward the American Indians. For that reason the government today is doing

what it can to educate and protect the survivors of this fast disappearing race; but for the most part the blunders belong to the past and must remain a dark page on our history.

The French held New France—the St. Lawrence basin and the Great Lake region—together with the Mississippi basin, which was known as Louisiana. This territory they were determined to keep. By the last of the seventeenth century the English had made a long line of settlements along the Atlantic. Whenever war broke out between the French and English colonies, the English made what effort they could to get control of the region in the vicinity of Quebec, with the hope of ultimately gaining the mouth of the St. Lawrence; and the land west of the Appalachian range,—thus to have room for expansion. Success attended now one, now the other of the two nations. Finally the French began to build a chain of forts along the eastern Mississippi valley, the better to protect their possessions. Encouraged by success, they soon laid claim to the Ohio valley, the Ohio being a mighty tributary of their great water-way. At this the people of Virginia took alarm. A Virginian company had already formed for the purpose of controlling and settling this region. The governor of the colony sent word to the French to remove their forts in this vicinity. When the request was refused, hostilities broke out between the French and English colonies.

Heretofore the wars which had occurred in America had been started in Europe. This one, often called the French and Indian war, alone originated in the New World.

It is interesting at the start to see the relative situation of the two nations in America. The English had settled at points most convenient and accessible for themselves. Clinging at first to the coast, they built up an almost continuous line of towns and villages. They had been chartered by the king and local affairs were generally managed by representative bodies within the colonies themselves. The French were not so fortunate. With utter lack of understanding concerning life in this new land, an attempt was made by the French government to manage each detail of administration from the home-country. Colonists were sent out to settle in places designated before they left France. In order to hold a vast territory, these colonists were scattered apart, wide distances inter-

vening between them. In case of war they were weak, for early forts were in the very necessity of the case simple affairs, unable to withstand serious attack. Again these Frenchmen in America had not become accustomed to meeting emergencies themselves. They were used to receiving instructions and to carrying them out. It was largely this mistaken policy of colonization that finally brought the French disappointment and loss of territory.

The English government deemed it necessary to send General Braddock with a detachment of regulars to resist the French in this last war waged against them by the colonies. George Washington, a young Virginian who had come into notice for efficient service, was chosen to assist him. In vain did Washington try to make plain the method of attack to be expected in the wilds of America. By adhering to tactics which had proved effectual in Europe, Braddock met with total defeat and was himself killed. The later movements of the war were better managed, owing to the fact that William Pitt was called to the head of English administration. The last great battle was fought at Quebec, where both French and English generals lost their lives.

Spain had been drawn into the struggle as an ally of France. When the formal treaty was signed in 1763 the French were obliged to withdraw from America, while Great Britain received New France and Louisiana, with the exception of New Orleans and vicinity, and some minor islands. Spain gave Florida up to Great Britain, while she herself was compensated by New Orleans and the region west of the Mississippi. How much this implied none understood at that time.

For some years after the conclusion of this struggle the English colonists were busy building roads, improving the means of internal communication and plying their trade. Nevertheless, while these years were prosperous, there was a growing discontent because of trade laws which greatly hampered commerce.

It must be remembered that a spirit of unity had been fostered among the English colonies by the recent war. The defeat of the French had been largely due to the colonists, who fought bravely and stubbornly. The outcome of the struggle had been highly gratifying to them and had given the first signal indication of their strength.

From this it would be possible to draw inferences that would be quite misleading. Virginia was one of the leaders through these years and no colony was ever more loyal. It was something of a cross to be forbidden to sell tobacco in any but English markets; nevertheless, the southern colonies adjusted themselves very well to this condition. Even New England, principally engaged in trade, conformed outwardly at least to the trade laws. To protect English manufacturers, the colonists were forbidden to manufacture steel, woolen goods and certain other articles for colonial or foreign trade. Sugar and molasses had to be imported from the British West Indies, or otherwise were subject to a heavy duty. Many productions of America were forbidden markets other than those of England, and all goods destined for the colonies from European ports had to be reshipped from England.

In every particular these regulations were enacted for the benefit of the mother-country; the welfare of colonial commerce was quite ignored. While bitter feeling was thus created, nothing immediately came of it, but the laws were systematically evaded. In 1764, consequently, notification was given that smuggling must cease and that special courts were to be established for punishing offenders. Furthermore, for protection against the Indians, it was purposed to send ten thousand regulars to be quartered in times of peace upon the colonies. To partly defray the expense of maintaining this army, in 1765 Parliament passed the notorious Stamp Act. This required all legal papers to bear government stamps according to the value represented by the documents, and all newspapers to be printed upon paper stamped by the government. This has been a very common method of raising an internal tax in times of special need as, for example, during our recent Spanish war, at which time not only legal papers but many drugs were required to bear a stamp, as means of raising a war fund.

The English colonies had been chartered by the king,—not by Parliament. While their foreign affairs had been managed in England, they had been accustomed to electing representatives to local assemblies for the consideration of their internal affairs. In the course of their deliberations, these legislative assemblies heard and approved of measures

involving internal taxes. Long years before, the matter of taxation without representation had been fought out in England, and representation was a right dearly loved by all Britains. Now it had not seemed possible for English colonists so far remote to have representation in the Parliament of England, but they held that their local assemblies took the place of the general Parliament, for that reason. When, therefore, the Stamp Act was read in the House of Burgesses in Virginia, Patrick Henry delivered his famous oration from which the phrase "Give me liberty or give me death!" is so often quoted. A series of resolutions were passed, denying the right of Parliament to levy internal taxes upon the American colonies. It has well been said that as copies of these resolutions and Henry's address spread through the towns along the sea-board, none who read them could ever see matters in quite the same light again. A feeling of common interest once more permeated the land—this time not against a foreign nation, but against the attitude hitherto tolerated: that the trade of the colonies existed only for the convenience and benefit of England.

When we condemn the policy of England at this time it should be kept in mind that the members of Parliament were themselves divided on this question. There were many men in England who admitted that in taking their stand the colonists were but proving themselves true Englishmen. Some of the most influential speeches in favor of representation for the colonists were made by men who never saw our shores. Again, it should be recalled that the reigning sovereign, George III, was less an Englishman than he liked to believe. His policy, not alone in this matter, but in many others, brought manifold difficulties upon his kingdom.

The Stamp Act, with its attendant experiences and demonstrations, is well remembered by all Americans. So strenuous was the opposition against it that it was soon repealed. Yet it was impossible for members of Parliament generally to immediately grasp the real issue. They felt it unreasonable for the colonists to object to contribute toward the support of soldiers furnished for their own protection, losing sight of the fact that the colonists had not asked for the soldiers, resented their presence, and felt abundantly able to protect

themselves. They thought it but right that the colonies should help to raise a needed sum of money, but failed to understand that it was the method of raising the money—not the amount—that was contested. Temporary good feeling was restored by the revocation of the Stamp Act, but this was again destroyed by the Townsend Acts of 1767. Victory here again tended to crystallize a general determination to stand together against any form of injustice or oppression. Men who had hewn their freedom out of a wilderness could not be expected to relinquish it on slight provocation. It happened to be a tax on tea that led to the final disruption. It might as well have been any other. The colonists had taken their stand on the platitude: "no taxation without representation," and it mattered not whether the tax was little or great, the commodity essential or not.

This is not a place for a rehearsal of the vicissitudes of the Revolution of 1775. All know the story of the final rupture that led to war; of the weary struggle that lasted almost beyond the strength of the colonists; of the courage born of necessity; and the ultimate recognition on the part of King George of the independence of the United States. Lexington, Bunker Hill, Valley Forge, Brandywine, Yorktown—how many stories are suggested by the mere enumeration of these names! In the trials of dark years filled with anxiety, distress and suffering, a consciousness of the great mission of a free country was borne upon the vision of a few noble, unselfish men and by it they were transformed into statesmen whose part it was to guide the infant republic. Today we give little heed to battles, and the array of soldiery on fields where differences long since were fought out is left to the student of military affairs; but it is wholesome to occasionally review the trials that have been endured, the burdens that have been borne by generous patriots in years gone by, in order that the freedom and liberty of the present time may be the better understood and appreciated. Only by a continued vigilance and loyal devotion to country can the structure raised by our forefathers be preserved.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF AN EFFICIENT GOVERNMENT.

During the years of the Revolution (1775-1781) the general government of the thirteen states was vested in a Continental Congress. The powers and functions of this body were not defined, but the exigencies of war allowed the delegates, who convened from time to time, to take such measures as they thought best for the common good. However, it would be a mistake to suppose that the administration of affairs during the war was directed in the main by the Continental Congress. Each colony sent representatives to the different Congresses which assembled (each *state,* after the Declaration of Independence); but long intervals elapsed between the convocations of these bodies, and public opinion was largely molded by individuals. Washington in reality exercised general control, as his position of Commander-in-Chief of the Army allowed him to do. When money was urgently needed and could not be supplied by the Continental Congress, Washington, Robert Morris, and others borrowed on their personal accounts.

It had been understood that some new form of government would be necessary after the independence of the states was assured. To this end a convention was assembled and the Articles of Confederation framed. The system of federal administration that these provided could not go into effect until all the states signed them. Two years elapsed before the last state gave consent. Maryland was the one to hold out longest. With good reason, she, together with certain of the smaller states, refused to come into a union until the states which in the beginning had been given "sea-to-sea" grants should cede any claim upon lands west of the Appalachian Mountains to the general government. These states were Massachusetts, Connecticut, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. So many complications had arisen concerning territories overlapping each other that any subsequent adjustment of them would have been impossible. It may be noted in this connection that this indefinite reach of country which thus became the property of the federal government, and so beneficial to all, supplied the one strong bond that held discordant states together when others failed.

We must repeatedly go back to the early situation of the English colonies in America if we would understand the problems that were involved in any union of them. Each had been settled for some particular reason, chartered by some English sovereign, or had started under the guidance of some proprietor who was the recipient of a royal grant. Maryland was founded as a refuge for Catholics; Georgia, as a home for debtors; Massachusetts was settled for the most part by men who desired religious freedom; political oppression had driven them thither. Pennsylvania had been a place of safety for Quakers; New York was founded by the Dutch. In like manner, one might recall the circumstances that led in the beginning to the peopling of the thirteen states. While in the course of one hundred and fifty years these original motives had been gradually lost from sight, still, each continued to be in many respects isolated. In time of danger the colonies had acted together. When the danger was passed, each turned again to its own concerns. Thus when the independence of the "United States" was declared, this meant little to the majority of the people. There were, to be sure, men who stood above provincial jealousies and saw far into the future. They realized that local feeling must give way to that of a national character. However, at the start such men were comparatively few.

The government provided by the Articles of Confederation was just such as might logically have been expected, past history of the states being taken into consideration. It was expressly stated that "each state retained its sovereignty, freedom and independence." A Congress composed of delegates from each state was provided, any state sending from two to seven, as it pleased. This Congress was to take measures for internal improvements, establish a postal system, etc. The regularity of trade was still left to the states; in the matter of foreign affairs Congress was to act freely, but the states must sanction its actions. Congress could advise, but not command; it could pass ordinances, but could not enforce them. It was even powerless to levy taxes for the payment of federal debts or the support of the federal government. Nine out of thirteen states had to approve of all measures before these became binding.

One who reads in detail the records of these years is appalled by the situation in which our country found itself. There was a debt of $92,000,000 that had been contracted by the Continental Congress and passed over to the new government; the states owed at least $21,000,000 more. It was impossible to pay the interest on the money, and the states would not tax their people for federal obligations. It was soon seen that Congress could only advise, and in time few heeded its counsel at all. There was always great anxiety to know what the states would do, since with them rested the ultimate decision of all matters. Trade was prostrated, having been ruined during the war. The future looked dark indeed to all who had the welfare of the young republic deeply at heart.

English troops were still quartered in America, for it was maintained, and with truth, that all the provisions of the peace treaty had not been met. One of these provisions was that those who had supported the king in the recent war, and whose property had been confiscated when they fled to Canada and other places of refuge, should be compensated by the United States for possessions thus lost. The people generally felt very bitter that this condition should have been allowed by the commissioners and had no intention of discharging such obligations.

While at home affairs were in such a precarious condition, foreign powers merely waited for the disruption of the states, hoping at that time to profit by the catastrophe.

"England, apparently, expected the weak structure presently to fall to pieces. She would not withdraw her troops from the western points because the debts of the British merchants were not paid and the property rights of the exiled Tories were not restored. Neither would she send a diplomatic representative to America, seeming to regard the Confederation as of no international importance. France, and Spain and Holland, seeing the Confederation utterly unable to repay the moneys they had loaned it, scarcely able to pay so much as the interest on its debts, alternated between anger and contempt in their treatment of it; and confidently expected to see it very soon in ruinous collapse and final disintegration. France and Spain were somewhat hopefully wonder-

ing, it was evident, what the spoils and plunder of the wreck would be, and to whom it would fall to do the plundering."[1]

By most delicate advances and tactful management, men like Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison and others, presented the idea of taking concerted action in the matter of trade and of revising the Articles of Confederation so that they might prove adequate; while the states generally approved they did not take sufficient interest to elect delegates. Finally it was agreed that a convention should be called for May, 1787. This was attended by delegates from all the states except Rhode Island—"the home of the otherwise-minded." This proved to be the famous Constitution Convention whose proceedings were kept secret until its work was finished.

Affairs had reached such a state that all seriously minded people feared for the new republic. In Massachusetts a man by the name of Shays had raised a rebellion to prevent the courts from trying suits for recovery of debts. It had required prompt action on the part of the state militia to put down this demonstration of anarchy. It looked as though certain of the states might seek the protection of European powers. For these reasons, the men who came together, carefully chosen by the various twelve states, firmly intended to do their utmost to save the union. It may well be believed that had their debates been made public at the time, no power could have brought order out of the chaos that would have followed. As it was, men from large states and small states, free states and slave states, from liberal-minded states and the more conservative, fought out their difficulties in hot debates and settled upon their compromises. In certain respects the views of Hamilton and Jefferson might be set over against one another as two extremes. Hamilton had small faith in any government which did not bear close resemblance to a monarchy; Jefferson was such an advocate of freedom and liberty that he jealously watched each movement lest it should curtail the rights of the people.

There were many public-spirited men who vigorously opposed the new constitution when drafts of it were brought home to each of the states. Patrick Henry had refused to attend the Convention because he had feared that an attempt

[1] Wilson: Hist. of the American People, v. 3, 56.

would be made to set aside the Articles of Confederation, which he, with others, had framed. Mason of Virginia, Samuel Adams of Massachusetts and Lee thought the states would be endangered by the establishment of so strong a central government. We can easily see the force of this argument. The fact was that the time had come when the question was no longer the preservation of the rights of thirteen states, but the possibility of maintaining the integrity of one government in the face of almost overpowering obstacles.

It was evident, upon close study, that no strange or unusual features had been incorporated into this new instrument of government. A chief executive, two legislative houses and federal courts were plainly necessary. The small states were placed on an equality with the large ones in the upper legislative house; the people retained their right of election. The powers of officers were clearly stated and their terms were to be short. The situation had to be relieved in some way and as speedily as possible. Delaware accepted the Constitution first and was soon followed by Pennsylvania. New York yielded last —July, 1788, and the new government went into operation. It was fortunate that Washington, who bore the confidence of the whole nation, could be at the helm for the next eight years and by his true statesmanlike qualities and strong personality give character and dignity to the United States, at home and abroad.

CHAPTER V.

THE EARLY REPUBLIC.

The republic, newly organized under a strong centralized government, had need of clear-sighted, public-spirited men. Not only was it necessary to put the new machinery for federal administration into operation, but in each state reconstruction was required to meet the provisions of the federal constitution. States had hitherto regulated their own trade, levied import and export duties, coined money, and performed many of the functions surrendered now to the United States government. Bitter opposition was encountered when the new government assumed the old Continental indebtedness, together with the various state debts. Many felt that the obligation had been incurred by a government no longer existing, and that to saddle the new republic with such a heavy load was to place it at once in jeopardy. On the other hand, there were not lacking able financiers and men with a deep sense of responsibility who saw instantly that if our nation were to gain standing abroad it must discharge every legitimate claim against it, and that if, taking advantage of a discarded form of government, such claims were dishonored, European powers would have no assurance whatever that loans they might be asked to make in the future would be paid.

A site for the capital was secured, convenient and central for the states then making up the Union. It was not possible at that time to foresee a day when men would have to journey 3,000 miles and more through that republic in order to reach the District of Columbia.

Washington was a man of dignified and courtly manners and he imparted to the presidency a certain reserve and charm that gained for it respect in an age when conditions at best were primitive in a world still new. Many of the sensible rules he laid down have never been changed, such, for example, as that the President receives calls, but does not pay them; that he extends invitations, but does not accept them; that he must be approached by foreign representatives,

not directly, but through the Department of State. Kindly and courteous to all, deeply impressed with the consciousness that he was but serving the people, none have ever borne themselves with greater fortitude and patience than Washington, the Father of our Country. He wrote: "I walk upon untrodden ground. There is scarcely an action the motive of which may not be subjected to a double interpretation. There is scarcely any part of my conduct which cannot hereafter be drawn into precedent."

As it was, Jefferson and his followers, who had caught the spirit of equality which was being over-accentuated by the French during this age of revolution, accused Washington of introducing aristocratic manners into democratic America. They criticised the justices of the Supreme Court for wearing robes. They clamored for the maintenance of all institutions, political and social, on a common level. The Teutonic peoples are not capable of going to the extremes reached occasionally by the Latin peoples. In America this expression was but a faint demonstration of that feeling which in France went to the length of declaring the title "Citizen" too distinguishing, and suggesting that "Biped" be substituted.

There was another view of the case, not to be ignored. Just as the Romans of early days were ready to kill as a traitor any who should wish a king to again rule over them, so in the United States, having withdrawn from the kingdom of England, the people generally were determined to eliminate everything suggestive of royalty. After a few years the fear died out in America because there was nothing to keep it alive.

When Washington's first term expired the country turned to him as unanimously as it had at first. However, political parties were coming to be fairly well defined. Those who approved of the administration were called Federalists. John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, Robert Morris, and others of prominence were of this party. Those who disapproved of the administration were called Anti-Federalists, or Republicans. Thomas Jefferson was their leader. James Madison and Edmund Randolph were also found among them. These men disapproved of the salaries voted by Congress for various

governmental officials; they did not believe that the United States should assume the state debts, and they disliked the "aristocratic" bearing of the President, his Secretaries and other officials.

One of the hardest problems with which Washington had to cope during his second term was that of preventing the country from taking sides in the French Revolution. As a young republic, it was natural that we should feel much sympathy with another nation which was trying to throw off the oppression of monarchical government. France had aided us somewhat in the Revolutionary war—less from a desire to help us than a hope of injuring Great Britain. It was now expected that we would be ready to repay our obligations. However, the situation of the United States was still precarious. She had won slight recognition abroad and at home her government was not yet firmly established. English troops were still stationed along the western frontier, waiting for developments. Were the United States to declare for France, war with England would be inevitable and none could foresee the issue. Our indebtedness was already too great to make it in the least prudent to embark upon such an uncertain course.

Popular feeling is always hard to withstand. Washington saw clearly that the United States must remain neutral. Even Jefferson realized this necessity. Nevertheless, when Genet landed upon our shores and enlisted popular sympathy for the French republic, prudence was cast to the winds and Jefferson, who loved the French nation, found himself carried along with the tide. These were trying days for the President. Popular sentiment condemned his attitude and he was grossly maligned. Having offered his life freely in the service of his country, he found it hard to bear the censure now heaped upon him. Jay was sent to England to make a treaty, and while he did the best he could, the result was far from satisfactory. That we should make a treaty of friendship with England at this time gave deep offense to France.

Declining to serve a third term, Washington delivered his Farewell Address and retired to his home at Mount Vernon, while John Adams became our second president. A war with France seemed inevitable, but the *coup d'état* of Napoleon reversed conditions there.

The Alien and Sedition laws, soon passed by the Federalists, who predominated in Congress, brought their party into odium. The first of these laws provided that foreigners must live here fourteen years before they could become citizens and also gave the President power to send out of the country any foreigner whom he deemed dangerous to the peace of the United States. The second law provided for the punishment of any who wrote, spoke, or printed anything that defamed the government or its officials.

An early Amendment to the Constitution had established free speech in our country, and this Sedition Act appeared to threaten it, particularly as Adams vigorously enforced the new law. Because of these two laws, the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions were passed by the legislatures of the two states. While not in themselves important, they were the first links in a long chain of statecraft, which finally endangered the whole country and led on to civil war. For that reason it will be helpful to grasp at once their significance. The Kentucky Resolutions, passed by the legislature of Kentucky, held that the Constitution of the United States was a compact whereby the various states had created a general government, conceding to it certain definite and clearly expressed powers, reserving to themselves all others, that each state, as party to this compact, had the right to judge for itself whether or not the general government usurped rights not accorded it and to declare unconstitutional powers exercised in excess of those granted. These Resolutions declared that the Alien and Sedition laws were unconstitutional, judged by this test, and hence "null and void." The Virginia Resolutions, while more delicately worded, held that in case of dangerous exercise of power by the federal government, the states had the right to interfere.

These Resolutions, together with the addition made by the Kentucky legislature in 1799 "that nullification (by the states) of all unauthorized acts done under color of the constitution is the rightful remedy," sufficiently explain the doctrine of States Rights and Nullification. The clear mind of John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, so logical in all but his first premise, was to later give additional fire and force to the argument, but immediately many saw danger ahead. They

knew the Federalist party had gone too far and were glad to have the objectionable laws forgotten.

Jefferson's administration is remembered for two events, prominent in our history. The first was the war waged against Great Britain for a free and unhampered commerce. With an unwarrantable boldness, she was impressing our seamen on the ground that "once an Englishman, always an Englishman," and was searching our vessels under the pretext of suspecting they carried contraband goods. The conditions became intolerable, and unprepared as we were for the exigencies of war, it became impossible to avoid it. Fighting on land was disastrous; in 1814 the eastern coast was blockaded and marching to Washington the British burned the Capitol and other public buildings. However, the victories of Perry and Lawrence on the seas did much to win us the respect of our adversaries. Strange to say, when peace was signed in December, 1814, nothing was said about those matters for which the nations had gone to war. Nevertheless, our commerce was no longer molested.

The second event of importance—far more significant for the future than this short war—was the purchase of Louisiana in 1803. Spain by a secret treaty had ceded Louisiana to France in 1800. In 1803 it became known that Napoleon was about to send an army thither to take possession of the Mississippi and close it to American commerce. This was not to be thought of and Monroe was sent to France to secure what territory and rights he could. Then it became known, to the surprise of all, that Napoleon, needing funds, would sell the entire territory. Although many objected to the purchase, it was finally made for $15,000,000. Inestimable advantage was thereby given to the United States. The territory was indefinite and none had any clear idea of its magnitude. Several entire states and portions of others have been blocked out of this wide-reaching land.

After the war of 1812, attention turned from the east to the west. Immediately after the Revolutionary war, migration across the mountains began. Once started it has never ceased. "To the West," the cry has been for generations. At first "the West" meant Kentucky and Tennessee, then Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Farther and farther have the streams

of humanity gone westward, until, reaching the coast at last, Alaska today lies open to those who wish to find homes in a new country. By 1821 the Union had expanded to include twenty-four states, Louisiana, Missouri and Illinois being the most western.

The "Era of Good Feeling" came in with Monroe, prosperity being the natural result of much that had gone before. In 1819, Spain, finding it impossible to hold Florida advantageously, hemmed in as it had come to be by the United States, ceded it for the sum of $5,000,000 to our government. Another matter of importance during the administration of Monroe was the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine.

It may be recalled that the Congress of Vienna attempted to set aside the ideas of liberty inculcated by the revolutionary period of 1789 and the years following. Hoping to wipe out the results of Napoleon's quickly established republics, boundaries were set back as they had been before the outbreak of disturbance and rulers restored to their thrones. Under the direction of Prince Metternich of Austria, the Holy Alliance was formed between Austria, Russia and Prussia. Whatever the objects of this alliance as published to the world, its real object was to suppress any demonstration of independence on the part of European subjects. To be sure, the original motive of the three allies was to protect themselves, but they compelled the king of Naples to withdraw a constitution he had granted his people under threatened revolution, and lent their aid willingly for similar assistance wherever it was needed. Spain now besought the Holy Alliance to assist her in rewinning certain colonies in South America which had declared themselves free and independent. Their independence had already been recognized by the United States. It would be plainly a menace to have European powers open a war so near for the purpose of recovering lost territory. More particularly, Russia was making aggressive moves in the northwestern part of North America. Thereupon Monroe issued a proclamation to the effect that the new world was no longer open to colonization by European powers, and that any attempt on the part of such powers to interfere in the affairs of republics already recognized by our government would be interpreted by the United States to be

an unfriendly act. This had an immediate effect. Spain gave up her plan for coercing her erstwhile possessions and Russia ceased to creep farther down the Pacific coast.

Throughout the eight years that Monroe served as President, and the term filled by John Quincy Adams—singularly uneventful—the growth of material prosperity and the westward expansion were most significant for the future. Five new states were admitted during Monroe's administration alone. The west was fairly teeming with activity.

"Every year the mere scale of affairs, if nothing more, was enlarged and altered, by the tidelike movement of population into the western country, the setting up of new states, the quick transfigurements of economic conditions, the incalculable shiftings and variations of a society always making and to be made. The restless, unceasing, adventurous movement of the nation made a deeper impression upon its politics than did its mere growth. The boatman's song on the long western rivers, the crack of the teamster's whip in the mountain passes, the stroke of the woodman's axe ringing out in the stillness of the forest, the sharp report of the rifle of huntsman, pioneer, and scout on the fast advancing frontier, filled the air as if with the very voices of change, and were answered by events quick with fulfillment of their prophecy."

CHAPTER VI.

FROM JACKSON TO LINCOLN.

The election of Andrew Jackson in 1828 was indicative of the change which unnoticed had gradually come about in the United States. Although not a westerner, the West liked him, feeling that he was one of the people. John Quincy Adams had been a president whom all had found difficult to approach; the West had merely tolerated him. With patriotic intentions and tireless devotion to the round of duties encumbent upon the Chief Executive, he had nevertheless impressed men as belonging to an age already passed away. Jackson was in all senses of the term a self-made man. Self-educated, he had risen into prominence and won distinction in a war with the Indians. In the Seminole war he had acted in such a high-handed way that he had embarrassed the administration and nearly brought on serious trouble with Spain. Yet everyone knew that he had acted from the best motives. His election was hailed by the people generally as a triumph. At last they had a president whom they could understand—who was one of them.

With Jackson came in the "Spoils System," rotation in office, based on the theory that to the victor belongs the spoils. It was popularly believed that the man who had secured the presidency through the instrumentality of his party and his friends was in duty bound to favor the adherents of that party and those friends by dismissing all who held federal offices and giving the positions to his supporters. Accordingly, office holders great and small were summarily turned aside and their places taken by Jackson's friends and co-workers. Until recent years this policy, so extravagant for the country, was followed. Every four years inexperienced men were given federal offices left vacant by others who had just learned the routine of the positions. Thus the government was always educating men, then dismissing them when they had learned their work so they could perform it expeditiously. President Cleveland vigorously opposed the Spoils system,

placing as many offices as possible upon the Civil Service list and allowing the office-holder to remain at his post during good behavior.

As has already been noted, the North had become a manufacturing section; the South, an agricultural region. The culture of cotton was becoming more extensive each year, while rice and tobacco were staple crops. It had been demonstrated that the colored people could thrive well in the warm, moist atmosphere of the southern states, while white laborers found the climate oppressive and often unhealthy. Consequently the South had built up on slave labor, while the North had almost entirely abolished it.

In 1828, congressmen of the North passed a new tariff bill, placing a high duty upon imports, which they wished to keep out of the country for the purpose of encouraging the manufactures of New England. This bill was strenuously fought by southerners, because it appeared to be ruinous to their section. When the bill went into effect its disastrous features were immediately apparent to the South. While cotton brought no more than before, the goods which the South had to buy in exchange cost much more. The condition seemed unbearable. Now it was that the afflicted states harked back to the theory of State Sovereignty and Nullification. South Carolina was foremost in the defense. John C. Calhoun resigned his position as Vice-President, went home and was returned to the United States Senate, there to debate the matter in the interests of his constituents who looked to him for help. Calhoun hoped to see a peaceful adjustment, but he went to the full length of his argument and showed that if one section of the country set up conditions unbearable to the other the afflicted states must seek redress. He held that the Constitution was a compact by which the states relegated certain of their functions to a federal government; that if this federal government usurped other functions, the states might nullify its exercise of power in these directions. He held that Congress had no authority to levy tariffs except for revenue, hence those levied for the fostering of home industries were unconstitutional. While the whole South shared these ideas, they are often spoken of as the Hayne or Calhoun doctrines because these men advocated them so strenuously.

Daniel Webster took the opposing side. He said that nullification on the part of a state of any act passed by Congress was nothing short of rebellion. The speeches made by Hayne, Calhoun and Webster are masterpieces of oratory, and have passed into our recorded history.

Clay came forward with a compromise, providing that the objectionable tariff should be reduced each year until 1842, and thereafter 20 per cent duty should be levied on articles which had been placed upon the dutiable list. This would not be sufficient to "protect" home industries, so the South acquiesced and harmony was again restored. Nevertheless, the theory of Nullification had been only set aside, not exploded.

Jackson opposed the idea of a national bank, so when the charter came up for renewal in 1836, he vetoed it. Instead, the deposits of the government were to be distributed among the various states. As collected, the revenue was deposited in a few favored banks which made such hazardous speculations that during the next administration the whole country was thrown into a serious panic. Plainly finance was a department in which this *man of the people* was not at home.

The great question which agitated the country from this time forward concerned the extension of slavery. To be sure, marked prosperity attended the United States after the effects of the great panic were passed. Inventions of various kinds opened the way for the utilization of the vast resources abounding in the new land. In spite of such material advancement, however, there was growing a momentous subject of contention, which, brushed aside for the time, asserted itself again and again, and finally expanded to such proportions that it overshadowed all else.

In 1619, it will be recalled, a Dutch trading vessel brought the first boat-load of Negro slaves to Virginia. They continued to be imported until the year 1808, that being the date specified in the Constitution to terminate such importation. Before the Revolutionary war the North, for the most part, had discontinued slave labor. The social and industrial order gave no such opportunity for slaves to be profitably used as was the case in the South. The Ordinance of 1789 for-

bade slavery in the Northwest Territory, but provided that fugitive slaves, taking refuge there, should be returned.

The westward migration of people from the seaboard and from the states that had grown up across the mountains, brought the subject up repeatedly. The South wanted to extend its territory; the North was gradually becoming opposed to the whole system. In 1819 there were twenty-two states in the Union—eleven free, eleven slave states. The Ohio river became the boundary between the two sections, and there were many who thought it advisable to keep the balance then existing. When Missouri applied for admission into the Union, therefore, as a slave state, violent opposition was encountered. The matter went over to the next session of Congress, whereupon Maine was ready for admission. Thus the two states came in together with the famous Compromise of 1820, which provided that slavery should not exist in the territory procured from France in 1803 north of the latitude 36° 30′, with the exception of Missouri. Thus was a sensitive problem settled for the time.

In 1833 the Antislavery Society was organized in Philadelphia. By the distribution of literature of various kinds this society did what it could to win sympathy for the slaves of the South and to create an anti-slavery sentiment. Slave owners were indignant and did all they could to prevent this society in accomplishing its ends. Violence frequently resulted, presses which printed these documents being destroyed and the mails searched for objectionable matter. The South tried in vain to have a law passed prohibiting the circulation of anti-slavery material through the mails, but succeeded in passing a bill which forbade Congress to receive petitions pertaining to slavery.

The Anti-slavery Society failed to enlist the aid of many thoughtful men who personally opposed the extension of slavery, even the very system, indeed. Such men saw that the Constitution had left the regulation of slavery to each state and believed that its abolition was not a question to be settled by Congress at all. Besides, they disliked the lawless methods of the anti-slavery men, who used any means to attain their ends.

In 1845 Texas was admitted as a state. The history of

our acquisition of this Mexican territory is more or less complicated. Many southerners had moved over the border line and settled. After Mexico declared herself free from Spain, quite a section of territory declared itself free from Mexico and formed a separate country. Those who had settled here desired to become a part of the United States and appealed to Congress for admission. To comply with this request, since Texas claimed much disputed land, was to precipitate war with Mexico. Popular feeling favored the acquirement of this territory and the war of 1848 brought a large tract of land into the possession of the country. Immediately the question arose as to whether this should be free or slave territory. Rumors of all kinds were afloat. It was said that the South would secede if it failed to gain some part of this acquisition. Finally the Compromise of 1850 settled once more the difficulties which were dividing the people. This provided that California was to be admitted as a free state, but that the remainder of the Mexican territory should be open for both free and slave settlers; that the slave trade should be abolished in the District of Columbia and a fugitive slave law should permit slave owners to recover slaves that escaped to free states.

To the surprise of all, when Congress assembled after the election of Pierce, Stephen A. Douglas brought forward a bill which provided for the formation of two territories: Kansas and Nebraska. Although both lay north of 36° 30′, Douglas intended to satisfy the South, and declared that the Missouri Compromise had been unconstitutional at the outset, and secured its repeal. Kansas was to be free or slave, according to the will of the settlers.

Now men North and South rushed in to populate the new territory. Nebraska was too far north to make slavery profitable, but Kansas might become a prosperous slave state. For some time scenes of lawlessness were enacted in this new territory, as hot-headed partisans struggled for supremacy.

Abraham Lincoln came into prominence during these years in his debates with Douglas, while both were candidates for the United States Senate. Lincoln's clear, homely sentences went straight to the hearts of the northerners. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." So well understood was

his position upon this question that when his election to the presidency was known South Carolina seceded from the Union. Six other states followed her example and the Confederacy of the South was organized. Many hold today that the South thought by thus withdrawing that she could exact better terms from the Union than if she remained within. It is said that it was still expected that a compromise might be made. Although secession had been argued about and threatened for many years, it came as a great surprise. Finally feeling ran so high that war seemed imminent. Four more states withdrew and in April of 1861 word reached the capital that an army of the Confederacy had fired upon Fort Sumter. From that day both sides realized that peace was no longer to be expected.

1775. EARLY FLAGS. 1777.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LATTER PART OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The war which had divided North and South caused tremendous loss of life and property. It has been estimated that for each day during the four years that war waged, the lives of seven hundred men were sacrificed. The federal government poured out approximately $2,500,000 for each of those fearful days—about $34,000,000,000 in all—and was left with an additional debt of $2,600,000,000. The Confederacy gave lavishly of its stores and was still left with a debt of $1,400,000,000. While the burden of debt was serious, the loss of life was more serious still. Up to 1861 the progress of civilization in America had gone steadily forward. By the elimination of a rising generation, progress received a back-set at this time, particularly as the population was soon increased by a large emigration from the more backward states of Europe. Through the seventies, eighties and nineties, Slavs, Lithuanians, Poles, etc., infiltrated into the social structure of this country in surprising numbers. "Defeated men of a defeated race," they have been called. Mentally and physically inferior, it was quite natural that their arrival just after the terrible loss of American blood should have been disastrous to continued advancement.

The first colossal task confronting the government at the close of the war was: what disposition should be made of the states which had seceded? Under what conditions were they to be received once more into the Union? Any fair and unbiased examination into the Reconstruction period must make convincingly plain the great calamity that the South received when Lincoln fell by the hand of a mad assassin. He, and he alone, was perhaps great enough to have guided the nation through the storm and stress of years characterized by intense sectional feeling. He was gifted with a generosity of heart and a delicacy of feeling seldom met. He was the leader of the entire nation—not a faction of it. Believing in the *sovereignty of the state,* the South had finally withdrawn from the Union and entered into a civil war to give reality to the theory. In

the struggle made to preserve the Union, the North had lost much, but the South had lost more. In the North, affairs had gone on to some extent apart from the war; in the South the war had been the one engrossing matter. In the North, four men out of every nine of suitable age had enlisted; in the South, nine out of every ten had gone to the front. Again, destruction of property was greatest in the South, since the war was principally waged there; and finally, the slaves who were set free had been the property of their owners. The South had lost utterly.

Realizing all this, the President set to work to bind up the wounds of a nation. With a kindliness and nobility of spirit, he discouraged the idle arguments that were put forward: Were the states of the Confederacy out of the Union, or had they, in fact, been in it throughout? Lincoln went so far as to say that the welfare of the country would be better served if a solution of such problems were not attempted. However, his broad policy did not meet the wishes of the Republican leaders. Filled with exultation, now that the strain was over, with coarser instincts and shorter vision, they wished the defeated states to suffer still greater humiliation. It is possible that Lincoln, whose words in his second inaugural address rang clear and true: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in, . . . to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves," might have won opponents to his way of thinking and restored in briefer time peace and good will among men. This Johnson, who succeeded him, was wholly unable to do.

Provisional government was set up in the southern states until new constitutions should be prepared to meet the changes that had taken place. The whole country knew that some measures must be taken immediately concerning the negroes who might become a menace to society if they remained in idleness. The southern states brought forward regulations by which the colored people should be bound out to service, with wages fixed by law. Such disposition had been common in England at an earlier time and was not of necessity oppressive. However, the North, failing quite to understand the conditions in the South, found the idea astounding. Men away from the

region involved, saw only in this movement an attempt on the part of southerners to withhold freedom from those whose sorry plight had moved the North to espouse their cause. Men of the North became imbued with the idea that with citizenship alone could the negro be protected in a country now hostile to him, and the crime of conferring the right of suffrage upon a race until now held in bondage was committed. It must be said to Johnson's credit that he violently opposed this measure but it was passed in spite of him.

While the ballot had been thus extended to a great ignorant mass of humanity, all the leaders of the South—all who were possessed of $20,000 worth of property—were for some time debarred from citizenship. While the most able, most experienced were thus disqualified, adventurers from the North hurried into the southern states and, having only personal profit at stake, did what they could to intensify the bitterness which was growing up between the franchised negro and the unfranchised southerner, meantime shaping matters so that they themselves filled all remunerative positions.

Month by month conditions became more unbearable in the South. It was useless to complain because each complaint was long misinterpreted. To be sure, there were men in the North who saw that the policy followed by Congress in regard to the South was mistaken, but they made small impression upon the sentiment of their day. The Constitution was amended by the Fifteenth Amendment, which gave the right of franchise to the negro, and no state could be received again into the Union until it recognized and conceded the same privilege.

Prevented from making use of regular methods for accomplishing their ends, southern men shortly resorted to unusual methods. In sport a band of young men had hit upon the idea of going about masked among the colored people, bent upon amusement. They found it easy to intimidate them so that they would yield to whatever was required of them. The spirit of jest soon gave way to earnestness. Here, apparently, was a means by which conditions might be made more endurable, and they made the most of it. The youths who originated the plan had styled themselves the Kuklos—meaning *the circle;* this was soon corrupted into Ku Klux, and Klan was added. Going about among the negroes in the night, on horses, masked

and wrapped in sheets, the ignorant darkies were so frightened that they obeyed injunctions to remain away from political meetings, and to cease to meddle in affairs of which they knew practically nothing. This lawless method of attaining an end worked out differently, according to the neighborhood. Prudent men did not go too far; they confined themselves to threats which they had small intention of executing. Nevertheless, as will always happen under such circumstances, the more impassioned and fearless went to the full length of the opportunity thus offered and many crimes were committed in the name of the Ku Klux Klan. Northerners who were thought to believe in the right of suffrage for the negro were treated severely whenever they came into the territory where the secret society operated. It was remarkable to see how rapidly this lawless system spread. During Grant's administration the federal government was obliged to institute a regular crusade to stamp it out.

For its failure in the policy sustained toward the South, and for many other reasons, the Republican party, which had come out of the war with great prestige, fell into disfavor. The construction of western railroads was begun shortly after the war closed, and while these roads did much to open up the country, it was found that incredible graft was involved in the matter and while Congress censured those who were shown to have been involved, they still held their seats. Finally, in 1873, a serious panic swept over the country, due largely to the imprudent loans which had been negotiated in connection with western railroad building Grant's administration was a disappointment to many—most of all, to himself. Gradually the country came into a normal condition again, and with the opening of Hayes' administration the period of Reconstruction may be said to close.

In 1867 the territory of the United States was materially increased by the purchase of Alaska from Russia. The resources of that region were little appreciated at the time, and it was commonly declared that we had purchased merely icebergs and glaciers. Even today, when the wealth of the northern land has been shown to be rich in coal deposits, minerals and fisheries, many of the possibilities of Alaska are still to be revealed.

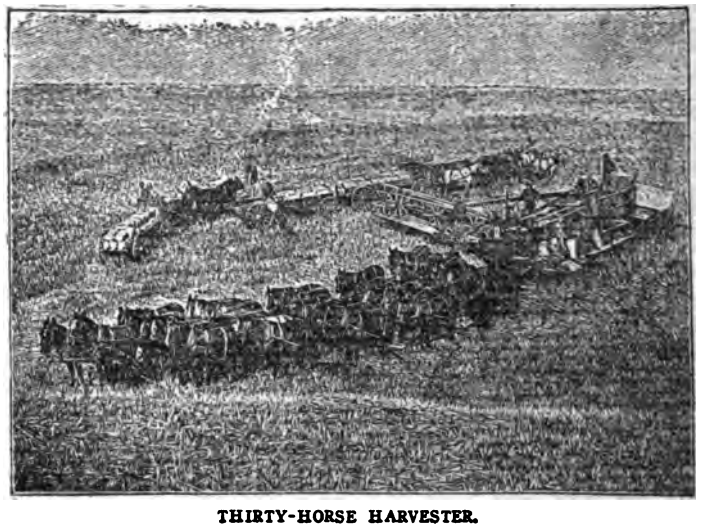
The last important encounter with the Indians occurred in 1876. Enraged by the steady advance of the white man toward their remaining tracts, Sitting Bull induced his tribesmen to make an attack upon them. The outbreak was soon quelled but General Custer and his soldiers perished, almost to a man, in one of the ambushes laid for them. Hope of victory being no longer possible, recent years have found the remnant of the Red men reconciled to their fate. While the government is doing much today to educate the young generation, disease frequently overtakes them as a result of radically changed life and makes heavy inroads upon their numbers.

We are still too near the events of the past forty years to view them in a wholly impartial way. The industrial growth of the country has been paramount, casting into secondary importance the political life of the nation. Inventions of many kinds have tended to eliminate distances; the telephone, telegraph cable, improved application of steam, and the discovery of the possibilities of electricity have transformed all enlightened lands, but especially have they wrought changes in a country so vast as this. New farm implements and machinery have given opportunity for the cultivation of wide tracts of prairies hitherto untilled; appliances for mining have led to the rapid accumulation of precious ores. Devices for facilitating manufactures have lessened the cost of production. Because the lot of the day-laborer is far better in America than in European countries, hundreds of thousands of emigrants have flocked to our shores every year. In spite of the steady influx, there is still room for all and work for those who wish it.

Only once since 1865 has the sturdy spirit for arbitrating difficulties given way before provocation for war. In 1898 a wave of hysterical feeling plunged the country into a brief war with Spain. Subsequent events showed that this war was no exception to the general statement—that modern wars have been fought for commercial purposes.

The United States celebrated its first centennial in 1876. That a century had witnessed a complete change in the relations existing between the two countries was sufficiently evident by the fact that Great Britain took a prominent part in the exposition held in Philadelphia. Many beneficial results of this first great exposition in America followed. Heretofore Amer-

icans had been too deeply engrossed in shaping a country for habitation to give special attention to the finer arts of living. Now for the first time beauty was emphasized; comparison of workmanship stimulated the people to put forth fresh efforts. Architecture which had previously been little more than an accident, became a study. From that year may be said to date a new era in the development of culture and refinement, and any particular study of American art must start from that time.



THIRTY-HORSE HARVESTER.

AMERICAN LITERATURE

COLONIAL AMERICA is divided historically into two periods. The first beginning with the settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, ends with the date of Bacon's Rebellion and King Philip's War, in 1676. In those seventy years a section of the English people snatched from country towns and busy cities made new dwellings in a primitive and dangerous wilderness, where they were home-sick and yearning to keep in touch with absent friends; or, as in the case of the Puritans, in love with their freedom, perilous as it was, and anxious to coax and win others to try the dangers of the deep and of their environment, for sweet Liberty's sake. Naturally enough, their records were, at first, in the form of letters, the daily happenings, work, perils of the colonists, with accounts of strange fauna and flora, and descriptions of that horrible man-monster, the American Indian. Yet Captain John Smith wrote a book called "The True Relation of Virginia" (1608), enlarged later into "The General History of Virginia," mostly a compilation, vigorously colored with his own personality, and containing the rude germ of the charming legend of Pocahontas. In the second period Robert Berkeley wrote a "History of Virginia," published in London in 1705, less personal, full of observation of plants, animals and Indians, but not free from prejudice. The Virginians were churchmen and royalists, a wealthy, worldly, cheerful, gaming, hunting, and often illiterate set. Still the records of that colony, whether in letter, diary, or book, bear

the impress of their surroundings, and were directly valuable in broadening and enriching the English literature of that day.

The Puritan colonies were theocracies, the mass of the people being men of the middle class, mechanics and farmers. But their leaders were clergymen, educated at the universities, who, to use the language of Mather, "felt that without a college these regions would have been mere unwatered places for the devil." Harvard College was accordingly founded in 1638, and a printing press set up in Cambridge in 1639, under the oversight of the university authorities.

The first English book issued in America was a collection of David's Psalms in metre, called "The Bay Psalm Book," and intended for singing in divine worship, public and private. Ere long new writers employed the press, mostly divines, famous and useful in their own congregations and town and time, whose themes were the vanity of life, impending doom and the immanence of sin; their names form the lists in forgotten catalogues; their books moulder in the dimness of attic libraries, or on the shelves of octaogenarian bibliophiles.

A different personality does stand out in this first Puritan period, that of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, not because of the beauty of her verse, as we judge poetry nowadays, but because of the sweet and powerful influence it exerted during a long life, and by reason of the grief of her disciples, John Norton and John Rogers, who commenced the second colonial period of Puritan literature with graceful and mournful elegies on her death.

This second period began in 1676, and ended with the early struggles of the American Revolution. It contains such names as that of Michael Wigglesworth, "the explicit and unshrinking rhymer of the Five Points of Calvinism." The Puritan religion, as developed amid the hardships of the American wilderness, became narrow, intense, and gloomy; and these poems of anguish and of the wrath of God, were read and studied with the Bible and the Shorter Catechism.

The Mather family ruled intellectually in New England for three generations, the greatest of the great name being Cotton Mather, who was born in 1663, and died in 1728. He had an enormous memory, enormous industry, and enormous vanity. He was devout in all the minutiæ of life: poking the fire, wind-

ing the clock, putting out the candle, washing his hands, and paring his nails, with appropriate religious texts and meditations. He knew Hebrew, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, and one Indian tongue. He had the largest private library in America. He wrote many books, the names of some being as follows: "Boanerges. A Short Essay to Strengthen the Impressions Produced by Earthquakes;" "The Comforts of One Walking Through the Valley of the Shadow of Death;" "Ornaments for the Daughters of Zion;" "The Peculiar Treasure of the Almighty King Opened," etc. He also compiled the most famous book produced by any American during the colonial time: "Magnalia Christi Americana; or, The Ecclesiastical History of New England, from its first planting in the year 1620 unto the year of Our Lord, 1698." It is a history of the settlement of New England, with lives of its governors, magistrates and divines; a history of Harvard College and the churches; an account of the "Wars of the Lord," narrating the troubles of the New Englanders with "the Devil, Separatists, Familists, Antinomians, Quakers, clerical imposters, and Indians." It is an ill-digested mass of personal reminiscences, social gossip, snatches of conversation, touches of description, traits of character and life, that help us to paint for ourselves some living pictures of early New England.

Jonathan Edwards, the most acute and original thinker yet born in America, was graduated at Yale College in 1720, after a marvellous boyhood of intense and rigid intellectual discipline. As a student at college and afterwards as tutor there, his researches and discoveries in science were so great that had he not preferred theology he would have made a distinguished investigator in astronomy and physics. He was the pastor of a church at Northampton until he was dismissed on account of the strictness of his discipline, then missionary to the Indians near Stockbridge, and in 1758 was called to be president of Princeton College. As a man Jonathan Edwards was simple, meek, spiritual, gentle, and disinterested; as a metaphysician he was acute, profound, and remorselessly logical; as a theologian he was the massive champion of John Calvin and all the rigors of his creed.

There were many distinguished names in the various colonies during the second period—governors, divines, lawyers, pro-

fessors, physicians, and college presidents. There were also forty-three newspapers and magazines in Philadelphia, Boston, and New York, together with the necessary and utilitarian almanac. But the only really renowned authors were Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards, and they contributed to ecclesiastical history and theology rather than to literature. Benjamin Franklin, whose literary work began in this period, became yet more distinguished in the next, and is reserved for later treatment. But colonial history, as reproduced in letters, diaries, and state and family records, and in Mather's book, has been the great storehouse from which Hawthorne, Whittier, and Longfellow drew the materials for their familiar romances, tales, or verse, and has thus formed the sturdy foundations of a purely American literature.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

No name is more indelibly impressed on the early history of Virginia than that of the adventurous Captain John Smith (1580-1631). He was a redoubtable warrior and experienced navigator, who has told his own story in such a way as to excite some doubts as to its truth. After abundance of adventures in the East of Europe, he took part in the English attempt to colonize Virginia. In exploring the country he was captured by the Indians, and, as he asserted, was saved by the intercession of Pocahontas. He was made president of the colony of Jamestown, but in 1609 was obliged to return to England, having been disabled by an explosion of gunpowder. Yet he afterwards resumed his explorations and was made Admiral of New England. Finally he settled down in his native land and wrote a number of books describing Virginia and New England, and reciting his own history. This humble successor of Sir Walter Raleigh is favorably mentioned by Fuller among the worthies of England.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S CAPTIVITY.

SMITH'S "General History of Virginia, New England and the Summer Isles" (1624), gives an account of voyages, discoveries and settlements from 1584 to 1624. Book III., which was edited by the Rev. W. Simmonds, D. D., from Smith's account, gives the following narrative. The spelling is here modernized except in proper names.

But our comedies never endured long without a tragedy; some idle exceptions being muttered against Captain Smith for not discovering the head of Chickahamania River, and being taxed by the Council [of the Virginia Company] to be too slow in so worthy an attempt. The next voyage he proceeded so far that with much labor by cutting of trees asunder he made his passage; but when his barge could pass no farther, he left her in a broad bay, out of danger of shot, commanding none should go ashore till his return: himself with two English and two savages went up higher in a canoe; but he was not long absent, but his men went ashore, whose want of government gave both occasion and opportunity to the savages to surprise one George Cassen, whom they slew, and much failed not to have cut off the boat and all the rest.

Smith, little dreaming of that accident, being got to the marshes at the river's head, twenty miles in the desert, had his two men slain (as is supposed) sleeping by the canoe, whilst himself by fowling sought them victual: who finding he was beset with two hundred savages, two of them he slew, still defending himself with the aid of a savage, his guide, whom he bound to his arm with his garters, and used him as a buckler, yet he was shot in his thigh a little, and had many arrows that stuck in his clothes, but no great hurt, till at last they took him prisoner.

When this news came to Jamestown, much was their sorrow for his loss, few expecting what ensued.

Six or seven weeks those barbarians kept him prisoner, many strange triumphs and conjurations they made of him, yet he so demeaned himself amongst them, as he not only diverted them from surprising the Fort, but procured his own liberty, and got himself and his company such estimation amongst them, that those savages admired him more than their own Quiyouckosucks.

. . . . . .

At last they brought him to Meronocomoco, where was Powhatan their Emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had been a monster; till Powhatan and his train had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire upon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe, made of rarowcun [raccoon] skins, and all the tails hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of sixteen or eighteen years, and along on each side the house, two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red: many of their heads bedecked with the white down of birds; but every one with something: and a great chain of white beads about their necks.

At his entrance before the king, all the people gave a great shout. The Queen of Appamotuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel, to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could laid hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beat out his brains, Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save him from death: whereat the Emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the King himself will make his own robes, shoes, bows, arrows, pots; plant, hunt, or do anything so well as the rest.

They say he bore a pleasant show,
But sure his heart was sad,
For who can pleasant be, and rest,
That lives in fear and dread:
And having life suspected, doth
It still suspected lead?

Two days after, Powhatan having disguised himself in the most fearfullest manner he could, caused Captain Smith to be brought forth to a great house in the woods, and there upon a mat by the fire to be left alone. Not long after from behind a

mat that divided the house, was made the most dolefullest noise he ever heard; then Powhatan more like a devil than a man, with some two hundred more as black as himself, came unto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should go to Jamestown, to send him two great guns, and a grindstone, for which he would give him the country of Capahowosick, and forever esteem him as his son Nantaquoud.

So to Jamestown, with twelve guides, Powhatan sent him. That night they quartered in the woods, he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every hour to be put to one death or other: for all their feasting. But Almighty God (by His divine providence) had mollified the hearts of those stern barbarians with compassion. The next morning betimes they came to the Fort, where Smith having used the savages with what kindness he could, he showed Rawhunt, Powhatan's trusty servant, two demi-culverins and a millstone to carry [to] Powhatan: they found them somewhat too heavy; but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with icicles, the ice and branches came so tumbling down, that the poor savages ran away half dead with fear. But at last we regained some conference with them, and gave them such toys; and sent to Powhatan, his women, and children such presents, as gave them in general full content.

NEW ENGLAND.

Rev. William Morell, an English clergyman, spent a year or two (1623) at Plymouth, and after his return wrote a Latin poem "Nova Anglia" to which he added an English version. The opening contains the following passage:

Fear not, poor Muse, 'cause first to sing her fame
That's yet scarce known, unless by map or name;
A grandchild to earth's Paradise is born,
Well limb'd, well nerv'd, fair, rich, sweet, yet forlorn.
Thou blest director, so direct my verse
That it may win her people friends' commerce.
Whilst her sweet air, rich soil, blest seas, my pen
Shall blaze, and tell the natures of her men.
New England, happy in her new, true style,
Weary of her cause she's to sad exile

Exposed by hers unworthy of her land;
Entreats with tears Great Britain to command
Her empire, and to make her know the time,
Whose act and knowledge only makes divine.
A royal work well worthy England's king,
These natives to true truth and grace to bring;
A noble work for all these noble peers,
Which guide this State in their superior spheres.
You holy Aarons, let your censers ne'er
Cease burning till these men Jehovah fear.

MRS. ANNE BRADSTREET.

AMONG the earliest and therefore most honored verse writers of New England was Mrs. Anne Bradstreet (1612-1672). She was the daughter of Governor Thomas Dudley, and her husband, Simon Bradstreet, also became Governor of Massachusetts. When her poems were printed in London in 1650, the publishers prefixed the title, "The Tenth Muse, lately sprung up in America." They were didactic and meditative, treating of the Four Elements, the Seasons of the Year, and ended with a political dialogue between Old and New England. An enlarged edition, published at Boston in 1678, was superior to the first in literary merit. Mrs. Bradstreet was the mother of eight children, whom she commemorated in these homely lines:

I had eight birds hatcht in the nest;
Four cocks there were, and hens the rest.
I nurst them up with pains and care,
Nor cost nor labor did I spare;
Till at the last they felt their wing,
Mounted the trees, and learnt to sing.

A Love-Letter to her Husband.

Phœbus, make haste, the day's too long, begone,
The silent night's the fittest time for moan,
But stay this once unto my suit give ear,
And tell my griefs in either Hemisphere:
(And if the whirling of thy wheels don't drownd
The woful accents of my doleful sound),
If in thy swift career thou canst make stay,
I crave this boon, this errand by the way:
Commend me to the man more loved than life,
Show him the sorrows of his widow'd wife,

My dumpish thoughts, my groans, my brackish tears,
My sobs, my longing hopes, my doubting fears
And if he love, how can he there abide?
My interest's more than all the world beside.
He that can tell the stars or ocean sand,
Or all the grass that in the meads do stand,
The leaves in the woods, the hail or drops of rain,
Or in a cornfield number every grain,
Or every mote that in the sunshine hops,
May count my sighs and number all my drops.
Tell him, the countless steps that thou dost trace,
That once a day thy spouse thou may'st embrace;
And when thou canst not treat by loving mouth,
Thy rays afar salute her from the south.

But for one month I see no day (poor soul),
Like those far situate under the pole,
Which day by day long wait for thy arise,
Oh, how they joy when thou dost light the skies!
O Phœbus, hadst thou but thus long from thine
Restrained the beams of thy beloved shrine,
At thy return, if so thou couldst or durst,
Behold a Chaos blacker than the first.
Tell him here's worse than a confused matter,
His little world's a fathom under water,
Nought but the fervor of his ardent beams,
Hath power to dry the torrent of these streams.
Tell him I would say more, but cannot well,
Oppresséd minds abrupted tales do tell.
Now post with double speed, mark what I say,
By all our loves conjure him not to stay.

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH.

THIS "little feeble shadow of a man" was the pastor of Meldon for about fifty years, though occasionally obliged by physical weakness to suspend preaching. He died in 1705, aged seventy-four. His poem "The Day of Doom," describing the last judgment, remains a monument of the severest Puritanical theology. Another of his poems "Meat out of the Eater," is a series of meditations on afflictions as useful to Christians. The following verses are given as an appendix to the former poem.

A SONG OF EMPTINESS.—VANITY OF VANITIES.

VAIN, frail, short-lived, and miserable man,
  Learn what thou art, when thy estate is best,
A restless wave o' th' troubled ocean,
  A dream, a lifeless picture finely dressed.

A wind, a flower, a vapor and a bubble,
  A wheel that stands not still, a trembling reed,
A trolling stone, dry dust, light chaff and stuff,
  A shadow of something, but truly nought indeed.

Learn what deceitful toys, and empty things,
  This world and all its best enjoyments be:
Out of the earth no true contentment springs,
  But all things here are vexing vanity.

For what is beauty but a fading flower,
  Or what is pleasure but the devil's bait,
Whereby he catcheth whom he would devour,
  And multitudes of souls doth ruinate?

And what are friends, but mortal men as we,
  Whom death from us may quickly separate?
Or else their hearts may quite estranged be,
  And all their love be turned into hate.

And what are riches, to be doated on?
  Uncertain, fickle, and ensnaring things;
They draw men's souls into perdition,
  And when most needed, take them to their wings.

Ah, foolish man! that sets his heart upon
  Such empty shadows, such wild fowl as these,
That being gotten will be quickly gone,
  And whilst they stay increase but his disease.

COTTON MATHER.

No family was more prominent in the ecclesiastical history of New England than that of the Mathers. The non-conformist minister, Richard Mather, emigrated to Massachusetts in 1635. His son, Increase Mather, for a time resided in England, but returned to America and was made pastor of the North Church, Boston. He was also president of Harvard College and obtained from William III. a new charter for the colony. Still more famous was his son Cotton Mather (1663-1728), noted for his learning, industry and piety, yet full of vanity. His fluency in writing was shown in the production of nearly four hundred books. But his fatal delusion about witchcraft has affixed an indelible stigma on his name. He had written "Memorable Providences relating to Witchcraft"

in 1685, and when the mania broke out in Salem in 1692 he eagerly promoted the agitation, and wrote his "Wonders of the Invisible World," which was controverted by Robert Calef's "More Wonders of the Invisible World," published in London in 1700. When the witch-hunting epidemic had passed away, it was found that Mather's reputation had suffered. He was unable to obtain the object of his ambition, the presidency of Harvard. His chief work, the ecclesiastical history of New England, which he called "Magnalia Christi Americana" ("The Great Doings of Christ in America"), is a crude undigested mass of materials rather than a history, for he had no sense of proportion. Franklin commended his "Essays to do Good." Mather was the first American to be elected a member of the Royal Society of London.

THE LIFE OF MR. RALPH PARTRIDGE.

(From the "Magnalia.")

WHEN David was driven from his friends into the wilderness, he made this pathetical representation of his condition, " 'Twas as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains." Among the many worthy persons who were persecuted into an American wilderness for their fidelity to the ecclesiastical kingdom of our true David, there was one that bore the name as well as the state of a hunted partridge. What befel him, was, as Bede saith of what was done by Fælix, *Juxta nominis sui sacramentum* [according to the sacred obligation of his name.]

This was Mr. Ralph Partridge, who for no fault but the delicacy of his good spirit, being distressed by the ecclesiastical setters, had no defence, neither of beak nor claw, but a flight over the ocean.

The place where he took covert was the colony of Plymouth, and the town of Duxbury in that colony.

This Partridge had not only the innocency of the dove, conspicuous in his blameless and pious life, which made him very acceptable in his conversation, but also the loftiness of an eagle, in the great soar of his intellectual abilities. There are some interpreters who, understanding church officers by the living creatures in the fourth chapter of the Apocalypse,

will have the teacher to be intended by the eagle there, for his quick insight into remote and hidden things. The church of Duxbury had such an eagle in their Partridge, when they enjoyed such a teacher.

By the same token, when the Platform of Church Discipline was to be composed, the Synod at Cambridge appointed three persons to draw up each of them, "a model of church-government, according to the word of God," unto the end that out of those the synod might form what should be found most agreeable; which three persons were Mr. Cotton and Mr. Mather and Mr. Partridge. So that, in the opinion of that reverend assembly, this person did not come far behind the first two for some of his accomplishments.

After he had been forty years a faithful and painful preacher of the gospel, rarely, if ever, in all that while interrupted in his work by any bodily sickness, he died in a good old age, about the year 1658.

There was one singular instance of a weaned spirit, whereby he signalized himself unto the churches of God. That was this: there was a time when most of the ministers in the colony of Plymouth left the colony, upon the discouragement which the want of a competent maintenance among the needy and froward inhabitants gave unto them. Nevertheless Mr. Partridge was, notwithstanding the paucity and the poverty of his congregation, so afraid of being anything that looked like a bird wandering from his nest, that he remained with his poor people till he took wing to become a bird of paradise, along with the winged seraphim of heaven.

On the Death of His Son.

(The motto inscribed on his gravestone, "Reserved for a glorious Resurrection.")

The exhortation of the Lord
With consolation speaks to us,
As to his children, his good word
We must remember, speaking thus:

My child, when God shall chasten thee,
His chastening do thou not contemn:
When thou his just rebukes dost see,
Faint not rebuked under them.

The Lord with fit afflictions will
  Correct the children of his love;
He doth himself their father still
  By his most wise corrections prove.

Afflictions for the present here
  The vexed flesh will grievous call,
But afterwards there will appear,
  Not grief, but peace, the end of all.

BISHOP GEORGE BERKELEY.

AMERICA is indebted to Bishop Berkeley (1684-1753), not only for his gracious prophecy of her future importance, but for what he tried to do to bring about its fulfillment, though his residence in America did not last three years. George Berkeley, born near Kilkenny, Ireland, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, early manifested a strong predilection for metaphysical speculation. His opposition to philosophic materialism led him to use arguments so subtle that he was popularly supposed to deny the existence of matter. But his aim was rather to establish the doctrine that a continual exercise of creative power is implied in the world presented to the senses. His views were set forth in a "Treatise on the Principles of Human Knowledge" (1710), and in "Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous" (1713). After publishing these works Berkeley went to London, where he enjoyed the society of the wits who gave literary fame to the reign of Queen Anne. Then he spent some years in travel on the Continent. After his return to Ireland he was made Dean of Derry, and married the daughter of the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. Having received a bequest of nearly £4000 from Miss Vanhomrigh, Dean Swift's "Vanessa," he offered to devote his talents and fortune to the promotion of education in America. Relying on the promises of the king and his ministers, he crossed the ocean to found a college at Newport, Rhode Island. During his residence here he meditated and composed his "Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher," a dialogue in defence of religion. Receiving no parliamentary grant, he was obliged to return, but transferred the library of 880 volumes he had brought for his own use to Yale College,

where they had the startling effect of converting the president to Episcopacy. Berkeley was made Bishop of Cloyne in 1734, and held this position for nearly twenty years. Being subject to fits of melancholia, he had recourse to the use of tar water. This led to his writing "Siris, a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar Water." He died at Oxford, where he had removed six months before in order to be near his son. This learned and liberal Irish clergyman was most warmly praised by his contemporaries, even the satirist Pope ascribing to him "every virtue under heaven."

AMERICA.

(On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America, A. D. 1732.)

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
  Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
  Producing subjects worthy fame.

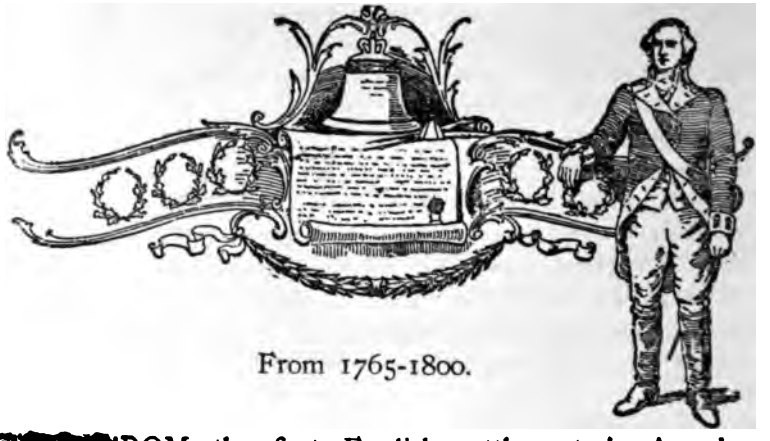
In happy climes, where from the genial sun
  And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
  And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
  Where nature guides and virtue rules;
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
  The pedantry of courts and schools,

There shall be sung another golden age,
  The rise of empires and of arts,
The good and great, inspiring epic rage,
  The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay,
  Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
  By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
  The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
  Time's noblest offspring is the last.



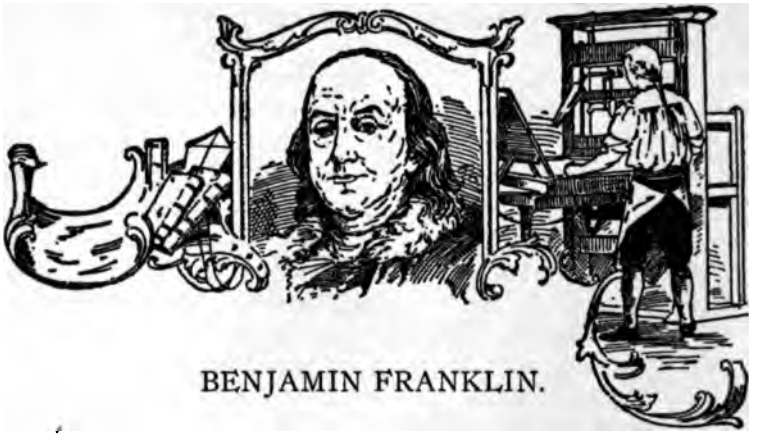
From 1765-1800.

FROM the first English settlement in America, problems of government had occupied the colonists. In the cabin of the *Mayflower* the Pilgrim Fathers formed themselves into a body politic by a solemn compact. In several of the colonies constitutions were framed, which afterwards served as models for those of the States and of the Federal Government. In their town meetings, provisional assemblies and legislatures the people and their representatives discussed the fundamental principles of government. These earnest Christians found in the Bible directions for public affairs as well as for private conduct, and gladly adopted the Laws of Moses as far as they seemed applicable. In New England the people sympathized with the Parliament in its resistance to the arbitrary exercise of power by the Stuart kings. The same struggle was repeated on a smaller scale in the colonies when the assemblies sought to curb the royal and proprietary governors.

When George III. and his subservient Parliament sought to shift part of the burdens of the mother country on the colonies, now showing some degree of prosperity, they were amazed at the steadfast resistance of the Americans, who had become accustomed to regulate their public affairs. The colonies had been drawn closer together during the war with the French and Indians, and now made common cause against British injustice. Political discussion took the place that had once been occupied by theological controversy. Liberty and Union were the favorite themes of speakers and writers.

They produced the brilliant oratory of Patrick Henry, the state papers of Jefferson and Dickinson, and the elaborate defense of the new constitution by Hamilton and Madison. Most of these writings, admirable as they are in style and valuable as historical documents, lie outside of the domain of literature proper. But the progress of the Revolution was enlivened by satires and burlesques, and diversified by occasional poems. The careful student will note that the literary attempts of America closely corresponded to the style then prevailing in England, despite some attempts to give a native smack in words or facts.

Though Benjamin Franklin was a conspicuous actor in the public events of this period, his literary activity belonged rather to the earlier colonial time, yet his interesting "Autobiography" and his witty letters were written during his residence in France. Of the outburst of oratory which preceded the Revolution much has perished. Even the speeches on which rest the fame of James Otis and Patrick Henry and John Adams, were reconstructed by later writers from vague traditions. The "Pennsylvania Farmer's Letters," by John Dickinson, and the stirring pamphlet, "The Crisis," by Thomas Paine, stimulated the patriotism of the colonists. The satires of John Trumbull and the ballads of Francis Hopkinson gave zest to the Whigs and threw contempt on the Tories. The best poet of the period was the fluent Philip Freneau, who wrote odes, hymns, satires and ballads. Most of these writers continued to use the press after the national independence was acknowledged and the Federal government fully established. The *Federalist* was a series of essays by Hamilton, Madison and Jay, intended to explain and commend the proposed constitution to the people of New York for ratification. So ably were they written that they have since maintained their place as a valuable exposition of the aims and intentions of the founders of the Republic.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE public career and private life of Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790) are familiar throughout Europe as well as America. The early part is charmingly recorded with characteristic frankness in his entertaining "Autobiography," and later writers have taken pleasure in narrating the whole fully in various biographies. This work is concerned not with his honorable achievements as statesman and diplomatist, nor with his public-spirited activity as a citizen, nor with his discoveries in science and their practical applications to human convenience, but with his modest contributions to literature.

Benjamin Franklin, the youngest son in the large family of a Boston tallow-chandler, read every book he could lay his hands on, using for that purpose his infrequent leisure, and even his time of sleep. Early employed in his brother's printing-office, he began to write for the press. Subsequently, in Philadelphia, in his own paper, *The Pennsylvania Gazette,* he wrote articles month after month and year after year, notable for their clear and sprightly style, and their sentiments of liberality and good will. One of his jocular efforts is the "Drinker's Dictionary," a catalogue of slang words expressive of intoxication, of which some sound strangely modern and familiar, as *rocky, jag,* and the like.

In December, 1732, appeared the first issue of "The Pennsylvania Almanac, by Richard Saunders," afterwards known as "Poor Richard." It was full of humor, from the announcing advertisement, the exquisite fooling of the annual preface, the statements of eclipses and forecasts of the weather, to the verses and proverbs, inculcating industry and economy.

Some of the wisdom of "Poor Richard" is borrowed from Bacon, Rochefoucauld, and others; but most of it is the expression of Franklin's own shrewd, homely sense reduced to saws. For twenty-five years the annual sale of "Poor Richard" was not less than ten thousand copies. It was quoted all over the colonies, reprinted in England, and translated into French, Spanish, and even into modern Greek.

In 1741 Franklin founded the first literary periodical in America. It was called *The General Magazine and Historical Chronicle for all the British Provinces in America.* It lasted but six months, and is interesting only as marking a new development in this country.

When Franklin went to England in 1757 as agent for the colony, he made use of the press as before, and often wrote under an assumed name. An essay of his, published in the *Annual Register,* London, in 1760, and entitled, "Extract from a Piece written in Pennsylvania," gave Adam Smith arguments which he reproduced in his "Wealth of Nations." So likewise an important pamphlet, entitled, "The Interests of Great Britain Considered with regard to her Colonies and the Acquisition of Canada and Guadaloupe," had considerable influence on the policy of England, and helped to secure for that country the possession of Canada.

Franklin was deeply outraged by the fact that the English officers employed savages during the progress of the Revolutionary War, and while in Paris, in order to bring the horrors of Indian warfare home to the minds of the rulers of England he published what purported to be the supplement of a Boston newspaper, with all Defoe's minuteness of statement. This "Extract of a letter from Captain Gerrish of the New England Militia" contained an account of eight packs of scalps, taken from the inhabitants of the frontier colonies, "cured, dried, hooped, and painted, with all the Indian triumphal marks," and sent as a present to the Governor of Canada, to be by him transmitted to England. This hoax was widely scattered, and was soon quoted as a description of facts.

While in Paris, too, Franklin wrote to Madame Brillon his well known story of "Paying too dear for the Whistle," and the trifles—"Ephemera," "The Petition of the Left Hand," "The Handsome and Deformed Leg," "Morals of Chess," and

the "Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout;" together with the celebrated "Letter to Madame Helvetius."

Franklin corresponded with the most learned men of his day, and all of his scientific discoveries were communicated in letters. These have been collected and published, together with his short, frank, and extremely interesting "Autobiography." When he left his father's home, he abandoned Puritanism in creed and conduct. He accepted the free-thinking tone then popular in England as well as France, yet he easily accommodated himself to the conventionalities of the society in which he lived.

Franklin's passion was a love of the useful. He brought to every subject—the homely business of the day, a scientific theory, or the tragic severance of a nation from its mother country—that clear sense which, stripping every proposition of disguising entanglements, revealed the naked ultimate for all to see and pass judgment upon. He had a luminous personality and a humorous tongue. Much of his power arose from an unfailing courtesy which chose to persuade rather than dominate.

Franklin's name was signed to four of the most important documents of American history—the Declaration of Independence, the Treaty of Alliance with France, the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain, the Federal Constitution.

For fifty years, on two Continents, social, scientific and political thought felt the impact of his shrewd and tolerant spirit. Count Mirabeau announced Franklin's death to the French nation in the following significant words: "The genius which has freed America and poured a flood of light over Europe, has returned to the bosom of Divinity."

Poor Richard's Almanac.

(From his "Autobiography.")

In 1732 [at the age of twenty-seven] I first published my *Almanac,* under the name of "Richard Saunders." It was continued by me about twenty-five years, and commonly called *Poor Richard's Almanac.* I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful; and it accordingly came to be in such demand that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending

annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read—scarce any neighborhood in the Province being without it—I considered it a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books. I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the Calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to always act honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, "It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright."

These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse prefixed to the *Almanac* of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing of all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece being universally approved was copied in all the newspapers of the American continent, reprinted in Britain on a large sheet of paper to be stuck up in houses. Two translations were made of it in France; and great numbers of it were bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable several years after its publication.

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

(From "Poor Richard's Almanac.")

COURTEOUS reader, I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks;—"Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite

ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for *A word to the wise is enough,* as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us harken to good advice, and something may be done for us; *God helps them that help themselves,* as Poor Richard says.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright,* as Poor Richard says. *But dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of,* as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that *The sleeping fox catches no poultry,* and that *There will be sleeping enough in the grave,* as Poor Richard says.

"*If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be,* as Poor Richard says, *the greatest prodigality;* since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough.* Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity.

"But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled and careful, and oversee our own affairs, with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, *Three removes are as bad as a fire;* and again, *Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;* and again, *If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.*

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's

own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. *A fat kitchen makes a lean will.*

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families.

"And further, *What maintains one vice would bring up two children.* You may think, perhaps, that a little tea or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, *Many a little makes a mickle.* Beware of little expenses: *A small leak will sink a great ship,* as Poor Richard says; and again, *Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;* and moreover, *Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.*

"Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knickknacks. You call them *goods;* but, if you do not take care, they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: *Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.* And again, *At a great pennyworth pause a while.* He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.* Again, *It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;* and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanac. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly and half-starved their families. *Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,* as Poor Richard says.

"But what madness must it be to *run in debt* for these superfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when

you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses; and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for *The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,* as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, *Lying rides upon Debt's back;* whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. *It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.*

"What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in jail till you shall be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may perhaps think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, *Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.* The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. *Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter.* At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but,

> *For age and want save while you may;*
> *No morning sun lasts a whole day.*

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and *It is easier to build two chimneys, than to keep one in fuel,* as Poor Richard says; so, *Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.*

"This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. I resolved to be the better for it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

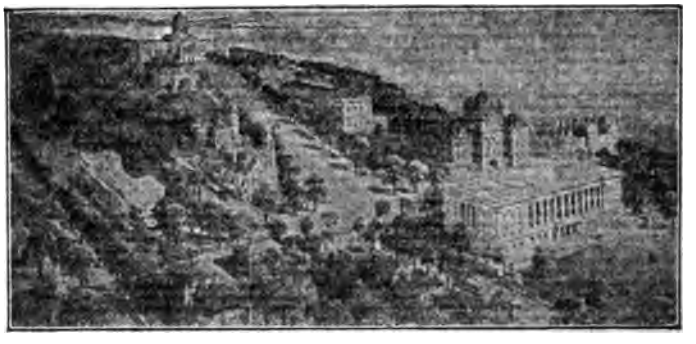
TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

WHEN I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh yes, sir," I answered: "it is down in the shop." "And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettleful. "How old are you? and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply: "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen: will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and the axe was not half ground. At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant: scud to the school, or you'll rue it!" "Alas!" thought I, "it is hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day; but now to be called a little rascal is too much."

It sank deep in my mind; and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers,—begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods

on the counter,—thinks I, That man has an axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, Look out, good people! that fellow would set you turning grindstones. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful,—alas! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby.



AN AMERICAN CAMPUS.

had passed, the survivors made still nobler contributions to literature. Whittier, the Quaker poet and anti-slavery lyrist, wrote the most popular ballad of the war, and afterwards showed his best art in peaceful themes. So also Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was able to present the wrongs of slavery in a popular romance, and thus urge on the war, yet later contented herself with mild pictures of domestic life. Apart from most of the foregoing, and by a method peculiarly his own, Hawthorne studied the spiritual facts of New England life, and unveiled its mysteries and romance. Others more quickly won recognition; his subtler genius required longer time for correct appreciation. Gradually his true worth has been discerned, and now he is acknowledged to be the chief representative of American romance.

In remarkable contrast with Hawthorne in life and character and work stands the brilliantly gifted, but miserably unfortunate, Edgar A. Poe. He not only proved himself the greatest metrical artist of the English language, weaving words into music at his pleasure, but he was the skillful producer of weird romances and cunningly devised tales, usually gloomy and terrible, sometimes extravagant. His erratic course and untimely death have drawn the pity of the world. His melodious verses have been models for Tennyson and Swinburne, as well as French poets. W. G. Simms was the prolific romanticist of the South, seeking to rival Cooper in the delineation of the Indians, and in reproducing the Revolutionary scenes of his native State. John P. Kennedy wrote also a novel of the Revolution, and sketched country life in Virginia.

Of American poets Longfellow has been the most popular, partly from his choice of subjects easily understood by all, and partly from his artistic treatment of them. His sympathetic heart and his generous culture have enabled him to give adequate expression to the common human emotions.

Lowell is distinctly the most cultured of American poets, and has excelled as essayist and critic. Yet he has not reached the popularity of Longfellow or Whittier, and is perhaps most widely known as a humorist and writer of Yankee dialect. In his later years he was a noble representative of America in foreign courts.

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was the medium through which Longfellow and others reached the public.

But the pioneers of the new era of American literature belonged to New York, if not by birth, by choice of residence. Three men stand forth as representatives of this class—Irving, Cooper and Bryant. Widely different in their nature and training, as in their finished work, they were yet all distinctively American. The cheerful Irving began as a playful satirist and delineator of oddities, and became a skillful sketcher of the pleasant features of merry England and picturesque Spain, as well as of his beloved Hudson. In much of his work he exhibits the contrast of the past with the present, producing sometimes humorous, and sometimes pathetic scenes. Cooper belonged to that lake region of New York where the Indians and whites came into closest contact and unequal conflict. He revealed to Europe the romance of the American forest. Again, as an officer in the navy, he acquired such familiarity with sea-life, as to make him the foremost sea-novelist of the language. Excellent in description and well furnished with material, he yet rated his own abilities too highly, and wrote much which may readily be ignored. Bryant early displayed his power as a meditative poet on nature, but the duties of active life summoned him to quite different work in New York City. As editor of a daily newspaper, he battled strenuously and honorably for righteousness until in old age he received the loving veneration of his fellow-citizens. But in literature he remains the author of "Thanatopsis" and a translator of Homer.

The influence of Harvard College as a promoter of learning tended to give Boston a supremacy in literature. Here the *North American Review* was early established, and the study of German and other foreign literatures was promoted. The Unitarian movement, apart from its theological effects, had a distinct uplifting effect on American culture. Channing and Emerson, Longfellow and Lowell, assisted, each in his own way, in broadening and elevating the minds of their countrymen. As an outgrowth of this humanitarian tendency came the anti-slavery movement, which stirred some of these writers to passionate outbursts, but could not draw them from their literary pursuits. At a later period, the civil war left a more lasting impression on their characters and work, yet when it

had passed, the survivors made still nobler contributions to literature. Whittier, the Quaker poet and anti-slavery lyrist, wrote the most popular ballad of the war, and afterwards showed his best art in peaceful themes. So also Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was able to present the wrongs of slavery in a popular romance, and thus urge on the war, yet later contented herself with mild pictures of domestic life. Apart from most of the foregoing, and by a method peculiarly his own, Hawthorne studied the spiritual facts of New England life, and unveiled its mysteries and romance. Others more quickly won recognition; his subtler genius required longer time for correct appreciation. Gradually his true worth has been discerned, and now he is acknowledged to be the chief representative of American romance.

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sional verses before his peculiar merits as a prose-writer were displayed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Here his "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" was a brilliant combination of humor, satire and scholarship, and interspersed were some of his best poems. He was devoted to Boston, which he celebrated as "the hub of the solar system."

The size of the present work has not afforded sufficient room for the adequate treatment of history and historians. But the work of Americans in this department must at least be mentioned, as they have attained special fame and are truly representative of the country. William H. Prescott (1796-1859), in spite of the affliction of blindness, devoted his life to historical studies, and produced standard works on the history of Spain, Mexico, and Peru. Written in a stately and dignified style, they have stood the test of time and the investigation of later students. George Bancroft (1800-1891), after studying in German universities and teaching a classical school in Massachusetts, undertook to prepare an exhaustive history of the United States down to the adoption of the Constitution. The many public positions, which he held, partly helped and partly hindered the completion of his great work. Almost fifty years elapsed before the twelfth and final volume appeared. While the whole forms a lasting monument to the author's industry, its very length has prevented it from attaining the highest success.

Most successful in securing popular attention and applause was John Lothrop Motley (1814-77), who, after ten years of patient research, published in 1856, "The Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic." Other works connected with the history of the Netherlands occupied his later years, except so far as he was engaged in diplomatic service. His thorough mastery of his subject and his power of pictorial presentation of the past make vivid the men and events of a critical period in European history.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING was born in New York City in 1783 and died in 1859, at the age of seventy-six. His books are still so popular, and in feeling so modern, that it is hard to realize that his birth immediately followed the close of the Revolution, and that he did not see even the beginnings of the present generation. To read some of his stories, one might think they were written yesterday—were there any one competent to write them.

He was the son of a rigid Scotch Presbyterian and of a gentle English woman; his childhood and youth were delicate, but his enjoyment of life was unfailing, and the indulgence which he always received never hurt him. His aspect and manners were refined, graceful and charming; by organization he was an aristocrat, though he was democratic in intention. At the outset of his career he amused himself in society, and satirized it in good-natured sketches in the *Spectator* vein, as the pages of the brilliant but short-lived *Salmagundi* still bear witness. His first important work was the famous "Knickerbocker's History of New York," a permanent piece of humor, the fairy godchild, so to say, of Rabelais and Swift. The author went to Europe for a pleasure trip. In the midst of his social successes in London the firm with which he was connected failed, and he turned to literature, which hitherto had been the diversion of his leisure, as the means of livelihood. In 1819, Washington, then six-and-thirty, sat seriously down and produced the book of tales called "The Sketch Book," containing that "primal story"—"Rip Van Winkle." His success was immediate, great and lasting; but he was too modest to admit that it could be fully deserved. He remained alone in that opinion; his work was like himself, and, like himself, was nearly

perfect in its degree. During the forty remaining years of his life he continued to delight his contemporaries and build up his fortunes with imaginative and historical work, much of it with a Spanish background. From 1826 to 1829 he lived in Spain writing "The Alahambra," the "Life of Columbus," and other books. In the latter year he returned to London as secretary of legation; but two years later homesickness brought him back to New York and he fixed his residence at Sunnyside. During the next ten years he wrote five volumes on American and English subjects, of which the collection of tales, "Wolfert's Roost," is the best known. In 1842 he was appointed American Minister to Spain, and the duties of his office chiefly occupied him during his four years' sojourn at Madrid. On his return home he began the "Life of Washington," which was the chief work of his declining life, the last volume appearing in the year of his death.

Irving's personal character and history were as delightful as are his works. His mental constitution was serene and harmonious; nothing was in excess; he was at peace with himself and optimistic towards the world; he had no theories to ventilate, and was averse to contentions and strife of every kind. The easy amiability of his nature and his strong social tendencies might have formed an element of weakness, had he not been assailed and strengthened by bereavement and misfortune, which developed the man in him. The girl to whom he was betrothed died, and he lived a bachelor all his life. Irving was manly with men; with women, refined and chivalrous; and sincere and sane in literature. He regarded his species with a humorous tenderness; saw the good and slighted the evil in life; hence sunshine, abiding, but not intense, radiates from all he wrote.

Altogether nearly a third of Irving's life was passed abroad, where he was as much loved and appreciated as here. But no more patriotic American lived than he. In him the human and the literary instincts made a rounded whole. His style is clear, easy and flexible; his standpoint, tranquil; his humor, ever smiling; his pathos, true; his sentiment, sometimes thin, but never sickly. The generous impulses and moral beauty of his character warm and vitalize his work. So long as taste, repose, and simplicity please the mind, Irving's contribution to our literature will be remembered and valued.

DEATH OF PETER STUYVESANT.

(From "Knickerbocker's History of New York.")

IN process of time, the old governor, like all other children of mortality, began to exhibit tokens of decay. Like an aged oak, which, though it long has braved the fury of the elements, and still retains its gigantic proportions, yet begins to shake and groan with every blast—so was it with the gallant Peter; for, though he still bore the port and semblance of what he was in the days of his hardihood and chivalry, yet did age and infirmity begin to sap the vigor of his frame—but his heart, that most unconquerable citadel, still triumphed unsubdued. With matchless avidity would he listen to every article of intelligence concerning the battles between the English and Dutch—still would his pulse beat high whenever he heard of the victories of De Ruyter—and his countenance lower, and his eyebrows knit, when fortune turned in favor of the English. At length, as on a certain day he had just smoked his fifth pipe, and was napping after dinner in his arm-chair, conquering the whole British nation in his dreams, he was suddenly aroused by a fearful ringing of bells, rattling of drums, and roaring of cannon, that put all his blood in a ferment. But when he learnt that these rejoicings were in honor of a great victory obtained by the combined English and French fleets over the brave De Ruyter and the younger Von Tromp, it went so much to his heart that he took to his bed, and in less than three days was brought to death's door by a violent cholera morbus! But, even in this extremity, he still displayed the unconquerable spirit of Peter *the Headstrong;* holding out to the last gasp with the most inflexible obstinacy against the whole army of old women, who were bent upon driving the enemy out of his bowels, after a true Dutch mode of defence, by inundating the seat of war with catnip and pennyroyal.

While he thus lay, lingering on the verge of dissolution, news was brought to him that the brave De Ruyter had suffered but little loss—had made good his retreat—and meant once more to meet the enemy in battle. The closing eye of the old warrior kindled at the words—he partly raised himself in bed—a flash of martial fire beamed across his visage—he clinched his withered hand, as if he felt within his gripe that sword which

waved in triumph before the walls of Fort Christina, and, giving a grim smile of exultation, sunk back upon his pillow and expired.

Thus died Peter Stuyvesant, a valiant soldier—a loyal subject—an upright governor, and an honest Dutchman—who wanted only a few empires to desolate to have been immortalized as a hero!

His funeral obsequies were celebrated with the utmost grandeur and solemnity. The town was perfectly emptied of its inhabitants, who crowded in throngs to pay the last sad honors to their good old governor. All his sterling qualities rushed in full tide upon their recollections, while the memory of his foibles and his faults had expired with him. The ancient burghers contended who should have the privilege of bearing the pall; the populace strove who should walk nearest to the bier—and the melancholy procession was closed by a number of gray-headed negroes, who had wintered and summered in the household of their departed master for the greater part of a century.

With sad and gloomy countenances the multitude gathered around the grave. They dwelt with mournful hearts on the sturdy virtues, the signal services, and the gallant exploits of the brave old worthy. They recalled with secret upbraidings their own factious opposition to his government—and many an ancient burgher, whose phlegmatic features had never been known to relax, nor his eyes to moisten—was now observed to puff a pensive pipe, and the big drop to steal down his cheek—while he muttered with affectionate accent and melancholy shake of the head—"Well den!—Hardkoppig Peter ben gone at last!"

Rip Van Winkle's Return.

On *waking*, Rip found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—

the flagon—"Oh! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old fire-lock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want

of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long.

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed.—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van

Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about the rights of citizens—election—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round

him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm a-kimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years. There was a wooden tomb-stone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in the squall, at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point!—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

Ichabod Crane and Katrina Van Tassel.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green, glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scare-crow eloped from a cornfield.

The school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of copybooks. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window-shutters; so

that though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out;—an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eelpot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard of a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, that ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "spare the rod and spoil the child."—Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen, plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within these, everything was snug, happy and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style, in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of

those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that babbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farm-house was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others, swelling and cooing and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, from whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard, and guinea-fowls fretting about it like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman; clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart —sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy his rich discovery.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting pig running about, with a pudding in its belly, and an apple in its mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey, but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer him-

self lay sprawling on his back, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burthened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee—or the Lord knows where!

When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farm-houses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers, the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wonderful Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion, and the place of usual residence. Here, rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool, ready to be spun; in another, a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar, gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors, andirons with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch shells dec-

orated the mantelpiece; strings of various-colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel.

THE BROKEN HEART.

EVERY one must recollect the tragical story of Young E——, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her, whose whole soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave!—so frightful, so dis-

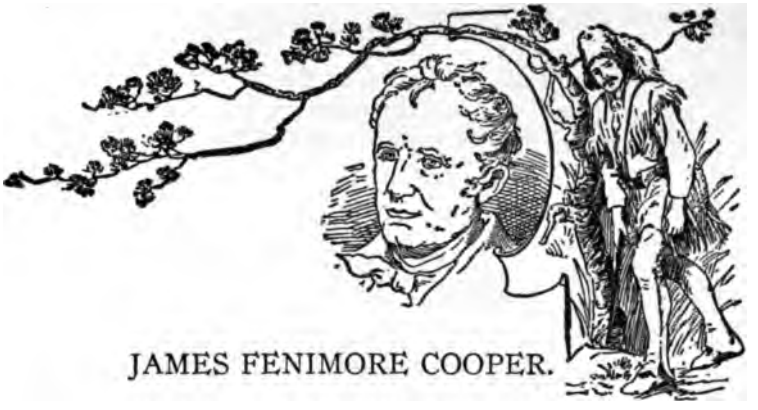
honored! There was nothing for memory to dwell on, that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her, by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching—it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness—that she drew a crowd, mute and silent, around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead, could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance, that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

DISTINCTIVELY American in theme and spirit was the lasting work of James Fenimore Cooper; his attempts to portray European scenes and characters are justly neglected. But he is still the most prominent of American romancers of the old frontier and the sea. He was born at Burlington, New Jersey, September 15th, 1789, but his boyhood was spent at Cooperstown, New York, a village founded by his father, Judge Cooper, in 1790, when that portion of the state was a veritable wilderness, inhabited chiefly by Indians, trappers and pioneers. Cooper's early education was conducted by his father, a man of strong character and some attainments, and the boy entered Yale College at the early age of thirteen. Leaving college after three years of study, he entered the navy as a midshipman, and remained in the service until a short time after his marriage in 1811.

Observation and experience on the New York frontier and in the naval service had given him a mass of material available for fiction, but he did not attempt authorship until he was thirty years of age. His first romance, "Precaution," which attempted to portray polite society, was a failure. Two years later, however, "The Spy," based upon experiences of one of Washington's secret agents in New York during the Revolutionary War, made Cooper famous throughout his own country and soon afterward in Europe.

In 1823 appeared "The Pioneers," an exciting story of life at the outposts of civilization, and also "The Pilot," his first sea story. These books were the forerunners of two series, in their widely differing veins. Yet three years passed before

the appearance of "The Last of the Mohicans," abounding in sharp contrasts of Indians, pioneers and British and French soldiers in the time of the French and Indian war. Cooper is now charged with having greatly idealized his Indian characters, but his contemporaries commended him for fidelity to the types he had studied.

After publishing "The Red Rover," his second sea story, Cooper went to Europe, where he remained six years, residing in different cities. Intensely patriotic, as well as easily offended, he was greatly irritated by European comment on his country and its people. He therefore printed in English newspapers and reviews some vigorous corrections of misstatements regarding America, and he also published a book with the same purpose. His manner was so combative that the controversy he provoked continued for years. Meanwhile he was earnestly observant of European politics and published three novels abounding in political speculation and action, which have fallen into the background.

His first prominent work after his return to his native country was a "Naval History of the United States;" after which he wrote novels in rapid succession, as well as his "Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers." But unfortunately he became again involved in useless controversy, attacking New England and the Puritans. Always interested and active in politics, he was an object of severe newspaper criticism. Cooper, combative and proud, had some legal ability, and instituted many libel suits, all of which were successful, and yet wasted his time and talents. He died at Cooperstown, September 14th, 1851.

In Europe, Cooper has often been termed "the Walter Scott of America," and the comparison is apt to the extent that he, like Scott, took patriotic, passionate interest in embodying in literature such interesting characters and experiences of his native land as were vanishing. The value of his work becomes apparent when the reader now notes how small is the remaining fiction of the periods treated by Cooper. The accuracy of Cooper's descriptions of men and scenes was sufficiently attested in his own day, when there still survived participators in wars with the Indians, French and British, and when the war of 1812-15 was recent history. Cooper was weak in construc-

tion and had little sense of humor. His style is formal and he indulges too much in detail. Though he created such apparently real characters as Natty Burapo and Long Tom Coffin, he was unable generally to individualize his characters by appropriate speech. In chapters descriptive of incidents, however, he is almost equal to Scott, and was as highly admired by the elder Dumas and other European writers of exciting romance.

THE ARIEL ON THE SHOALS.

(From "The Pilot.")

THE sea was becoming more agitated, and the violence of the wind was gradually increasing. The latter no longer whistled amid the cordage of the vessel, but it seemed to howl surlily as it passed the complicated machinery that the frigate obtruded on its path. An endless succession of white surges rose above the heavy billows, and the very air was glittering with the light that was disengaged from the ocean. The ship yielded each moment more and more before the storm, and, in less than half an hour from the time that she had lifted her anchor, she was driven along with tremendous fury by the full power of a gale of wind. Still, the hardy and experienced mariners who directed her movements, held her to the course that was necessary to their preservation, and still Griffith gave forth, when directed by their unknown pilot, those orders that turned her in the narrow channel where safety was alone to be found.

So far the performance of his duty appeared easy to the stranger, and he gave the required directions in those still, calm tones that formed so remarkable a contrast to the responsibility of his situation. But when the land was becoming dim, in distance as well as darkness, and the agitated sea was only to be discovered as it swept by them in foam, he broke in upon the monotonous roaring of the tempest with the sounds of his voice, seeming to shake off his apathy and rouse himself to the occasion.

"Now is the time to watch her closely, Mr. Griffith," he cried; " here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place the best quarter-master of your ship in those chains, and let an officer stand by him and see that he gives us the right water."

"I will take that office on myself," said the captain; "pass a light into the weather main-chains."

"Stand by your braces!" exclaimed the pilot with startling quickness. "Heave away that lead!"

These preparations taught the crew to expect the crisis, and every officer and man stood in fearful silence at his assigned station awaiting the issue of the trial. Even the quarter-master at the cun gave out his orders to the men at the wheel in deeper and hoarser tones than usual, as if anxious not to disturb the quiet and order of the vessel.

While this deep expectation pervaded the frigate, the piercing cry of the leadsman, as he called, "By the mark seven!" rose above the tempest, crossed over the decks, and appeared to pass away to leeward, borne on the blast like the warnings of some water-spirit."

" 'Tis well," returned the pilot, calmly; "try it again."

The short pause was succeeded by another cry, "and a half-five!"

"She shoals! she shoals!" exclaimed Griffith; "keep her a good full."

"Ay! you must hold the vessel in command, now," said the pilot, with those cool tones that are most appalling in critical moments, because they seem to denote most preparation and care.

The third call of "By the deep four!" was followed by a prompt direction from the stranger to tack.

Griffith seemed to emulate the coolness of the pilot, in issuing the necessary orders to execute this manœuvre.

The vessel rose slowly from the inclined position into which she had been forced by the tempest, and the sails were shaking violently, as if to release themselves from their confinement while the ship stemmed the billows, when the well-known voice of the sailing-master was heard shouting from the forecastle—"Breakers! breakers, dead ahead!"

This appalling sound seemed yet to be lingering about the ship, when a second voice cried—"Breakers on our lee-bow!"

"We are in a bight of the shoals, Mr. Gray," said the commander. "She loses her way; perhaps an anchor might hold her."

"Clear away that best-bower!" shouted Griffith through his trumpet.

"Hold on!" cried the pilot, in a voice that reached the very hearts of all who heard him; "hold on everything."

The young man turned fiercely to the daring stranger who thus defied the discipline of his vessel, and at once demanded—"Who is it that dares to countermand my orders?—is it not enough that you run the ship into danger, but you must interfere to keep her there? If another word—"

"Peace, Mr. Griffith," interrupted the captain, bending from the rigging, his gray locks blowing about in the wind, and adding a look of wildness to the haggard face that he exhibited by the light of his lantern; "yield the trumpet to Mr. Gray; he alone can save us."

Griffith threw his speaking-trumpet on the deck, and as he walked proudly away, muttered in bitterness of feeling—"Then all is lost, indeed, and, among the rest, the foolish hopes with which I visited this coast."

There was, however, no time for reply; the ship had been rapidly running into the wind, and, as the efforts of the crew were paralyzed by the contradictory orders they had heard, she gradually lost her way, and in a few seconds all her sails were taken aback.

Before the crew understood their situation, the pilot had applied the trumpet to his mouth, and, in a voice that rose above the tempest, he thundered forth his orders. Each command was given distinctly, and with a precision that showed him to be master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, the head yards swung up heavily against the wind, and the vessel was soon whirling round on her heel with a retrograde movement.

Griffith was too much of a seaman not to perceive that the pilot had seized, with a perception almost intuitive, the only method that promised to extricate the vessel from her situation. He was young, impetuous and proud, but he was also generous. Forgetting his resentment and his mortification, he rushed forward among the men, and, by his presence and example, added certainty to the experiment. The ship fell off slowly before the gale, and bowed her yards nearly to the water, as she felt the blast pouring its fury on her broadsides while the surly waves beat violently against her stern, as if in reproach at departing from her usual manner of moving.

The voice of the pilot, however, was still heard, steady and

calm, and yet so clear and high as to reach every ear; and the obedient seamen whirled the yards at his bidding in despite of the tempest, as if they handled the toys of their childhood. When the ship had fallen off dead before the wind, her head sails were shaken, her aft-yards trimmed, and her helm shifted before she had time to run upon the danger that had threatened, as well to leeward as to windward. The beautiful fabric, obedient to her government, threw her bows up gracefully toward the wind again, and, as her sails were trimmed, moved out from amongst the dangerous shoals in which she had been embayed, as steadily and swiftly as she had approached them.

A moment of breathless astonishment succeeded the accomplishment of this nice manœuvre, but there was no time for the usual expressions of surprise. The stranger still held the trumpet, and continued to lift his voice amid the howlings of the blast, whenever prudence or skill directed any change in the management of the ship. For an hour longer there was a fearful struggle for their preservation, the channel becoming at each step more complicated, and the shoals thickening around the mariners on every side. The lead was cast rapidly, and the quick eye of the pilot seemed to pierce the darkness with a keenness of vision that exceeded human power. It was apparent to all in the vessel, that they were under the guidance of one who understood the navigation thoroughly, and their exertions kept pace with their reviving confidence. Again and again the frigate appeared to be rushing blindly on shoals, where the sea was covered with foam, and where destruction would have been as sudden as it was certain, when the clear voice of the stranger was heard warning them of the danger and inciting them to their duty. The vessel was implicitly yielded to his government, and during those anxious moments, when she was dashing the waters aside, throwing the spray over her enormous yards, each ear would listen eagerly for those sounds that had obtained a command over the crew that can only be acquired, under such circumstances, by great steadiness and consummate skill. The ship was recovering from the inaction of changing her course in one of those critical tacks that she had made so often when the pilot for the first time addressed the commander of the frigate, who still continued to superintend the all-important duty of the leadsman.

"Now is the pinch," he said; "and if the ship behaves well, we are safe—but if otherwise, all we have yet done will be useless."

The veteran seaman whom he addressed left the chains at this portentous notice, and, calling to his first lieutenant, required of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

"See you yon light on the southern headland?" returned the pilot; "you may know it from the star near it by its sinking, at times, in the ocean. Now observe the hummock a little north of it, looking like a shadow on the horizon— 'tis a hill far inland. If we keep that light open from the hill, we shall do well —but if not, we surely go to pieces."

"Let us tack again!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

The pilot shook his head, as he replied—"There is no more tacking or box-hauling to be done to-night. We have barely room to pass out of the shoals on this course, and if we can weather the 'Devil's Grip,' we clear their outermost point—but if not, as I said before, there is but an alternative."

"If we had beaten out the way we entered," exclaimed Griffith, "we should have done well."

"Say, also, if the tide would have let us do so," returned the pilot calmly. "Gentlemen, we must be prompt; we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind; we want both jib and mainsail."

" 'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest!" observed the doubtful captain.

"It must be done," returned the collected stranger; "we perish without—see! the light already touches the edge of the hummock; the sea casts us to leeward!"

"It shall be done!" cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hand of the pilot.

The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued, and, every thing being ready, the enormous folds of the mainsail were trusted loose to the blast. There was an instant when the result was doubtful; the tremendous threshing of the heavy sails seeming to bid defiance to all restraint, shaking the ship to her centre; but art and strength prevailed, and gradually the canvas was distended, and, bellying as it filled, was drawn down to its usual place by the power of a

hundred men. The vessel yielded to this immense addition of force, and bowed before it like a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the measure was announced by a joyful cry from the stranger that seemed to burst from his inmost soul.

"She feels it! she springs her luff! observe," he said, "the light opens from the hummock already; if she will only bear her canvas, we shall go clear!"

A report like that of a cannon interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting before the wind from the head of the ship, till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

" 'Tis the jib blown from the bolt-ropes," said the commander of the frigate. "This is no time to spread light duck—but the mainsail may stand it yet."

"The sail would laugh at a tornado," returned the lieutenant; "but that mast springs like a piece of steel."

"Silence all!" cried the pilot. "Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff—luff you can!"

This warning effectually closed all discourse, and the hardy mariners, knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety awaiting the result. At a short distance ahead of them, the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves, instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be tossing about in mad gambols. A single streak of dark billows, not half a cable's length in width, could be discerned running into this chaos of water; but it was soon lost to the eye amid the confusion of the disturbed element. Along this narrow path the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near the wind as to keep her sails touching. The pilot silently proceeded to the wheel, and with his own hands he undertook the steerage of the ship. No noise proceeded from the frigate to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean, and she entered the channel among the breakers with the silence of a desperate calmness. Twenty times, as the foam rolled away to leeward, the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they supposed the vessel past the danger; but breaker after breaker would still rise before them, following each other into the general mass to check their exultation. Occasionally the fluttering of the sails would be heard; and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to

the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping its spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant the voice of the pilot was heard shouting—"Square away the yards!—in mainsail!"

A general burst from the crew echoed, "Square away the yards!" and quick as thought the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds driving in the heavens, and directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the open sea.

Deerslayer Becomes Hawkeye.

(From "The Deerslayer.")

By this time the piece was reloaded, and Deerslayer, after tossing the tomahawk into the canoe, advanced to his victim, and stood over him, leaning on his rifle, in melancholy attention. It was the first instance in which he had seen a man fall in battle. It was the first fellow-creature against whom he had ever seriously raised his own hand. The sensations were novel; and regret, with the freshness of our better feelings, mingled with his triumph. The Indian was not dead, though shot directly through the body. He lay on his back motionless, but his eyes, now full of consciousness, watched each action of his victor—as the fallen bird regards the fowler—jealous of every movement. The man probably expected the fatal blow which was to precede the loss of his scalp; or perhaps he anticipated that this latter act of cruelty would precede his death. Deerslayer read his thoughts; and he found a melancholy satisfaction in relieving the apprehensions of the helpless savage.

"No, no, red-skin," he said; "you've nothing more to fear from me. I am of a Christian stock, and scalping is not one of my gifts. I'll just make sartin of your rifle, and then come back and do you what service I can. Though here I can't stay much longer, as the crack of three rifles will be apt to bring some of your devils down upon me."

The close of this was said in a sort of soliloquy, as the young

man went in quest of the fallen rifle. The piece was found where its owner had dropped it, and was immediately put into the canoe. Laying his own rifle at its side, Deerslayer then returned and stood over the Indian again.

"All inmity atween you and me's at an ind, red-skin," he said, "and you may set your heart at rest on the score of the scalp, or any further injury. My gifts are white, as I've told you; and I hope my conduct will be white also!"

Could looks have conveyed all they meant, it is probable Deerslayer's innocent vanity on this subject of color would have been rebuked a little; but he comprehended the gratitude that was expressed in the eyes of the dying savage, without in the least detecting the bitter sarcasm that struggled with the bitter feeling.

"Water!" ejaculated the thirsty and unfortunate creature; "give poor Injin water."

"Aye, water you shall have, if you drink the lake dry. I'll just carry you down to it, that you may take your fill. This is the way, they tell me, with all wounded people—water is their greatest comfort and delight."

So saying, Deerslayer raised the Indian in his arms, and carried him to the lake. Here he first helped him to take an attitude in which he could appease his burning thirst; after which he seated himself on a stone, and took the head of his wounded adversary in his own lap, and endeavored to soothe his anguish in the best manner he could.

"It would be sinful in me to tell you your time hadn't come, warrior," he commenced, "and therefore I'll not say it. You've passed the middle age already, and, considerin' the sort of lives ye lead, your days have been pretty well filled. The principal thing now is to look forward to what comes next. Neither red-skin nor pale-face, on the whole, calculates much on sleepin' for ever; but both expect to live in another world. Each has his gifts, and will be judged by 'em, and I suppose, you've thought these matters over enough, not to stand in need of sarmons when the trial comes. You'll find your happy hunting-grounds, if you've been a just Injin; if an unjust, you'll meet your desarts in another way. I've my own idees about these things; but you're too old and exper'enced to need any explanations from one as young as I."

"Good!" ejaculated the Indian, whose voice retained its depth even as life ebbed away; "young head—ole wisdom!"

"It's sometimes a consolation, when the ind comes, to know that them we've harmed, or *tried* to harm, forgive us. I suppose natur' seeks this relief, by way of getting a pardon on 'arth; as we never can know whether He pardons, who is all in all, till judgment itself comes. It's soothing to know that *any* pardon at such times; and that, I conclude, is the secret. Now, as for myself, I overlook altogether your designs ag'in my life: first, because no harm came of 'em; next, because it's your gifts, and natur', and trainin', and I ought not to have trusted you at all; and, finally and chiefly, because I can bear no ill-will to a dying man, whether heathen or Christian. So put your heart at ease, so far as I'm consarned; you know best what other matters ought to trouble you, or what ought to give you satisfaction in so trying a moment." . . .

With the high innate courtesy that so often distinguishes the Indian warrior before he becomes corrupted by too much intercourse with the worst class of the white men, he endeavored to express his thankfulness for the other's good intentions, and to let him understand that they were appreciated.

"Good!" he repeated, for this was an English word much used by the savages—"good—young head; young *heart,* too. *Old* heart tough; no shed tear. Hear Indian when he die, and no want to lie—what he call him?"

"Deerslayer is the name I bear now, though the Delawares have said that when I get back from this war-path, I shall have a more manly title, provided I can 'arn one."

"That good name for boy—poor name for warrior. He get better quick. No fear *there*"—the savage had strength sufficient, under the strong excitement he felt, to raise a hand and tap the young man on his breast—"eye sartain—finger lightning—aim, death—great warrior soon. No Deerslayer—Hawkeye—Hawkeye—Hawkeye. Shake hand."

Deerslayer—or Hawkeye, as the youth was then first named, for in after years he bore the appellation throughout all that region—Deerslayer took the hand of the savage, whose last breath was drawn in that attitude, gazing in admiration at the countenance of a stranger who had shown so much readiness, skill, and firmness, in a scene that was equally trying and novel,

When the reader remembers it is the highest gratification an Indian can receive to see his enemy betray weakness, he will be better able to appreciate the conduct which had extorted so great a concession at such a moment.

"His spirit has fled!" said Deerslayer, in a suppressed, melancholy voice. "Ah's me! Well, to this we must all come, sooner or later; and he is happiest, let his skin be of what color it may, who is best fitted to meet it. . . . Here have old Hutter and Hurry Harry got themselves into difficulty, if they hav'n't got themselves into torment and death, and all for a bounty that luck offers to me in what many would think a lawful and suitable manner. But not a farthing of such money shall cross my hand. White I was born, and white will I die; clinging to color to the last, even though the King's Majesty, his governors, and all his councils, both at home and in the Colonies, forget from what they come, and where they hope to go, and all for a little advantage in warfare. No, no—warrior, hand of mine shall never molest your scalp, and so your soul may rest in peace on the point of making a decent appearance, when the body comes to join it, in your own land of spirits."

Deerslayer arose as soon as he had spoken. Then he placed the body of the dead man in a sitting posture, with its back against the little rock, taking the necessary care to prevent it from falling or in any way settling into an attitude that might be thought unseemingly by the sensitive, though wild notions of a savage. When this duty was performed, the young man stood gazing at the grim countenance of his fallen foe, in a sort of melancholy abstraction.

Uncas Before Tamenund.

(From "The Last of the Mohicans.")

"With what tongue does the prisoner speak to the Manitto?" demanded the patriarch, without unclosing his eyes.

"Like his fathers," Uncas replied; "with the tongue of a Delaware."

At this sudden and unexpected annunciation, a low, fierce yell ran through the multitude, that might not inaptly be compared to the growl of the lion, as his choler is first awakened—a fearful omen of the weight of his future anger. The effect

was equally strong on the sage, though differently exhibited. He passed a hand before his eyes, as if to exclude the last evidence of so shameful a spectacle, while he repeated, in his low and deeply guttural tones, the words he had just heard.

"A Delaware! I have lived to see the tribes of the Lenape driven from their council fires, and scattered, like broken herds of deer, among the hills of the Iroquois! I have seen the hatchets of a strange people sweep woods from the valleys, that the winds of heaven had spared! The beasts that run on the mountains, and the birds that fly above the trees, have I seen living in the wigwams of men; but never before have I found a Delaware so base as to creep, like a poisonous serpent, into the camps of his nation."

"The singing-birds have opened their bills," returned Uncas, in the softest notes of his own musical voice; "and Tamenund has heard their song."

The sage started, and bent his head aside, as if to catch the fleeting sounds of some passing melody.

"Does Tamenund dream?" he exclaimed. "What voice is at his ear? Have the winters gone backward? Will summer come again to the children of the Lenape?"

A solemn and respectful silence succeeded this incoherent burst from the lips of the Delaware prophet. His people readily construed his unintelligible language into one of those mysterious conferences he was believed to hold so frequently with a superior intelligence, and they awaited the issue of the revelation in secret awe. After a long and patient pause, however, one of the aged men perceiving that the sage had lost the recollection of the subject before them, ventured to remind him again of the presence of the prisoner.

"The false Delaware trembles lest he should hear the words of Tamenund," he said. " 'Tis a hound that howls, when the Yengeese show him a trail."

"And ye," returned Uncas, looking sternly around him, "are dogs that whine when the Frenchman casts ye the offals of his deer!"

Twenty knives gleamed in the air, and as many warriors sprang to their feet at this biting, and perhaps merited, retort; but a motion from one of the chiefs suppressed the outbreaking of their tempers, and restored the appearance of quiet.

The task might possibly have been more difficult, had not a movement, made by Tamenund, indicated that he was again about to speak.

"Delaware," resumed the sage, "little art thou worthy of thy name. My people have not seen a bright sun in many winters; and the warrior who deserts his tribe, when hid in clouds, is doubly a traitor. The law of the Manitto is just. It is so; while the rivers run and the mountains stand, while the blossoms come and go on the trees, it must be so. He is thine, my children, deal justly by him."

Not a limb was moved, nor was a breath drawn louder and longer than common, until the closing syllable of this final decree had passed the lips of Tamenund. Then a cry of vengeance burst at once, as it might be, from the united lips of the nation; a frightful augury of their fierce and ruthless intentions. In the midst of these prolonged and savage yells, a chief proclaimed, in a high voice, that the captive was condemned to endure the dreadful trial of torture by fire. The circle broke its order, and screams of delight mingled with the bustle and tumult of instant preparation. Heyward struggled madly with his captors; the anxious eyes of Hawk-eye began to look around him, with an expression of peculiar earnestness; and Cora again threw herself at the feet of the patriarch, once more a suppliant for mercy.

Throughout the whole of these trying moments, Uncas had alone preserved his serenity. He looked on the preparations with a steady eye, and when the tormentors came to seize him, he met them with a firm and upright attitude. One among them, if possible more fierce and savage than his fellows, seized the hunting shirt of the young warrior, and at a single effort tore it from his body. Then, with a yell of frantic pleasure, he leaped toward his unresisting victim, and prepared to lead him to the stake. But, at that moment, when he appeared most a stranger to the feelings of humanity, the purpose of the savage was arrested as suddenly, as if a supernatural agency had interposed in the behalf of Uncas. The eye-balls of the Delaware seemed to start from their sockets; his mouth opened, and his whole form became frozen in an attitude of amazement. Raising his hand with a slow and regulated motion, he pointed with a finger to the bosom of the captive. His companions crowded about him, in wonder,

and every eye was, like his own, fastened intently on the figure of a small tortoise, beautifully tattooed on the breast of the prisoner, in a bright blue tint.

For a single instant, Uncas enjoyed his triumph, smiling calmly on the scene. Then motioning the crowd away, with a high and haughty sweep of his arm, he advanced in front of the nation with the air of a king, and spoke in a voice louder than the murmur of admiration that ran through the multitude.

"Men of the Lenni Lenape!" he said, "my race upholds the earth! Your feeble tribe stands on my shell! What fire, that a Delaware can light, would burn a child of my fathers," he added, pointing proudly to the simple blazonry on his skin; "the blood that came from such a stock would smother your flames! My race is the grandfather of nations!"

"Who art thou?" demanded Tamenund, rising, at the startling tones he heard, more than at any meaning conveyed by the language of the prisoner.

"Uncas, the son of Chingachgook," answered the captive, modestly, turning from the nation, and bending his head in reverence to the other's character and years; "a son of the Great Unamis."

"The hour of Tamenund is nigh!" exclaimed the sage; "the day is come, at last, to the night! I thank the Manitto, that one is here to fill my place at the council fire. Uncas, the child of Uncas, is found! Let the eyes of a dying eagle gaze on the rising sun."

The youth stepped lightly, but proudly, on the platform, where he became visible to the whole agitated and wondering multitude. Tamenund held him at the length of his arm, and read every turn in the fine and lofty lineaments of his countenance, with the untiring gaze of one who recalled the days of his own happiness by the examination.

"Is Tamenund a boy?" at length the bewildered prophet exclaimed. "Have I dreamt of so many snows—that my people were scattered like floating sands—of Yengeese, more plenty than the leaves on the trees? The arrow of Tamenund would not frighten the young fawn; his arm is withered like the branch of the dying oak; the snail would be swifter in the race; yet is Uncas before him, as they went to battle, against the pale-faces! Uncas, the panther of his tribe, the

eldest son of the Lenape, the wisest Sagamore of the Mohicans! Tell me, ye Delawares, has Tamenund been a sleeper for a hundred winters?"

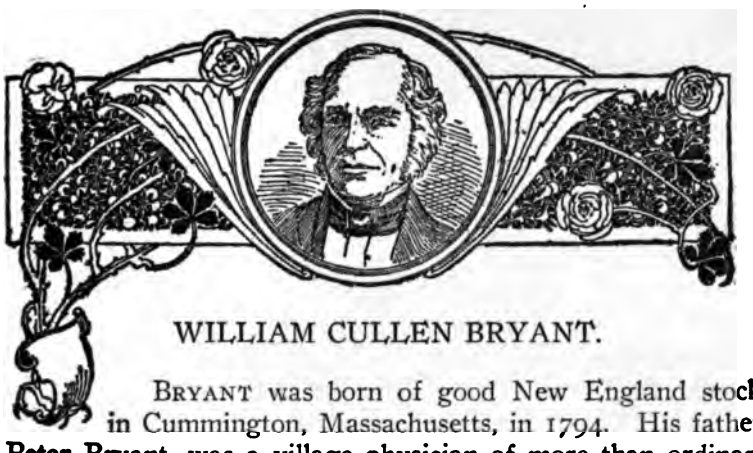
The calm and deep silence which succeeded these words, sufficiently announced the awful reverence with which his people received the communication of the patriarch. None dared to answer, though all listened in breathless expectation of what might follow. Uncas, however, looking in his face, with the fondness and veneration of a favored child, presumed on his own high and acknowledged rank, to reply.

"Four warriors of his race have lived and died," he said, "since the friend of Tamenund led his people in battle. The blood of the Turtle has been in many chiefs, but all have gone back into the earth, from whence they came, except Chingachgook and his son."

"It is true—it is true," returned the sage—a flash of recollection destroying all his pleasing fancies, and restoring him, at once, to a consciousness of the true history of his nation. "'Our wise men have often said that two warriors of the 'unchanged' race were in the hills of the Yengeese; why have their seats at the council fires of the Delawares been so long empty?"

At these words the young man raised his head, which he had still kept bowed a little, in reverence, and lifting his voice, so as to be heard by the multitude, as if to explain, at once, and for ever, the policy of his family, he said, aloud—

"Once we slept where we could hear the salt lake speak in its anger. Then we were rulers and Sagamores over the land. But when a pale-face was seen on every brook, we followed the deer back to the river of our nation. The Delawares were gone! Few warriors of them all stayed to drink of the stream they loved. Then said my father—'Here will we hunt. The waters of the river go into the salt lake. If we go towards the setting sun, we shall find streams that run into the great lakes of the sweet water; there would a Mohican die, like fishes of the sea, in the clear springs. When the Manitto is ready, and shall say, 'come,' we will follow the river to the sea, and take our own again.' Such, Delawares, is the belief of the children of the Turtle! Our eyes are on the rising, not towards the setting sun! We know whence he comes, but we know not whither he goes. It is enough."



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BRYANT was born of good New England stock, in Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1794. His father, Peter Bryant, was a village physician of more than ordinary culture, carefully educated, a student of English and French poetry, and had a respectable talent for rhyming. His mother was descended from John and Priscilla Alden. She was a pious, dignified, sensible woman, to whom her son alludes, in one of his poems, as the "stately lady." The boy was named William Cullen from a celebrated physician in Edinburgh, and his father meant that he should be of that profession, but the son showed such a decided aversion to it that the matter was dropped. The rugged and picturesque hill-country around the Bryant homestead seems to have developed in the boy that absorbing love of nature which, in after life, was one of his distinguishing characteristics. His grandfather, Ebenezer Snell, was the resident terror of the household. He gloried in his Puritan ancestors; and, as a magistrate, sent offenders, with fierce willingness, to the whipping-post,—then a common institution in Massachusetts; and his home rule was hardly less rigorous. From his harsh and severe discipline the boy fled to the hills and woods to be soothed by "the love of nature." He took refuge, in after life, in Unitarianism, and, as he grew to manhood, and beyond, he developed a coldness of manner and of mind that made him appear, outside of his intimates, and the intimate expression of a few poems—somewhat austere.

After a good preparatory education, Bryant entered Williams College, but some family losses prevented his taking a

degree. One was afterwards conferred upon him, that of A. M.; and his name is enrolled as an alumnus of the College. After leaving college he studied law for three years, and, in 1815, he was admitted to the bar and commenced the practice of his profession in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Here also he married.

In 1825 Bryant removed to New York and began his real life work, that of journalism; becoming, after some preliminary literary skirmishing, editor of the *Evening Post.* As head of that singularly elevated and reliable paper he made his mark as the foremost journalist of the United States; the Puritan austerity of his mind showing itself in his choice of words, his exclusion of slang, trivialities, sensationalism, and crude jokes, and in the intellectual clear-cut precision of his editorials. He gave sixty years of his life to newspaper work; became rich and influential; was celebrated as a critic; crossed the ocean several times, and allied himself to the best everywhere. While at home he spent the year between his house in New York, and his beautiful estate at Roslyn, Long Island.

The management of the *Evening Post* was Bryant's life-work; poetry was his recreation. The lad began to compose verse when he was ten years old, and to publish in his early teens. He wrote his most celebrated poem, "Thanatopsis," when not yet eighteen years of age. The first draft of the poem lay among the author's private papers for nearly five years, was discovered by his father, and sent by him to the *North American Review,* which accepted and published it in September, 1817. It was received with a sort of rapture here and on the other side of the Atlantic; it was the best poem yet written in America. It was and is unique. It placed Bryant in that goodly company, with Wordsworth and his fellows, who opened to men the life of Nature and the truth of Nature's God.

In 1874 Mr. Bryant was honored with an exquisite silver vase, symbolical of his life and writings, procured by public subscription, presented with appropriate ceremonies, and placed in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. He died suddenly, in June, 1878, after reciting, with marvelous fire and enthusiasm, a passage from Dante, at the unveiling of the bust of Mazzini, in Central Park. He was in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

Bryant wrote altogether one hundred and seventy-one original poems; one hundred of these treat exclusively of Nature, the others, whatever their subject, include expressions of the charms of Nature. He sings little of love, little of humanity, nothing of the wrongs of mankind. Poetry is his retreat, his temple, almost his religion; and many of his verses give that still sense of seclusion as of distant nut-dropping woods. Bryant's best known poems, after "Thanatopsis," are "The Death of the Flowers," "A Forest Hymn," "The Fringed Gentian," "The West Wind," "The Wind and the Stream," "Autumn Woods," "The Flood of Ages," and the hymn, "Blessed are they that Mourn." In his old age he made a noble translation of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey in blank verse.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,

And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care

Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The Death of the Flowers.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the groves, the withered leaves lie dead:
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from their shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs—a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they are all in their graves: the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago:
And the briar-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow:
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now when comes the calm mild day—as still such days will come—
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf;
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief.
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

Waiting by the Gate.

Beside a massive gateway, built up in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and quietly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night:
I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold now
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed brow;
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought:
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder, how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power.
I muse while still the wood-thrush sings down the golden day,
And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes:
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and fair.

O glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
O crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze!
O breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness, and flies we know not where!

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn,
But still the sun shines round me; the evening bird sings on,
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are open; an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the sprightly shout.
O frail, frail tree of Life, that upon the green sward strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows!

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of pride,
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars gray,
And prints of little feet mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror; yet these, within my heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart;
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The Battlefield.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
  Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
  Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
  How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
  Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
  Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
  And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
  The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry;
  Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
  Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which we receive not now,
  Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
  Through weary day and weary year.
A wild and many-weaponed throng
  Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

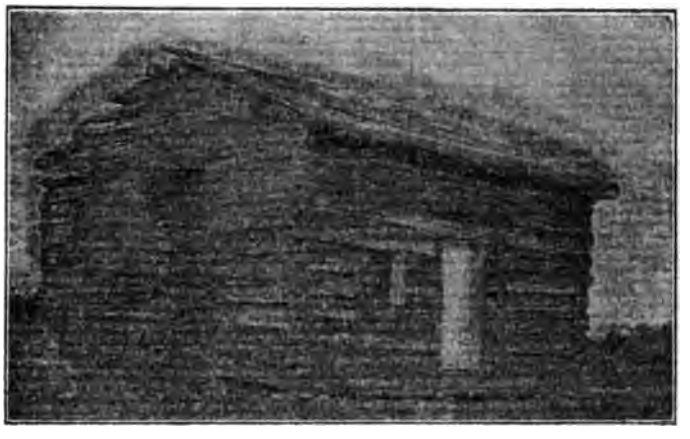
Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
  And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
  The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
  The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
  The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again:
  The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
  And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
  When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
  Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
  Another hand thy standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
  The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.



THE KENTUCKY LOG CABIN IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS BORN ON FEBRUARY 12TH, 1809.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

EMERSON, dying in 1882, a few months after Longfellow, had lived seventy-nine years; his first essay, "Nature," the matrix of all the subsequent ones, was published as early as 1836; his literary activity continued till within a few years of the end, yet his published works at the time of his death would have filled little more than a dozen volumes, and much of them was practically repetition of leading ideas in his philosophy. That philosophy, however, had made him the leader of elevated thought in this country; and he stands to-day as one of the few really original figures in the literature of modern times.

Mary Moody Emerson, his aunt, and Miss Sarah Bradford prepared him for college; but he would have his own way with books, and was never remarkable as a student; nor did outdoor exercise attract him. From a long line of New England Puritan clergymen he inherited a refined and sinless nature and extraordinary spiritual insight; his value to his fellow-men lay not in worldly experience nor in logic, but in his luminous intuitions; he comprehended without effort a large and lofty region of thought or perception, and caused glimpses of it to irradiate others. But his faculty lay in stating what he perceived, not in explaining it; he could not successfully argue or draw deductions, and as soon as he attempts to do so he becomes obscure and ceases to convince us. He was not fully understood, partly because he did not understand himself—he did not realize how different from other men he was. Men who came to him for counsel were impressed and exalted, but not

definitely instructed; Emerson gave them what he had, but what he had was significant rather to the disincarnate intelligence than to the incarnate, every-day human being. Thus we finally recognize a certain disappointment in Emerson; but for youth he is a stimulating and invaluable companion. Contemplating the conceivable powers of the ideal man, he exaggerates the faculty of the actual individual; hopes thus aroused may help the young to rise higher than otherwise they might, but do not console age for failure.

Emerson read Plato and Swedenborg, and studied the lives of great men; he looked at modern science broadly and synthetically, catching its drift and its relations to spiritual life. He placed the goal of civilization at a high point, yet flattered man by regarding him as the potential peer of Christ, to whom he denied special divinity. Some of his insights have never been surpassed by a mortal intelligence; but some of his errors, proceeding, generally, from attempts to reason upon premises intuitively attained, are dreary lapses from his proper level. He made his impression upon the world by his essays; they are unique structures. They are not a woven tissue of consistent argument, but a collection of separate sayings upon given subjects, arranged in such order as seemed to their author naturally consecutive. There is no gradual induction into comprehension of the topic, but you begin and end on the same plane. Emerson was a seer, but not an artist. You may start at any point in his prose writings, and understand as much or as little as if you had commenced with the first page of "Nature."

It is probable that Emerson's poems, few comparatively though they are, will outlive his prose, and the poetry of most of his contemporaries. In these, in spite of their ruggedness of outward form, there is inspiration of the finest sort, and a spiritual music of ineffable beauty and purity. They present the essence of his best philosophy in terse and profound metrical form; they thrill with divine vitality. Strange to say, Emerson distrusted his own faculty in this direction: his ideal was too high, and he recognized his occasional failure to give perfect incarnation to his thought. But the thought is so exquisite and uplifting that the outward roughness is a relief, enabling us to endure the better what would else be almost intolerable beauty.

Emerson was twice married, his second wife surviving him. He twice visited Europe, and the friendship between him and Carlyle is historical. One of his most interesting books to the ordinary reader is "English Traits," in which he gives a singularly just and keen account of English character. His life was spent in Concord, near Boston; and he, during his lifetime, and his memory since his death, have helped to make it the Mecca of all travelers who regard whatever is purest and worthiest in human life and thought.

FRIENDSHIP.

We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Maugre all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with! Read the language of these wandering eye-beams. The heart knoweth.

The effect of the indulgence of this human affection is a certain cordial exhilaration. In poetry and in common speech the emotions of benevolence and complacency which are felt towards others are likened to the material effects of fire; so swift, or much more swift, more active, more cheering, are these fine inward irradiations. From the highest degree of passionate love to the lowest degree of good-will, they make the sweetness of life.

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection. The scholar sits down to write, and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend,—and forthwith troops of gentle thoughts invest themselves, on every hand, with chosen words. See, in any house where virtue and self-respect abide, the palpitation which the approach of a stranger causes. A commended stranger is expected and announced, and an uneasiness betwixt pleasure and pain invades all the hearts of a household. His arrival almost brings fear to the good hearts that would welcome him. The house is dusted, all things fly into their places, the old coat is ex-

changed for the new, and they must get up a dinner if they can. Of a commended stranger, only the good report is told by others, only the good and new is heard by us. He stands to us for humanity. He is what we wish. Having imagined and invested him, we ask how we should stand related in conversation and action with such a man, and are uneasy with fear. The same idea exalts conversation with him. We talk better than we are wont. We have the nimblest fancy, a richer memory, and our dumb devil has taken leave for the time. For long hours we can continue a series of sincere, graceful, rich communications, drawn from the oldest, secretest experience, so that they who sit by, of our own kinsfolk and acquaintance, shall feel a lively surprise at our unusual powers. But as soon as the stranger begins to intrude his partialities, his definitions, his defects into the conversation, it is all over. He has heard the first, the last and best he will ever hear from us. He is no stranger now. Vulgarity, ignorance, misapprehension are old acquaintances. Now, when he comes, he may get the order, the dress and the dinner,—but the throbbing of the heart and the communications of the soul, no more.

What is so pleasant as these jets of affection which make a young world for me again? What so delicious as a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought, in a feeling? How beautiful, on their approach to this beating heart, the steps and forms of the gifted and the true! The moment we indulge our affections, the earth is metamorphosed; there is no winter and no night; all tragedies, all ennuis vanish,—all duties even; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the forms all radiant of beloved persons. Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.

I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts? I chide society, I embrace solitude, and yet I am not so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely and the noble-minded, as from time to time they pass my gate. Who hears me, who understands me, becomes mine,—a possession for all time. Nor is Nature so poor but she gives me this joy several times, and thus we weave social threads of our own, a new web of re-

lations; and, as many thoughts in succession substantiate themselves, we shall by and by stand in a new world of our own creation, and no longer strangers and pilgrims in a traditionary globe. My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. By oldest right, by the divine affinity of virtue with itself, I find them, or rather not I, but the Deity in me and in them derides and cancels the thick walls of individual character, relation, age, sex, circumstance, at which he usually connives, and now makes many one. High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts. These are new poetry of the first Bard,—poetry without stop,—hymn, ode and epic, poetry still flowing, Apollo and the Muses chanting still. Will these too separate themselves from me again, or some of them? I know not, but I fear it not; for my relation to them is so pure that we hold by simple affinity, and the Genius of my life being thus social, the same affinity will exert its energy on whomsoever is as noble as these men and women, wherever I may be.

I confess to an extreme tenderness of nature on this point. It is almost dangerous to me to "crush the sweet poison of misused wine" of the affections. A new person is to me a great event and hinders me from sleep. I have often had fine fancies about persons which have given me delicious hours; but the joy ends in the day; it yields no fruit. Thought is not born of it; my action is very little modified. I must feel pride in my friend's accomplishments as if they were mine, and a property in his virtues. I feel as warmly when he is praised, as the lover when he hears applause of his engaged maiden. We over-estimate the conscience of our friend. His goodness seems better than our goodness, his nature finer, his temptations less. Everything that is his,—his name, his form, his dress, books and instruments,—fancy enhances. Our own thought sounds new and larger from his mouth.

Yet the systole and diastole of the heart are not without their analogy in the ebb and flow of love. Friendship, like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed. The lover, beholding his maiden, half knows that she is not verily that which he worships; and in the golden hour of friendship we are surprised with shades of suspicion and unbelief. We doubt

that we bestow on our hero the virtues in which he shines, and afterwards worship the form to which we have ascribed this divine inhabitation. In strictness, the soul does not respect men as it respects itself. In strict science all persons underlie the same condition of an infinite remoteness. Shall we fear to cool our love by mining for the metaphysical foundation of this Elysian temple? Shall I not be as real as the things I see? If I am, I shall not fear to know them for what they are. Their essence is not less beautiful than their appearance, though it needs finer organs for its apprehension. The root of the plant is not unsightly to science, though for chaplets and festoons we cut the stem short. And I must hazard the production of the bald fact amidst these pleasing reveries, though it should prove an Egyptian skull at our banquet. A man who stands united with his thought conceives magnificently of himself. He is conscious of a universal success, even though bought by uniform particular failures. No advantages, no powers, no gold or force, can be any match for him. I cannot choose but rely on my own poverty more than on your wealth. I cannot make your consciousness tantamount to mine. Only the star dazzles; the planet has a faint, moonlike ray. I hear what you say of the admirable parts and tried temper of the party you praise, but I see well that, for all his purple cloaks, I shall not like him, unless he is at least a poor Greek like me. I cannot deny it, O friend, that the vast shadow of the Phenomenal includes thee also in its pied and painted immensity,—thee also, compared with whom all else is shadow. Thou art not Being, as Truth is, as Justice is,—thou art not my soul, but a picture and effigy of that. Thou hast come to me lately, and already thou art seizing thy hat and cloak. Is it not that the soul puts forth friends as the tree puts forth leaves, and presently, by the germination of new buds, extrudes the old leaf? The law of nature is alternation for evermore. Each electrical state superinduces the opposite. The soul environs itself with friends that it may enter into a grander self-acquaintance or solitude; and it goes alone for a season that it may exalt its conversation or society. This method betrays itself along the whole history of our personal relations. The instinct of affection revives the hope of union with our mates, and the returning sense of insulation

recalls us from the chase. Thus every man passes his life in the search after friendship, and if he should record his true sentiment, he might write a letter like this to each new candidate for his love:—

DEAR FRIEND,

If I was sure of thee, sure of thy capacity, sure to match my mood with thine, I should never think again of trifles in relation to thy comings and goings. I am not very wise; my moods are quite attainable, and I respect thy genius; it is to me as yet unfathomed; yet dare I not presume in thee a perfect intelligence of me, and so thou art to me a delicious torment. Thine ever, or never.

Yet these uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for curiosity and not for life. They are not to be indulged. This is to weave cobweb, and not cloth. Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fibre of the human heart. The laws of friendship are austere and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit, to suck a sudden sweetness. We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. We seek our friend not sacredly, but with an adulterate passion which would appropriate him to ourselves. In vain. We are armed all over with subtle antagonisms, which, as soon as we meet, begin to play, and translate all poetry into stale prose. Almost all people descend to meet. All association must be a compromise, and, what is worst, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other. What a perpetual disappointment is actual society, even of the virtuous and gifted! After interviews have been compassed with long foresight we must be tormented presently by baffled blows, by sudden, unseasonable apathies, by epilepsies of wit and of animal spirits, in the heyday of friendship and thought. Our faculties do not play us true, and both parties are relieved by solitude.

I ought to be equal to every relation. It makes no difference how many friends I have and what content I can find in conversing with each, if there be one to whom I am not

equal. If I have shrunk unequal from one contest, the joy I find in all the rest becomes mean and cowardly. I should hate myself, if then I made my other friends my asylum:—

> "The valiant warrior famousèd for fight,
> After a hundred victories, once foiled,
> Is from the book of honor razèd quite
> And all the rest forgot for which he toiled."

Our impatience is thus sharply rebuked. Bashfulness and apathy are a tough husk in which a delicate organization is protected from premature ripening. It would be lost if it knew itself before any of the best souls were yet ripe enough to know and own it. Respect the *naturlangsamkeit* which hardens the ruby in a million years, and works in duration in which Alps and Andes come and go as rainbows. The good spirit of our life has no heaven which is the price of rashness. Love, which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of man. Let us not have this childish luxury in our regards, but the austerest worth; let us approach our friend with an audacious trust in the truth of his heart, in the breadth, impossible to be overturned, of his foundations.

The attractions of this subject are not to be resisted, and I leave, for the time, all account of subordinate social benefit, to speak of that select and sacred relation which is a kind of absolute, and which even leaves the language of love suspicious and common, so much is this purer, and nothing is so much divine.

I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frostwork, but the solidest thing we know. For now, after so many ages of experience, what do we know of nature or of ourselves? Not one step has man taken toward the solution of the problem of his destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand the whole universe of men. But the sweet sincerity of joy and peace which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul is the nut itself whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the solemnity of that relation and honor its law! He who offers

himself a candidate for that covenant comes up, like an Olympian, to the great games where the first-born of the world are the competitors. He proposes himself for contests where Time, Want, Danger, are in the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the wear and tear of all these. The gifts of fortune may be present or absent, but all the speed in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems and authority, only to the highest rank; *that* being permitted to speak truth, as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellow-man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who under a certain religious frenzy cast off this drapery, and omitting all compliment and commonplace, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty. At first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad. But persisting—as indeed he could not help doing—for some time in this course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with him. No man would think of speaking falsely with him, or by putting him off with any chat of markets or reading-rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to the like plain-dealing, and what love of nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age is worth a fit of insanity, is it not? We can seldom go erect. Almost

every man we meet requires some civility—requires to be humored; he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and which spoils all conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity, but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring any stipulation on my part. A friend therefore is a sort of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being, in all its height, variety and curiosity, reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.

The other element of friendship is tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle,—but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed and we so pure that we can offer him tenderness? When a man becomes dear to me I have touched the goal of fortune. I find very little written directly to the heart of this matter in books. And yet I have one text which I cannot choose but remember. My author says,—"I offer myself faintly and bluntly to those whose I effectually am, and tender myself least to him to whom I am the most devoted." I wish that friendship should have feet, as well as eyes and eloquence. It must plant itself on the ground, before it vaults over the moon. I wish it to be a little of a citizen, before it is quite a cherub. We chide the citizen because he makes love a commodity. It is an exchange of gifts, of useful loans; it is good neighborhood; it watches with the sick; it holds the pall at the funeral; and quite loses sight of the delicacies and nobility of the relation. But though we cannot find the god under this disguise of a sutler, yet on the other hand we cannot forgive the poet if he spins his thread too fine and does not substantiate his romance by the municipal virtues of justice, punctuality, fidelity and pity. I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of ploughboys and tin-peddlers to the silken and perfumed amity which celebrates its day of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in

a curricle and dinners at the best taverns. The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days and graceful gifts and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive and add rhyme and reason to what was drudgery.

Friendship may be said to require natures so rare and costly, each so well tempered and so happily adapted, and withal so circumstanced (for even in that particular, a poet says, love demands that the parties be altogether paired), that its satisfaction can very seldom be assured. It cannot subsist in its perfection, say some of those who are learned in this warm lore of the heart, betwixt more than two. I am not quite so strict in my terms, perhaps because I have never known so high a fellowship as others. I please my imagination more with a circle of godlike men and women variously related to each other and between whom subsists a lofty intelligence. But I find this law of *one to one* peremptory for conversation, which is the practice and consummation of friendship. Do not mix waters too much. The best mix as ill as good and bad. You shall have very useful and cheering discourse at several times with two several men, but let all three of you come together and you shall not have one new and hearty word. Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort. In good company there is never such discourse between two, across the table, as takes place when you leave them alone. In good company the individuals merge their egotism into a social soul exactly co-extensive with the several consciousnesses there present. No partialities of friend to friend, no fondnesses of brother to sister, of wife to husband, are there pertinent, but quite otherwise. Only he may then speak who can sail on the common thought of the party, and not poorly limited to his own. Now this convention, which

good sense demands, destroys the high freedom of great conversation, which requires an absolute running of two souls into one.

No two men but being left alone with each other enter into simpler relations. Yet it is affinity that determines *which* two shall converse. Unrelated men give little joy to each other, will never suspect the latent powers of each. We talk sometimes of a great talent for conversation, as if it were a permanent property in some individuals. Conversation is an evanescent relation,—no more. A man is reputed to have thought and eloquence; he cannot, for all that, say a word to his cousin or his uncle. They accuse his silence with as much reason as they would blame the insignificance of a dial in the shade. In the sun it will mark the hour. Among those who enjoy his thought he will regain his tongue.

Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world, rather than that my friend should overstep, by a word or a look, his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine, is that the *not mine* is *mine*. I hate, where I looked for a manly furtherance or at least a manly resistance, to find a mush of concession. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. That high office requires great and sublime parts. There must be very two, before there can be very one. Let it be an alliance of two large, formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the deep identity which, beneath these disparities, unites them.

He only is fit for this society who is magnanimous; who is sure that greatness and goodness are always economy; who is not swift to intermeddle with his fortunes. Let him not intermeddle with this. Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal. Friendship demands a religious treatment. We talk of choosing our friends, but friends are self-elected. Reverence is a great part of it. Treat your friend as a spectacle. Of course he

has merits that are not yours, and that you cannot honor if you must needs hold him close to your person. Stand aside; give those merits room; let them mount and expand. Are you the friend of your friend's buttons, or of his thought? To a great heart he will still be a stranger in a thousand particulars, that he may come near in the holiest ground. Leave it to girls and boys to regard a friend as property, and to suck a short and all-confounding pleasure, instead of the noblest benefit.

Let us buy our entrance to this guild by a long probation. Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls by intruding on them? Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend? Why go to his house, or know his mother and brother and sisters? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these things material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me a spirit. A message, a thought, a sincerity, a glance from him, I want, but not news, nor potage. I can get politics and chat and neighborly conveniences from cheaper companions. Should not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure, universal and great as nature itself? Ought I to feel that our tie is profane in comparison with yonder bar of cloud that sleeps on the horizon, or that clump of waving grass that divides the brook? Let us not vilify, but raise it to that standard. That great defying eye, that scornful beauty of his mien and action, do not pique yourself on reducing, but rather fortify and enchance. Worship his superiorities; wish him not less by a thought, but hoard and tell them all. Guard him as thy counterpart. Let him be to thee for ever a sort of beautiful enemy, untamable, devoutly revered, and not a trivial convenience to be soon outgrown and cast aside. The hues of the opal, the light of the diamond, are not to be seen if the eye is too near. To my friend I write a letter and from him I receive a letter. That seems to you a little. It suffices me. It is a spiritual gift, worthy of him to give and of me to receive. It profanes nobody. In these warm lines the heart will trust itself, as it will not to the tongue, and pour out the prophecy of a godlier existence than all the annals of heroism have yet made good.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LONGFELLOW, born in 1807 and dying in 1882, lived through the period of the first and, so far, the best American literature. A New Englander of excellent family, he graduated in a famous class at the old New England college of Bowdoin, and spent his life in one of the most renowned New England towns, as Professor in Harvard for seventeen years, and thenceforward as the most widely known of New England poets. Twice—in 1831 and in 1843—he was happily married; four times, with an interval of forty years between the first and last visit, he sojourned in Europe. Though not rich, he never knew poverty; he was orthodox in his social and moral views; with the exception of the terrible tragedy of the burning of his second wife in 1861, his life was a studious, uneventful peace. He contemplated with intelligence and sympathy the life around him, and it is reflected in his poetry, enriched and enlarged with the tints and chiaroscuro derived from catholic culture. Without a trace of vulgarity, without stooping to the arts of the demagogue or falling into the crudity of didacticism, he is the poet of the people. The abiding perception of the disproportion between human facts and universal truths, which we call humor, was lacking in him; but he was always sincere and often eloquent and elevated. Imagination he had, gently romantic rather than grand and creative; but his success was due to the harmony of his nature, in which was nothing discordant or out of measure; poetry was his normal utterance. During his long career he produced much that lacks permanent value, but much also that is true and lasting poetry. His translations from the German and other foreign languages attest his scholarship, but do not

illustrate his faculty; his "Dante's Divine Comedy," in spite of its dignity and frequent felicities, is not as a poem within measurable distance of the original. His prose books—"Outre-Mer," in 1834, "Hyperion" in 1839, and "Kavanagh," ten years later, are amiable but feeble books; "The Spanish Student" (1843) and "The Golden Legend" (1851) are essays in drama which indicate the limitations of the writer. The lyric, the ballad and the narrative poems are Longfellow's true field, and to them he thenceforward restricted himself. In each of them he touched high levels. During the Abolition epoch he wrote effective poems against slavery, and the Civil War elicited such fine ballads as "The Cumberland" and "Paul Revere," the latter aiming to stimulate the soldier of to-day by recalling the simple heroism of the night-rider of the past. But in general he preferred to moralize on life, and to depict its homely pathos and familiar charms and picturesqueness. "Excelsior," "The Psalm of Life," "The Day is Done," "The Open Window," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," "The Village Blacksmith" and many another, have entered into the language, and deservedly. But occasionally he showed, as in "Pegasus in Pound," that he could make pure allegory vibrate with tenderest life; and ever and anon he would summon his energies and achieve such long and lofty flights as "Evangeline" or "Hiawatha," which contain poetry to be long remembered among the honorable achievements of American literature.

In "Evangeline" the two Acadian lovers, parted by the edict of exile, seek each other for years, sometimes passing, unknowing, almost within arm's reach; and meet at last only when Gabriel, dying in the hospital, is found by Evangeline, who, for the sake of her lost lover, had dedicated herself to the succor of the suffering. This beautiful story suited the writer's genius, and the long, unrhymed verses gave opportunity for the music of words which was among his fortunate gifts. There are many passages of exquisite and haunting loveliness; that describing the lovers' meeting is Longfellow's best work; and the character of the Acadian maiden herself, gentle, faithful and strong, is the finest he ever drew.

"Hiawatha" has the short meter and quaint simplicity of the Norse eddas; it unites in an artistic group the most picturesque of our Indian legends. Nature and wild animals play

their parts with men, women and supernatural creatures, as personages in the drama; the Indian spirit is preserved throughout, and in this strange world nothing is familiar but the beating of the universal human heart, which harmonizes and reconciles all. The figure of Hiawatha is noble, impressive and lovable, and Minnehaha wins our affections as she won his. The canto in which her death is described (The Famine) is deeply moving and beautiful. The poem, ridiculed at its first appearance, has conquered respect; it is a bold and unique achievement, and, of itself, secures the author's renown. Longfellow is one of the least pretentious of poets, but his importance may be estimated by imagining the gap which would be caused by the absence of his blameless and gracious figure.

The Open Window.

The old house by the lindens
  Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
  The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
  Wide open to the air;
But the faces of the children,
  They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
  Was standing by the door;
He looked for his little playmates,
  Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
  They played not in the hall;
But shadow, and silence, and sadness,
  Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
  With sweet, familiar tone;
But the voices of the children
  Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
I pressed his warm, soft hand!

My Lost Youth.

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shady lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,

And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor to the cheek,

And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fateful song
Come over me like a chill;
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating again:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

CHAUCER.

An old man in a lodge within a park;
The chamber walls depicted all around
With portraitures of huntsmen, hawk, and hound,
And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark
Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
Made beautiful with song; and as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odors of ploughed field or flowery mead.

Paul Revere's Ride.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.
It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

Vogelweid the Minnesinger,
  When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
  Under Wurtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
  Gave them all with this behest:
They should feed the birds at noontide
  Daily on his place of rest;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels
  I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lessons
  They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed;
  And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
  By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
  In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
  Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
  Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
  On the poet's sculptured face.

On the cross-bars of each window,
  On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,
  Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
  Sang their lauds on every side;
And the name their voices uttered
  Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
  Murmured, "Why this waste of food?
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
  For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
  From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bells rang noontide,
  Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
  Clamorous round the Gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
  For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
  On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
  Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
  By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
  And the name of Vogelweid.

TWILIGHT.

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
  The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
  Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
  There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
  Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
  As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness
  To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
  Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
  Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
  And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
  Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
  And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother
  Drive the color from her cheek?

NUREMBERG.

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rocks that round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stand the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stand a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed
its air.

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD-NEST.

Once the Emperor Charles of Spain,
With his swarthy, grave commanders,
I forget in what campaign,
Long besieged, in mud and rain,
Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchman, cursed the weather.

Then as to and fro they went,
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses,
Mane, or tail, or dragon's crest,
Found on hedge-rows east and west,
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,
  As he twirled his gray mustachio,
"Sure this swallow overhead
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,
  And the Emperor but a Macho!"

Hearing his imperial name
  Coupled with those words of malice,
Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came
  Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"
  Said he solemnly, "nor hurt her!"
Adding then, by way of jest,
"Golondria is my guest,
  'Tis the wife of some deserter!"

Swift as a bowstring speeds a shaft,
  Through the camp was spread the rumor,
And the soldiers, as they quaffed
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed
  At the Emperor's pleasant humor.

So unharmed and unafraid
  Sat the swallow still and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made,
  And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
  Struck its tents as if disbanding,
Only not the Emperor's tent,
For he ordered, as he went,
  Very curtly, "leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone,
  Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone,
  Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

AFTER more than fifty years, Poe is still something of a riddle; he was unfortunate in his biographers, who were either eulogists or enemies. He was more unfortunate in himself; he had not the capacity of truth, and mystified the events of his career. The son of actors, his inherited histrionic instinct prompted him to act many parts, until he lost the sense of his own individuality. He applied the great force of his imagination not only to the production of stories, but to the facts of real life; and his morbid vanity accented the distortion thus produced. In him a small and selfish nature was ever at war with a powerful and curious intellect; his character was a medley, fickle, weak and inconsistent. His career is a story of petty vicissitudes and ignoble misfortunes; of brilliant successes counteracted by perverse and unworthy follies. He was unfaithful to his friends and rancorous against his enemies; an unhappy man, driven to and fro by storms largely of his own raising. A congenital tendency to intemperance, ever confirming its hold upon him, darkened his life and hastened his death, which occurred in 1849, in his forty-first year. His wife, "Annabel Lee," had died two years before. So far as his personal acts and passions are concerned, Poe might be pronounced insane; but in the domain of intellect as applied to literature he was a unique and towering genius, author of some of the most exquisite and fascinating poetry, and of many of the most original and ingenious tales ever written in this country. His fame traveled far beyond his own country, and he is to-day more read in France than any other American author.

He was born in Boston in 1809; his parents both died in Richmond, Va., in 1815. He was then adopted by Mr. Allan, a rich Virginian. From the age of six to twelve he was at school in England; he attended the University of Virginia for a year, lost money by gambling, and then disappeared for a year. According to his own story, he went to aid Greece, but he probably never got further than London. In 1827 he published, at Boston, his first volume of poems, "Tamerlane." He enlisted as a private in the army, then was for nine months a cadet at West Point, but was dismissed for bad conduct.

Mr. Allan had hitherto supported Poe; but they now quarreled, and the young man of twenty-one set out to make a living by literature. A prize story, "A Manuscript Found in a Bottle," gained him the friendship of J. P. Kennedy, who made him editor of a Southern literary paper at a salary of $10 a week. The circulation of the magazine increased under his care, and he married his young cousin, Virginia Clemm. He soon after resigned his position and went to Philadelphia. He had already written "Hans Pfaal" and "Arthur Gordon Pym," and he now published the "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," which confirmed his fame. He was also fitfully connected with two or three other periodicals. He wrote the "Murders in the Rue Morgue" in 1841, and two years later his "Gold Bug" won another prize of $100. At the age of five and thirty he was back in New York, writing for N. P. Willis's *Mirror* and other magazines; and in 1845 he wrote his famous poem "The Raven." He also lectured and wrote critiques, generally of a scathing character, but many of which posterity has justified. After his wife's death, his only work of importance was "Eureka," a speculative analysis of the universe.

Poe's stories fall into two classes, the analytical, of which the "Gold Bug" is an example, and the supernatural, such as "Ligeia." In many of his tales, however, these qualities are commingled. He was neither a humorist nor a character-painter, and none of his stories touch the heart; the man was deficient in human sympathies. They are to a high degree strange, impressive and ingenious, faultless in workmanship and structure, and masterpieces of art. They are finished, like gems, and of permanent literary worth; yet they can hardly be called works of inspiration; they are gems, not flowers. Poe's style is clear, succinct and polished, but self-conscious and artificial. The stories are by no means all of equal merit; Poe lacked good taste, and frequently overstepped the boundaries between the terrible and the revolting, the commonplace and the simple, fun and buffoonery. All his humorous tales are dismal failures. But when he is at his best, no writer can surpass him; we may say that he is unrivalled. In poetry, Poe is if possible more original and solitary than in his prose. The eerie and elfin beauty of some of his verses is magical; one is enchanted one knows not how. He had theories in poetry, as

in prose; but it is probable that he squared his theories with his compositions, more often than the opposite. But there is more of art than of heart even in Poe's poetry; and we find that we go to him to be entertained and stimulated, but not for the needs of the deeper soul. His career was pathetic; but his genius is triumphant.

THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells!
On the future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum-bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
On the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appeal to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling and the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their melody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone:
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory, in so rolling
On the human heart a stone:
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæans of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells!
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells;
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore;
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here forever more.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
" 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently came your rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:—
Darkness there and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only,
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.' "

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This, and more, I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose violet velvet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by those angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven. 'Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!"
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels call Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest, and the Nights Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

LADY MADELINE OF USHER.

(IN "The Fall of the House of Usher" the narrator tells how he assisted Usher to bury the body of Lady Madeline in a vault of the ancient building. A week later, on the night of a dreadful storm, he read to Usher from a weird romance.)

I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement—for there could be no doubt whatever that, in this instance, I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted and most unusual screaming or grating sound—the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up for the dragon's unnatural shriek as described by the romancer.

Oppressed, as I certainly was, upon the occurrence of this second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and extreme terror were predominant, I still retained sufficient presence of mind to avoid exciting, by any observation, the sensitive nervousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in question; although, assuredly, a strange alteration had, during the last few minutes, taken place in his demeanor. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair, so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber; and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast—yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body, too, was at variance with this idea—for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded:

"And now the champion, having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass from out of the way before him, and approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor, with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound."

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than—as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver—I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet, but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But, as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips; and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

"Not hear it?—yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long—long—long—many minutes, many hours, many days have I heard it—yet I dared not—oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am!—I dared not—I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I *now* tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them—many, many days ago—yet I dared not—*I dared not speak!* And now—to-night—Ethelred—ha! ha!—the breaking of the hermit's door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield!—say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault. Oh, whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!" here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul—*"Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!"*

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell—the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed, threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust—but then without those doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some

bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold—then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her violent and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned out to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely-discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zig-zag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened—there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind—the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight—my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder—there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters—and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed suddenly and silently over the fragments of the *"House of Usher."*

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

"In no poet," wrote Bryant of Halleck, "can be found passages which flow with more sweet and liquid smoothness." In his lifetime Fitz-Greene Halleck was a popular poet, but he lives now only in books of poetical selections. He possessed exquisite felicity of diction and a lively fancy, but lacked the force and originality necessary to the immortals. Some of his poems, however, are not likely to be forgotten, such as the stirring "Marco Bozzaris," and the exquisite lines on the death of Joseph Rodman Drake.

Halleck's life was uneventful. He was born in Guilford, Conn., in 1795. When a boy he went to New York and became a clerk in a banking house, and later for many years was confidential clerk to John Jacob Astor. Some of his earliest literary productions were written in conjunction with his intimate friend, Drake, and appeared in the New York *Evening*

Post, signed Croaker and Co. "Fanny," the longest of his poems, was a satire on New York life. In 1822 he visited Europe, and in 1827 he published his first volume of collected poems. This contains his famous "Marco Bozzaris," and also the two fine poems, "Burns" and "Alnwick Castle." Receiving the bequest of an annuity from John Jacob Astor in 1849, he retired to his native town, where he died in 1867.

On the Death of Jos. R. Drake.

The good die first,
And they, whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
Burn to the socket.—Wordsworth.

Green be the turf above thee,
  Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
  Nor name thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
  From eyes unused to weep,
And long where thou art lying,
  Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
  Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
  To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
  To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
  Whose weal and woe were thine:

It should be mine to braid it
  Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
  And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
  Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
  That mourns a man like thee.

Marco Bozzaris.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
  The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
  Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
  In dreams his song of triumph heard:
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
  As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight in the forest shades,
  Bozarris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
  Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
  On Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
  As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
  That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout and groan, and sabre stroke,
  And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
  Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
  God—and your native land!"

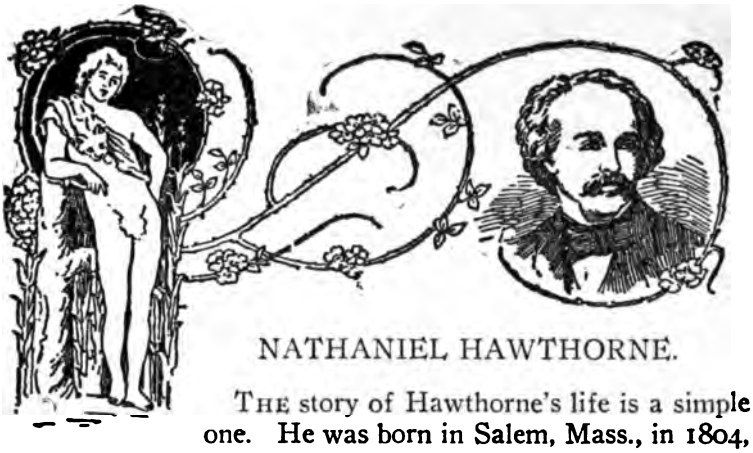
They fought—like brave men, long and well;
  They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
  Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
  And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
  Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
  Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
  Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
  With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
  Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
  Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
  The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
  Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
  Of sky and stars to prisoned men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;

Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
  To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
  Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
  Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave.
  Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
  Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume.
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
  The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thee her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow,
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
  And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
  The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
  Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
  That were not born to die.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE story of Hawthorne's life is a simple one. He was born in Salem, Mass., in 1804, and as a boy was brought up partly in that ancient town, and partly on the shores of Sebago Lake, in Maine, where his uncle, Richard Manning, had an estate. His father, who died of fever in Surinam, when Nathaniel was four years old, was an East India merchant, and captained his own vessel; an uncle, Daniel, had commanded a privateer in the Revolution; an ancestor, John Hathorne (as the name was then spelled), had been a judge in the witch trials; and the first emigrant, William, the elder son of the English family, was a man of note in the Province, and a major in the Indian wars. His mother was a woman of intellect and refinement; but Nathaniel was the first of the Hawthornes to evince literary proclivities.

He was an active, outdoor boy, though fond of reading and with thoughts of his own. As a student he was not distinguished, either before or during his Bowdoin college career; but he graduated well in the class of 1824; Longfellow was a classmate, and Franklin Pierce was in the class ahead of him. After graduating he lived in seclusion at his home in Salem for twelve years, writing, meditating, and occasionally publishing short sketches in Annuals and similar publications, uniformly over a pseudonym. Before 1840 he met, and in 1842 he married Sophia Peabody of Salem, and lived with her in "The Old Manse" at Concord, Mass. He had already tried the Brook Farm community life, and decided it was not suited to his requirements. He obtained an appointment in the Salem Custom House, and supported himself on the salary derived therefrom, and by writing sketches and stories. These were collected

under the title of "Mosses from an Old Manse," and "The Snow Image and Other Stories." He was rotated out of office, and in 1850 wrote "The Scarlet Letter," which brought him fame here and abroad. Removing to Lenox, Mass., he produced "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance," evolved from his Brook Farm observations, and "The Wonder-Book" and "Tanglewood Tales"—stories for children based on classic mythology. Taking up his residence for the second time in Concord, at "The Wayside," he wrote a campaign biography of his friend Franklin Pierce, and the latter, on his election to the Presidency of the United States, appointed Hawthorne consul at Liverpool, England. Shortly before the end of his term he resigned the office and sojourned for two or three years on the Continent. Returning in 1859 to England, he wrote "The Marble Faun" (published in England under the title of "Transformation"), and came back to America in 1860. The outbreak of the Civil War the following year interrupted his imaginative work; but he published a volume of English studies, "Our Old Home," and the first chapters of a new romance, "The Dolliver Romance," in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He died suddenly in Plymouth, New Hampshire, on a journey for health undertaken with Franklin Pierce, and was buried in Concord, May 23d, 1864.

The story of Hawthorne's mind and opinions may be gathered from his writings, especially from the shorter pieces contained in "Twice-Told Tales" and "The Mosses." These appear on the surface to be merely imaginative tales, exquisitely wrought; but they embody profound, radical and sometimes revolutionary views on all subjects of society and morals. He probed deeply into the mystery of human sin; the revelations thus evolved cast a tinge of sadness over much that he wrote; but Hawthorne was at heart an optimist, and his most searching analyses result in conclusions the most hopeful. The more he is studied, the more is the student impressed with his truth, justice and sanity. Common sense and the sense of humor existed in him side by side with the keenest insight and the finest imaginative gifts; and all that he wrote is rendered fascinating by the charm of a translucent, nearly perfect literary style. Everything that he produced was in its degree a work of art.

The four romances on which his reputation chiefly rests

belong in a class by themselves. No other writer has succeeded in mastering the principle on which they are composed. There is in them a living spirit which creates its own proper form. They are wrought from within outwards, like the growths of nature. The interest of outward events is in them subordinated to that of the vicissitudes of mind and soul of the characters, which are penetratingly interpreted. There is nothing arbitrary in Hawthorne's treatment; but in the end he has placed clearly before the reader the elements of the problem, and has suggested the solution. We rise from his books knowing more of life and man than when we took them up, and with better hopes of their destiny. The years which have passed since they were written have confirmed and exalted their value; and Hawthorne is now held to be the foremost—instead of, as he once wrote, "the obscurest"—man of letters in America.

Several studies of romances were published posthumously; and also the "Note-Books" which he kept all his life, and which reveal the care with which he studied nature and mankind. Their quality is objective, not subjective.

Personally Hawthorne was just short of six feet in height, broad-shouldered and active and strikingly handsome, with a large, dome-like head, black hair and brows, and dark blue eyes. His disposition, contrary to the general impression of him, was cheerful and full of sunny humor. His nature was social and genial, but he avoided bores, and disliked to figure in promiscuous society. His domestic life was entirely happy, and the flowering of his genius is largely due to the love and appreciation and creative criticism which he received from his wife. His friends were the men of his time most eminent in letters and art; but perhaps the most intimate of all—Franklin Pierce, Horatio Bridge and Albert Pike—were all workers on other than literary lines. They were men whom he loved for their manly and human qualities, and who were faithful to him to the end.

Hester Prynne and the Pastor.

From "The Scarlet Letter."

Slowly as the minister walked, he had almost gone by before Hester Prynne could gather voice enough to attract his observation. At length she succeeded.

"Arthur Dimmesdale!" she said, faintly at first; then louder, but hoarsely, "Arthur Dimmesdale!"

"Who speaks?" answered the minister.

Gathering himself quickly up, he stood more erect, like a man taken by surprise in a mood to which he was reluctant to have witnesses. Throwing his eyes anxiously in the direction of the voice, he indistinctly beheld a form under the trees, clad in garments so sombre, and so little relieved from the gray twilight into which the clouded sky and the heavy foliage had darkened the noontide, that he knew not whether it were a woman or a shadow. It may be, that his pathway through life was haunted thus, by a spectre that had stolen out from among his thoughts.

He made a step nigher, and discovered the scarlet letter.

"Hester! Hester Prynne!" said he. "Is it thou? Art thou in life?"

"Even so!" she answered. "In such life as has been mine these seven years past! And thou, Arthur Dimmesdale, dost thou yet live?"

It was no wonder that they thus questioned one another's actual and bodily existence, and even doubted of their own. It was with fear, and tremulously, and, as it were, by a slow, reluctant necessity, that Arthur Dimmesdale put forth his hand, chill as death, and touched the chill hand of Hester Prynne. The grasp, cold as it was, took away what was dreariest in the interview. They now felt themselves, at least, inhabitants of the same sphere.

Without a word more spoken,—neither he nor she assuming the guidance, but with an unexpressed consent,—they glided back into the shadow of the woods, whence Hester had emerged, and sat down on the heap of moss where she and Pearl had before been sitting. When they found voice to speak, it was, at first, only to utter remarks and inquiries such as any two acquaintance might have made, about the gloomy sky, the threatening storm, and, next, the health of each. Thus they went onward, not boldly, but step by step, into the themes that were brooding deepest in their hearts. So long estranged by fate and circumstances, they needed something slight and casual to run before, and throw open the doors of intercourse, so that their real thoughts might be led across the threshold.

After a while, the minister fixed his eyes on Hester Prynne's.

"Hester," said he, "hast thou found peace?"

She smiled drearily, looking down upon her bosom.

"Hast thou?" she asked.

"None!—nothing but despair!" he answered. "What else could I look for, being what I am, and leading such a life as mine? Were I an atheist,—a man devoid of conscience, —a wretch with coarse and brutal instincts,—I might have found peace, long ere now. Nay, I never should have lost it! But, as matters stand with my soul, whatever of good capacity there originally was in me, all of God's gifts that were the choicest have become the ministers of spiritual torment. Hester, I am most miserable!"

"The people reverence thee," said Hester. "And surely thou workest good among them! Doth this bring thee no comfort?"

"More misery, Hester!—only the more misery!" answered the clergyman, with a bitter smile. "As concerns the good which I may appear to do, I have no faith in it. It must needs be a delusion. What can a ruined soul, like mine, effect towards the redemption of other souls?—or a polluted soul, towards their purification? And as for the people's reverence, would that it were turned to scorn and hatred! Canst thou deem it, Hester, a consolation, that I must stand up in my pulpit, and meet so many eyes turned upward to my face, as if the light of heaven were beaming from it!—must see my flock hungry for the truth, and listening to my words as if a tongue of Pentecost were speaking!—and then look inward, and discern the black reality of what they idolize? I have laughed, in bitterness and agony of heart, at the contrast between what I seem and what I am! And Satan laughs at it!"

"You wrong yourself in this," said Hester, gently. "You have deeply and sorely repented. Your sin is left behind you, in the days long past. Your present life is not less holy, in very truth, than it seems in people's eyes. Is there no reality in the penitence thus sealed and witnessed by good works? And wherefore should it not bring you peace?"

"No, Hester, no!" replied the clergyman. "There is no substance in it! It is cold and dead, and can do nothing for me! Of penance, I have had enough! Of penitence, there

has been none! Else, I should long ago have thrown off these garments of mock holiness, and have shown myself to mankind as they will see me at the judgment-seat. Happy are you, Hester, that wear the scarlet letter openly upon your bosom! Mine burns in secret! Thou little knowest what a relief it is, after the torment of a seven years' cheat, to look into an eye that recognizes me for what I am! Had I one friend,—or were it my worst enemy!—to whom, when sickened with the praises of all other men, I could daily betake myself, and be known as the vilest of all sinners, methinks my soul might keep itself alive thereby. Even thus much of truth would save me! But now, it is all falsehood!—all emptiness! —all death!"

Hester Prynne looked into his face, but hesitated to speak. Yet, uttering his long-restrained emotions so vehemently as he did, his words here offered her the very point of circumstances in which to interpose what she came to say. She conquered her fears and spoke.

"Such a friend as thou hast even now wished for," said she, "with whom to weep over thy sin, thou hast in me, the partner of it!"—Again she hesitated, but brought out the words with an effort.—"Thou hast long had such an enemy, and dwellest with him, under the same roof!"

The minister started to his feet, gasping for breath, and clutching at his heart, as if he would have torn it out of his bosom.

"Ha! What sayest thou?" cried he. "An enemy! And under mine own roof! What mean you?"

Hester Prynne was now fully sensible of the deep injury for which she was responsible to this unhappy man, in permitting him to lie for so many years, or, indeed, for a single moment, at the mercy of one whose purposes could not be other than malevolent.

"O Arthur," cried she, "forgive me! In all things else, I have striven to be true! Truth was the one virtue which I might have held fast, and did hold fast, through all extremity; save when thy good,—thy life,—thy fame,—were put in question! Then I consented to a deception. But a lie is never good, even though death threaten on the other side! Dost thou not see what I would say? That old man!—the physi-

cian,—he whom they call Roger Chillingworth!—he was my husband!"

The minister looked at her, for an instant, with all that violence of passion, which—intermixed, in more shapes than one, with his higher, purer, softer qualities,—was, in fact, the portion of him which the Devil claimed, and through which he sought to win the rest. Never was there a blacker or a fiercer frown than Hester now encountered. For the brief space that it lasted, it was a dark transfiguration. But his character had been so much enfeebled by suffering, that even its lower energies were incapable of more than a temporary struggle. He sank down on the ground, and buried his face in his hands.

"I might have known it," murmured he. "I did know it! Was not the secret told me, in the natural recoil of my heart, at the first sight of him, and as often as I have seen him since? Why did I not understand? O Hester Prynne, thou little, little knowest all the horror of this thing! And the shame!—the indelicacy!—the horrible ugliness of this exposure of a sick and guilty heart to the very eye that would gloat over it! Woman, woman, thou art accountable for this! I cannot forgive thee!"

"Thou shalt forgive me!" cried Hester, flinging herself on the fallen leaves beside him. "Let God punish! Thou shalt forgive!"

With sudden and desperate tenderness, she threw her arms around him, and pressed his head against her bosom, little caring though his cheek rested on the scarlet letter. He would have released himself, but strove in vain to do so. Hester would not set him free, lest he should look her sternly in the face. All the world had frowned on her,—for seven long years had it frowned upon this lonely woman,—and still she bore it all, nor ever once turned away her firm, sad eyes. Heaven, likewise, had frowned upon her, and she had not died. But the frown of this pale, weak, sinful, and sorrow-stricken man was what Hester could not bear, and live!

"Wilt thou yet forgive me?" she repeated, over and over again. "Wilt thou not frown? Wilt thou forgive?"

"I do forgive you, Hester," replied the minister, at length, with a deep utterance, out of an abyss of sadness, but no anger. "I freely forgive you now. May God forgive us both!"

DONATELLO AND THE MARBLE FAUN.

Of these four friends of ours, three were artists, or connected with art; and at this moment they had been simultaneously struck by a resemblance between one of the antique statues—a well-known masterpiece of Grecian sculpture—and a young Italian, the fourth member of their party.

"You must needs confess, Kenyon," said a dark-eyed young woman, whom her friends called Miriam, "that you never chiseled out of marble, nor wrought out of clay, a more vivid likeness than this—cunning a bust-maker as you think yourself. The portraiture is perfect in character, sentiment, and features. If it were a picture, the resemblance might be half-illusive and imaginary; but here, in this Pentelic marble, it is a substantial fact, and may be tested by absolute touch and measurement. Our friend Donatello is the very Faun of Praxiteles. Is it not true, Hilda?"

"Not quite—almost—yes, I really think so," replied Hilda, a slender, brown-haired New England girl, whose perceptions of form and expression were wonderfully clear and delicate. "If there is any difference between the two faces, the reason may be, I suppose, that the Faun dwelt in the woods and fields, and consorted with his like; while Donatello has known cities a little, and such people as ourselves. But the resemblance is very close, and very strange."

"Not so strange," whispered Miriam, mischievously, "for no Faun in Arcadia was ever a greater simpleton than Donatello. He has hardly a man's share of wit, small as that may be. It is a pity there are no longer any of this congenial race of rustic creatures for our friend to consort with!"

"Hush, naughty one!" returned Hilda. "You are very ungrateful, for you well know he has wit enough to worship you, at all events."

"Then the greater fool he!" said Miriam, so bitterly that Hilda's quiet eyes were somewhat startled.

"Donatello, my dear friend," said Kenyon, in Italian, "pray gratify us all by taking the exact attitude of this statue."

The young man laughed, and threw himself into the position in which the statue had been standing for two or three thousand years. In truth, allowing for the difference of cos-

tume, and if a lion's skin could have been substituted for his modern talma, and a rustic pipe for his stick, Donatello might have figured perfectly as the marble Faun, miraculously softened into flesh and blood.

"Yes, the resemblance is wonderful," observed Kenyon, after examining the marble and the man with the accuracy of a sculptor's eye. "There is one point, however, or, rather, two points, in respect to which our friend Donatello's abundant curls will not permit us to say whether the likeness is carried into minute detail." And the sculptor directed the attention of the party to the ears of the beautiful statue which they were contemplating. . . .

The Faun is the marble image of a young man, learning his right arm on the trunk or stump of a tree; one hand hangs carelessly by his side; in the other he holds the fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument of music. His only garment—a lion's skin, with the claws upon his shoulder—falls half way down his back, leaving the limbs and entire front of the figure nude. The form, thus displayed, is marvellously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more flesh, and less of heroic muscle, than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty. The character of the face corresponds with the figure; it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed about the throat and chin; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humor; the mouth, with its full yet delicate lips, seems so nearly to smile outright, that it calls forth a responsive smile. The whole statue—unlike anything else that was ever wrought in that severe material of marble—conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment towards it, as if its substance were warm to the touch, and imbued with actual life. It comes very close to some of our pleasantest sympathies.

Perhaps it is the very lack of moral severity, of any high and heroic ingredient in the character of the Faun, that makes it so delightful an object to the human eye, and to the frailty

of the human heart. The being here represented is endowed with no principle of virtue, and would be incapable of comprehending such; but he would be true and honest by dint of his simplicity. We should expect from him no sacrifice or effort for an abstract cause. There is not an atom of martyr's stuff in all that softened marble; but he has a capacity for strong and warm attachment, and might act devotedly through its impulse, and even die for it at need. It is possible, too, that the Faun might be educated through the medium of his emotions, so that the coarser animal portion of his nature might eventually be thrown into the background, though never utterly expelled.

The animal nature indeed is the most essential part of the Faun's composition; for the characteristics of the brute creation meet and combine with those of humanity in this strange yet true and natural conception of antique poetry and art. Praxiteles has subtly diffused throughout his work that mute mystery which so hopelessly perplexes us whenever we attempt to gain an intellectual or sympathetic knowledge of the lower orders of creation. The riddle is indicated, however, only by two definite signs: these are the two ears of the Faun, which are leaf-shaped, terminating in little peaks, like those of some species of animals. Though not so seen in the marble, they are probably to be considered as clothed in fine, downy fur. In the coarser representations of this class of mythological creatures there is another token of brute kindred—a certain caudal appendage; which, if the Faun of Praxiteles must be supposed to possess it at all, is hidden by the lion's skin that forms his garment. The pointed and furry ears, therefore, are the sole indications of his wild forest nature.

Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill—in a word, a sculptor and a poet too— could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble. Neither man nor animal, and yet no monster; but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground. The idea grows coarse as we handle it, and hardens in our grasp. But if the spectator broods long over the statue, he will be conscious of its spell. All the pleasantness of sylvan life, all the genial and happy

characteristics of creatures that dwell in woods and fields, will seem to be mingled and kneaded into one substance, along with the kindred qualities in the human soul. Trees, grass, flowers, woodland streamlets, cattle, deer, and unsophisticated man! The essence of all these was compressed long ago, and still exists in that discolored marble surface of the Faun of Praxiteles. . . .

"Donatello," playfully cried Miriam, "do not leave us in this perplexity! Shake aside those brown curls, my friend, and let us see whether this marvellous resemblance extends to the tips of the ears. If so, we shall like you all the better!"

"No, no, dearest Signorina," answered Donatello, laughing, but with a certain earnestness. "I entreat you to take the tips of my ears for granted." And as he spoke the young Italian made a skip and a jump, quite light enough for a veritable Faun, so as to place himself beyond the reach of the fair hand that was outstretched, as if to settle the matter by actual examination. "I shall be like a wolf of the Apennines," he continued, taking his stand on the other side of the Dying Gladiator, "if you touch my ears ever so softly. None of my race could endure it. It has always been a tender point with my forefathers and me."

He spoke in Italian, with the Tuscan rusticity of accent, and an unshaped sort of utterance, betokening that he must heretofore have been chiefly conversant with rural people.

"Well, well," said Miriam, "your tender point shall—your two tender points, if you have them—be safe so far as I am concerned. But how strange this likeness is, after all! and how delightful, if it really includes the pointed ears! Oh, it is impossible, of course," she continued in English, "with a real and commonplace young man like Donatello; but you see how this peculiarity defines the portion of the Faun; and while putting him where he cannot exactly assert his brotherhood, still disposes us kindly towards the kindred creature. He is not supernatural, but just on the verge of nature, and yet within it. What is the nameless charm of this idea, Hilda? You can feel it more delicately than I."

"It perplexes me," said Hilda, thoughtfully, and shrinking a little; "neither do I quite like to think about it."

"But surely," said Kenyon, "you agree with Miriam and

me, that there is something very touching and impressive in this statue of the Faun. In some long past age he really must have existed. Nature needed, and still needs, this beautiful creature; standing betwixt man and animal, sympathizing with each, comprehending the speech of either race, and interpreting the whole existence of one to the other. What a pity that he has forever vanished from the hard and dusty paths of life—unless," added the sculptor, in a sportive whisper, "Donatello be actually he!"

"You cannot conceive how this fantasy takes hold of me," responded Miriam, between jest and earnest. "Imagine, now, a real being similar to this mystic Faun, how happy, how genial, how satisfactory would be his life; enjoying the warm, sensuous, earthly side of his nature; reveling in the merriment of woods and streams; living as our four-footed kindred do—as mankind did in its innocent childhood; before sin, sorrow, or mortality itself had even been thought of! Ah! Kenyon, if Hilda and you and I—if I at least—had pointed ears! For I suppose the Faun had no conscience, no remorses, no burthen on the heart, no troublesome reflections of any sort; no dark future either."

MIRIAM AND HILDA.

(From "The Marble Faun.")

HILDA was standing in the middle of the room. When her friend made a step or two from the door, she put forth her hands with an involuntary repellent gesture, so expressive, that Miriam at once felt a great chasm opening itself between them two. They might gaze at one another from the opposite side, but without the possibility of ever meeting more; or, at least, since the chasm could never be bridged over, they must tread the whole round of Eternity to meet on the other side. There was even a terror in the thought of their meeting again. It was as if Hilda or Mirian were dead, and could no longer hold intercourse without violating a spiritual law.

Yet, in the wantonness of her despair, Miriam made one more step towards the friend whom she had lost.

"Do not come nearer, Miriam!" said Hilda.

Her look and tone were those of sorrowful entreaty, and yet they expressed a kind of confidence, as if the girl were conscious of a safeguard that could not be violated.

"What has happened between us, Hilda?" asked Miriam. "Are we not friends?"

"No, no!" said Hilda, shuddering.

"At least we have been friends," continued Miriam. "I loved you dearly! I love you still! You were to me as a younger sister; yes, dearer than sisters of the same blood; for you and I were so lonely, Hilda, that the whole world pressed us together by its solitude and strangeness. Then, will you not touch my hand? Am I not the same as yesterday?"

"Alas! no, Miriam!" said Hilda.

"Yes, the same,—the same for you, Hilda," rejoined her lost friend. "Were you to touch my hand, you would find it as warm to your grasp as ever. If you were sick or suffering, I would watch night and day for you. It is in such simple offices that true affection shows itself; and so I speak of them. Yet, now, Hilda, your very look seems to put me beyond the limits of human kind!"

"It is not I, Miriam," said Hilda; "not I that have done this."

"You, and you only, Hilda," replied Miriam, stirred up to make her own cause good by the repellent force which her friend opposed to her. "I am a woman, as I was yesterday; endowed with the same truth of nature, the same warmth of heart, the same genuine and earnest love, which you have always known in me. In any regard that concerns yourself, I am not changed. And believe me, Hilda, when a human being has chosen a friend out of all the world, it is only some faithfulness between themselves, rendering true intercourse impossible, that can justify either friend in severing the bond. Have I deceived you? Then cast me off! Have I wronged you personally? Then forgive me, if you can. But, have I sinned against God and man, and deeply sinned? Then be more my friend than ever, for I need you more."

"Do not bewilder me thus, Miriam!" exclaimed Hilda, who had not forborne to express, by look and gesture, the anguish which this interview inflicted on her. "If I were one of God's angels, with a nature incapable of stain, and garments that never could be spotted, I would keep ever at your side, and try to lead you upward. But I am a poor, lonely girl, whom God has set here in an evil world, and given her only a white robe,

and bid her wear it back to Him, as white as when she put it on. Your powerful magnetism would be too much for me. The pure, white atmosphere, in which I try to discern what things are good and true, would be discolored. And, therefore, Miriam, before it is too late, I mean to put faith in this awful heart-quake, which warns me henceforth to avoid you."

"Ah, this is hard! Ah, this is terrible!" murmured Miriam, dropping her forehead in her hands. In a moment or two she looked up again, as pale as death, but with a composed countenance: "I always said, Hilda, that you were merciless; for I had a perception of it, even while you loved me best. You have no sin, nor any conception of what it is; and therefore you are so terribly severe! As an angel, you are not amiss; but, as a human creature, and a woman among earthly men and women, you need a sin to soften you."

"God forgive me," said Hilda, "if I have said a needlessly cruel word!"

"Let it pass," answered Miriam; "I, whose heart it has smitten upon, forgive you. And tell me, before we part forever, what have you seen or known of me, since we last met?"

"A terrible thing, Miriam," said Hilda, growing paler than before.

"Do you see it written in my face, or painted in my eyes?" inquired Miriam, her trouble seeking relief in a half-frenzied raillery. "I would fain know how it is that Providence, or fate, brings eye-witnesses to watch us, when we fancy ourselves acting in the remotest privacy. Did all Rome see it, then? Or, at least, our merry company of artists? Or is it some blood-stain on me, or death-scent in my garments? They say that monstrous deformities sprout out of fiends, who once were lovely angels. Do you perceive such in me already? Tell me, by our past friendship, Hilda, all you know."

Thus adjured, and frightened by the wild emotion which Miriam could not suppress, Hilda strove to tell what she had witnessed.

"After the rest of the party had passed on, I went back to speak to you," she said; "for there seemed to be a trouble on your mind, and I wished to share it with you, if you could permit me. The door of the little court-yard was partly shut; but I pushed it open, and saw you within, and Donatello, and

a third person, whom I had before noticed in the shadow of a niche. He approached you, Miriam. You knelt to him!—I saw Donatello spring upon him! I would have shrieked, but my throat was dry. I would have rushed forward, but my limbs seemed rooted to the earth. It was like a flash of lightning. A look passed from your eyes to Donatello's—a look"—

"Yes, Hilda, yes!" exclaimed Miriam, with intense eagerness. "Do not pause now! That look?"

"It revealed all your heart, Miriam," continued Hilda, covering her eyes as if to shut out the recollection; "a look of hatred, triumph, vengeance, and, as it were, joy at some unhoped-for relief."

"Ah! Donatello was right, then," murmured Miriam, who shook throughout all her frame. "My eyes bade him do it! Go on, Hilda."

"It all passed so quickly,—all like a glare of lightning," said Hilda, "and yet it seemed to me that Donatello had paused, while one might draw a breath. But that look!—Ah, Miriam, spare me. Need I tell more?"

"No more; there needs no more, Hilda," replied Miriam, bowing her head, as if listening to a sentence of condemnation from a supreme tribunal. "It is enough! You have satisfied my mind on a point where it was greatly disturbed. Henceforward, I shall be quiet. Thank you, Hilda."

She was on the point of departing, but turned back again from the threshold.

"This is a terrible secret to be kept in a young girl's bosom," she observed; "what will you do with it, my poor child?"

"Heaven help and guide me," answered Hilda, bursting into tears; "for the burden of it crushes me to the earth! It seems a crime to know of such a thing, and to keep it to myself. It knocks within my heart continually, threatening, imploring, insisting to be let out! Oh, my mother!—my mother! Were she yet living, I would travel over land and sea to tell her this dark secret, as I told all the little troubles of my infancy. But I am alone—alone! Miriam, you were my dearest, only friend. Advise me what to do."

This was a singular appeal, no doubt, from the stainless maiden to the guilty woman, whom she had just banished from

her heart forever. But it bore striking testimony to the impression which Miriam's natural uprightness and impulsive generosity had made on the friend who knew her best; and it deeply comforted the poor criminal, by proving to her that the bond between Hilda and herself was vital yet.

As far as she was able, Miriam at once responded to the girl's cry for help.

"If I deemed it good for your peace of mind," she said, "to bear testimony against me for this deed, in the face of all the world, no consideration of myself should weigh with me an instant. But I believe that you would find no relief in such a course. What men call justice lies chiefly in outward formalities, and has never the close application and fitness that would be satisfactory to a soul like yours. I cannot be fairly tried and judged before an earthly tribunal; and of this, Hilda, you would perhaps become fatally conscious when it was too late. Roman justice, above all things, is a byword. What have you to do with it? Leave all such thoughts aside! Yet, Hilda, I would not have you keep my secret imprisoned in your heart if it tries to leap out, and stings you, like a wild, venomous thing, when you thrust it back again. Have you no other friend, now that you have been forced to give me up?"

"No other," answered Hilda, sadly.

"Yes; Kenyon!" rejoined Miriam.

"He cannot be my friend," said Hilda, "because—because—I have fancied that he sought to be something more."

"Fear nothing!" replied Miriam, shaking her head, with a strange smile. "This story will frighten his new-born love out of its little life, if that be what you wish. Tell him the secret, then, and take his wise and honorable counsel as to what should next be done. I know not what else to say."

"I never dreamed," said Hilda,—"how could you think it?—of betraying you to justice. But I see how it is, Miriam. I must keep your secret, and die of it, unless God sends me some relief by methods which are now beyond my power to imagine. It is very dreadful. Ah! now I understand how the sins of generations past have created an atmosphere of sin for those that follow. While there is a single guilty person in the universe, each innocent one must feel his innocence tortured by that guilt. Your deed, Miriam, has darkened the whole sky!"

THOREAU.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU was born in Concord, Massachusetts, July 12, 1817. He died there in 1862. His parents were poor and it was with difficulty that the boy acquired an education, graduating in time from Harvard. He tried teaching but found the school-room too confining, while on the other hand his own eccentric ideas of inculcating knowledge did not generally find favor.

During Thoreau's early manhood many sentiments were written and expressed about a new manner of life. *Simplicity* was the cry of the age—as it has sometimes been since. Various plans for community life were attempted, notably "Brook Farm," in which Emerson, the Alcotts, Margaret Fuller and others were interested. Thoreau had a strong aversion to any form of life which might threaten the *individuality* of man; hence, he turned to solitary life as an existence better suited to himself. While he lived quite a portion of his years in this fashion, he never severed a close relationship with his fellow-men.

Thoreau was a lover of nature rather than a scientist. He made friends with all animate things, communed with trees and found more solace in the fields, the meadows and the forests than in social gatherings and drawing-room conversation. Indeed, he cared little for the conventionalities of society. It is not too much to say that like many another, Thoreau did not object to being thought eccentrical and seems to have cultivated certain individualities for the very purpose of shocking the sensitive. On the other hand, he was himself sensitive, sympathetic and very human, in spite of criticisms to the contrary.

"Walden," "Cape Cod," and "The Week" will perhaps prove his most enduring books.

WHERE I LIVED AND WHAT I LIVED FOR.

At a certain season of our life we are accustomed to consider every spot as the possible site of a house. I have thus surveyed the country on every side within a dozen miles of where I live. In imagination I have bought all the farms in succession, for all were to be bought, and I knew their price.

I walked over each farmer's premises, tasted his wild apples, discoursed on husbandry with him, took his farm at his price, at any price, mortgaging it to him in my mind; even put a higher price on it,—took everything but a deed of it,—took his word for his deed, for I dearly love to talk,—cultivated it, and him to some extent, I trust, and withdrew when I had enjoyed it long enough, leaving him to carry it on. This experience entitled me to be regarded as a sort of real-estate broker by my friends. Wherever I sat, there I might live, and the landscape radiated from me accordingly. What is a house but a *sedes,* a seat?—better if a country seat. I discovered many a site for a house not likely to be soon improved, which some might have thought too far from the village, but to my eyes the village was too far from it. Well, there I might live, I said; and there I did live, for an hour, a summer and a winter life; saw how I could let the years run off, buffet the winter through, and see the spring come in. The future inhabitants of this region, wherever they may place their houses, may be sure that they have been anticipated. An afternoon sufficed to lay out the land into orchard, woodlot, and pasture, and to decide what fine oaks or pines should be left to stand before the door, and whence each blasted tree could be seen to the best advantage; and then I let it lie, fallow perchance, for a man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.

My imagination carried me so far that I even had the refusal of several farms,—the refusal was all I wanted,—but I never got my fingers burned by actual possession. The nearest that I came to actual possession was when I bought the Hollowell place, and had begun to sort my seeds, and collected materials with which to make a wheelbarrow to carry it on or off with; but before the owner gave me a deed of it, his wife —every man has such a wife—changed her mind and wished to keep it, and he offered me ten dollars to release him. Now, to speak the truth, I had but ten cents in the world, and it surpassed my arithmetic to tell, if I was that man who had ten cents, or who had a farm, or ten dollars, or all together. However, I let him keep the ten dollars and the farm too, for I had carried it far enough; or rather, to be generous, I sold him the farm for just what I gave for it, and, as he was

not a rich man, made him a present of ten dollars, and still had my ten cents, and seeds, and materials for a wheelbarrow left. I found thus that I had been a rich man without any damage to my poverty. But I retained the landscape, and I have since annually carried off what it yielded without a wheelbarrow. With respect to landscapes,—

> "I am monarch of all I *survey*,
> My right there is none to dispute."

I have frequently seen a poet withdraw, having enjoyed the most valuable part of a farm, while the crusty farmer supposed that he had got a few wild apples only. Why, the owner does not know it for many years when a poet has put his farm in rhyme, the most admirable kind of invisible fence, has fairly impounded it, milked it, skimmed it, and got all the cream, and left the farmer only the skimmed milk.

The real attractions of the Hollowell farm, to me, were: its complete retirement, being about two miles from the village, half a mile from the nearest neighbor, and separated from the highway by a broad field; its bounding on the river, which the owner said protected it by its fogs from frosts in the spring, though that was nothing to me; the gray color and ruinous state of the house and barn, and the dilapidated fences, which put such an interval between me and the last occupant; the hollow and lichen-covered apple trees, gnawed by rabbits, showing what kind of neighbors I should have; but above all, the recollection I had of it from my earliest voyages up the river, when the house was concealed behind a dense grove of red maples, through which I heard the house-dog bark. I was in haste to buy it, before the proprietor finished getting out some rocks, cutting down the hollow apple trees, and grubbing up some young birches which had sprung up in the pasture, or, in short, had made any more of his improvements. To enjoy these advantages I was ready to carry it on; like Atlas, to take the world on my shoulders,—I never heard what compensation he received for that,—and do all those things which had no other motive or excuse but that I might pay for it and be unmolested in my possession of it; for I knew all the while that it would yield the most abundant crop of the kind I wanted if I could only afford to let it alone. But it turned out as I have said.

All that I could say, then, with respect to farming on a large scale (I have always cultivated a garden), was, that I had had my seeds ready. Many think that seeds improve with age. I have no doubt that time discriminates between the good and the bad: and when at last I shall plant, I shall be less likely to be disappointed. But I would say to my fellows, once for all, As long as possible live free and uncommitted. It makes but little difference whether you are committed to a farm or the county jail.

Old Cato, whose "De Re Rustica" is my "Cultivator," says, and the only translation I have seen makes sheer nonsense of the passage, "When you think of getting a farm, turn it thus in your mind, not to buy greedily; nor spare your pains to look at it, and do not think it enough to go around it once. The oftener you go there the more it will please you, if it is good." I think I shall not buy greedily, but go round and round it as long as I live, and be buried in it first, that it may please me the more at last.

The present was my next experiment of this kind, which I purpose to describe more at length; for convenience putting the experience of two years into one. As I have said, I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up.

When first I took up my abode in the woods, that is, began to spend my nights as well as days there, which, by accident, was on Independence day, or the fourth of July, 1845, my house was not finished for winter, but was merely a defence against the rain, without plastering or chimney, the walls being of rough weather-stained boards, with wide chinks, which made it cool at night. The upright white hewn studs and freshly planed door and window casings gave it a clean and airy look, especially in the morning, when its timbers were saturated with dew, so that I fancied that by noon some sweet gum would exude from them. To my imagination it retained throughout the day more or less of this auroral character, reminding me of a certain house on a mountain which I had visited the year before. This was an airy and unplastered cabin, fit to entertain a traveling god, and where a goddess might trail her garments. The winds which passed over my dwelling were such as sweep

over the ridges of mountains, bearing the broken strains, or celestial parts only, of terrestrial music. The morning wind forever blows, the poem of creation is uninterrupted; but few are the ears that hear it. Olympus is but the outside of the earth everywhere.

The only house I had been the owner of before, if I except a boat, was a tent, which I used occasionally when making excursions in the summer, and this is still rolled up in my garret; but the boat, after passing from hand to hand, has gone down the stream of time. With this more substantial shelter about me, I had made some progress towards settling in the world. This frame, so slightly clad, was a sort of crystallization around me, and reacted on the builder. It was suggestive somewhat as a picture in outlines. I did not need to go out doors to take the air, for the atmosphere within had lost none of its freshness. It was not so much within doors as behind a door where I sat, even in the rainiest weather. The Harivansa says, "An abode without birds is like a meat without seasoning." Such was not my abode, for I found myself suddenly neighbor to the birds; not by having imprisoned one, but having caged myself near them. I was not only nearer to some of those which commonly frequent the garden and the orchard, but to those wilder and more thrilling songsters of the forest which never, or rarely, serenade a villager,—the woodthrush, the veery, the scarlet tanager, the field-sparrow, the whippoorwill, and many others.

I was seated by the shore of a small pond, about a mile and a half south of the village of Concord and somewhat higher than it, in the midst of an extensive wood between that town and Lincoln, and about two miles south of that our only field known to fame, Concord Battle Ground; but I was so low in the woods that the opposite shore, half a mile off, like the rest, covered with wood, was my most distant horizon. For the first week, whenever I looked out on the pond it impressed me like a tarn high up on the side of a mountain, its bottom far above the surface of other lakes, and, as the sun arose, I saw it throwing off its nightly clothing of mist, and here and there, by degrees, its soft ripples or its smooth reflecting surface was revealed, while the mists, like ghosts, were stealthily withdrawing in every direction into the woods, as at the break-

ing up of some nocturnal conventicle. The very dew seemed to hang upon the trees later into the day than usual, as on the sides of mountains.

This small lake was of most value as a neighbor in the intervals of a gentle rain storm in August, when, both air and water being perfectly still, but the sky overcast, midafternoon had all the serenity of evening, and the woodthrush sang around, and was heard from shore to shore. A lake like this is never smoother than at such a time; and the clear portion of the air above it being shallow and darkened by clouds, the water, full of light and reflections, becomes a lower heaven itself so much the more important.

SOLITUDE.

This is a delicious evening, when the whole body is one sense, and imbibes delight through every pore. I go and come with a strange liberty in Nature, a part of herself. As I walk along the stony shore to the pond in my shirt-sleeves, though it is cool as well as cloudy and windy, and I see nothing special to attract me, all the elements are unusually congenial to me. The bullfrogs trump to usher in the night, and the note of the whippoorwill is borne on the rippling wind from over the water. Sympathy with the fluttering alder and poplar leaves almost takes away my breath; yet, like the lake, my serenity is rippled but not ruffled. These small waves raised by the evening wind are as remote from storm as the smooth reflecting surface. Though it is now dark, the wind still blows and roars in the wood, the waves still dash, and some creatures lull the rest with their notes. The repose is never complete. The wildest animals do not repose, but seek their prey now; the fox, and skunk, and rabbit, now roam the fields and woods without fear. They are Nature's watchmen,—links which connect the days of animated life.

When I return to my house I find that visitors have been there and left their cards, either a bunch of flowers, or a wreath of evergreen, or a name in pencil on a yellow walnut leaf or a chip. They who come rarely to the woods take some little piece of the forest into their hands to play with by the way, which they leave, either intentionally or accidentally. One has peeled

a willow wand, woven it into a ring, and dropped it on my table. I could always tell if visitors had called in my absence, either by the bended twigs or grass, or the print of their shoes, and generally of what sex or age or quality they were by some slight trace left, as a flower dropped, or a bunch of grass plucked and thrown away, even as far off as the railroad, half a mile distant, or by the lingering odor of a cigar or pipe. Nay, I was frequently notified of the passage of a traveller along the highway sixty rods off by the scent of his pipe.

There is commonly sufficient space about us. Our horizon is never quite at our elbows. The thick wood is not just at our door, nor the pond, but somewhat is always clearing, familiar and worn by us, appropriated and fenced in some way, and reclaimed from Nature. For what reason have I this vast range and circuit, some square miles of unfrequented forest, for my privacy, abandoned to me by men? My nearest neighbor is a mile distant, and no house is visible from any place but the hill-tops within half a mile of my own. I have my horizon bounded by woods all to myself; a distant view of the railroad where it touches the pond on the one hand, and of the fence which skirts the woodland road on the other. But for the most part it is as solitary where I live as on the prairies. It is as much Asia or Africa as New England. I have, as it were, my own sun and moon and stars, and a little world all to myself. At night there was never a traveller passed my house, or knocked at my door, more than if I were the first or last man; unless it were in the spring, when at long intervals some came from the village to fish for pouts,—they plainly fished much more in the Walden Pond of their own natures, and baited their books with darkness,—but they soon retreated, usually with light baskets, and left "the world to darkness and to me," and the black kernel of the night was never profaned by any human neighborhood. I believe that men are generally still a little afraid of the dark, though the witches are all hung, and Christianity and candles have been introduced.

Yet I experienced sometimes that the most sweet and tender, the most innocent and encouraging society may be found in any natural object, even for the poor misanthrope and most melancholy man. There can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of Nature and has his senses

still. There was never yet such a storm but it was Æolian music to a healthy and innocent ear. Nothing can rightly compel a simple and brave man to a vulgar sadness. While I enjoy the friendship of the seasons I trust that nothing can make life a burden to me. The gentle rain which waters my beans and keeps me in the house to-day is not drear and melancholy, but good for me too. Though it prevents my hoeing them, it is far more worth than my hoeing. If it should continue so long as to cause the seeds to rot in the ground and destroy the potatoes in the lowlands, it would still be good for the grass, on the uplands, and, being good for the grass it would be good for me. Sometimes, when I compare myself with other men, it seems as if I were more favored by the gods than they, beyond any deserts that I am conscious of; as if I had a warrant and surety at their hands which my fellows have not, and were especially guided and guarded. I do not flatter myself, but if it be possible they flatter me. I have never felt lonesome, or in the least oppressed by a sense of solitude, but once, and that was a few weeks after I came to the woods, when, for an hour, I doubted if the near neighborhood of man was not essential to a serene and healthy life. To be alone was something unpleasant. But I was at the same time conscious of a slight insanity in my mood, and seemed to foresee my recovery. In the midst of a gentle rain while these thoughts prevailed, I was suddenly sensible of such sweet and beneficent society in Nature, in the very pattering of the drops, and in every sound and sight around my house, an infinite and unaccountable friendliness all at once like an atmosphere sustaining me, as made the fancied advantages of human neighborhood insignificant, and I have never thought of them since. Every little pine needle expanded and swelled with sympathy and befriended me. I was so distinctly made aware of the presence of something kindred to me, even in scenes which we are accustomed to call wild and dreary, and also that the nearest of blood to me and humanest was not a person nor a villager, that I thought no place could ever be strange to me again.—

> "Mourning untimely consumes the sad;
> Few are their days in the land of the living,
> Beautiful daughter of Toscar."

Some of my pleasantest hours were during the long rainstorms in the spring or fall, which confined me to the house for the afternoon as well as the forenoon, soothed by their ceaseless roar and pelting; when an early twilight ushered in a long evening in which many thoughts had time to take root and unfold themselves. In those driving northeast rains which tried the village houses so, when the maids stood ready with mop and pail in front entries to keep the deluge out, I sat behind my door in my little house, which was all entry, and thoroughly enjoyed its protection. In one heavy thundershower the lightning struck a large pitch-pine across the pond, making a very conspicuous and perfectly regular spiral groove from top to bottom, an inch or more deep, and four or five inches wide, as you would groove a walking-stick. I passed it again the other day, and was struck with awe on looking up and beholding that mark, now more distinct than ever, where a terrific and resistless bolt came down out of the harmless sky eight years ago. Men frequently say to me, "I should think you would feel lonesome down there, and want to be nearer to folks, rainy and snowy days and nights especially." I am tempted to reply to such,—This whole earth which we inhabit is but a point in space. How far apart, think you, dwell the two most distant inhabitants of yonder star, the breadth of whose disk cannot be appreciated by our instruments? Why should I feel lonely? is not our planet in the Milky Way? This which you put seems to me not to be the most important question. What sort of space is that which separates a man from his fellows and makes him solitary? I have found that no exertion of the legs can bring two minds much nearer to one another. What do we want most to dwell near to? Not to many men surely, the depot, the post-office, the bar-room, the meetinghouse, the schoolhouse, the grocery, Beacon Hill, or the Five Points, where men most congregate, but to the perennial source of our life, whence in all our experience we have found that to issue, as the willow stands near the water and sends out its roots in that direction. This will vary with different natures, but this is the place where a wise man will dig his cellar.... I one evening overtook one of my townsmen, who has accumulated what is called "a handsome property,"—though I never got a *fair* view of it,—on the Walden

road, driving a pair of cattle to market, who inquired of me how I could bring my mind to give up so many of the comforts of life. I answered that I was very sure I liked it passably well; I was not joking. And so I went home to my bed, and left him to pick his way through the darkness and the mud to Brighton,—or Brighttown,—which place he would reach some time in the morning.

Any prospect of awakening or coming to life to a dead man makes indifferent all times and places. The place where that may occur is always the same, and indescribably pleasant to all our senses. For the most part we allow only outlying and transient circumstances to make our occasions. They are, in fact, the cause of our distraction. Nearest to all things is that power which fashions their being. *Next* to us the grandest laws are continually being executed. *Next* to us is not the workman whom we have hired, with whom we love so well to talk, but the workman whose work we are.

"How vast and profound is the influence of the subtile powers of Heaven and of Earth!"

"We seek to perceive them, and we do not see them; we seek to hear them, and we do not hear them; identified with the substance of things, they cannot be separated from them."

"They cause that in all the universe men purify and sanctify their hearts, and clothe themselves in their holiday garments to offer sacrifices and oblations to their ancestors. It is an ocean of subtile intelligences. They are everywhere, above us, on our left, on our right; they environ us on all sides."

We are the subjects of an experiment which is not a little interesting to me. Can we not do without the society of our gossips a little while under these circumstances,—have our own thoughts to cheer us? Confucius says truly, "Virtue does not remain as an abandoned orphan; it must of necessity have neighbors."

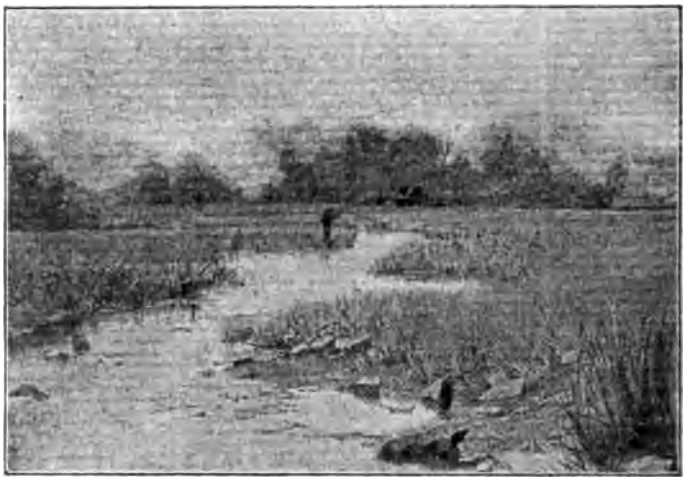
With thinking we may be beside ourselves in a sane sense. By a conscious effort of the mind we can stand aloof from actions and their consequences; and all things, good and bad, go by us like a torrent. We are not wholly involved in Nature. I may be either the driftwood in the stream, or Indra in the sky looking down on it. I *may* be affected by a theatrical exhibition; on the other hand, I *may not* be affected by an

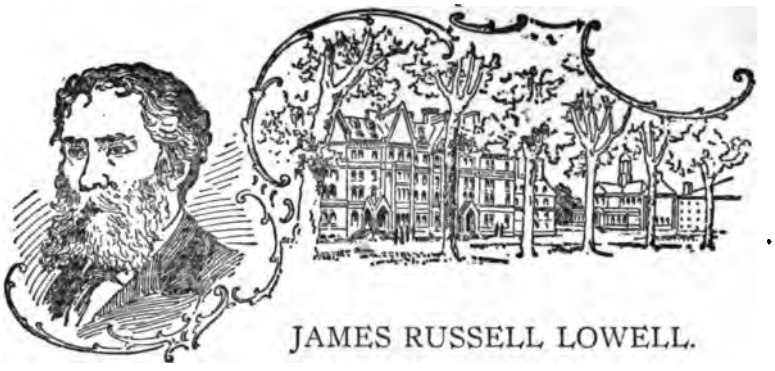
actual event which appears to concern me much more. I only know myself as a human entity; the scene, so to speak, of thoughts and affections; and am sensible of a certain doubleness by which I can stand as remote from myself as from another. However intense my experience, I am conscious of the presence and criticism of a part of me, which, as it were, is not a part of me, but spectator, sharing no experience, but taking note of it; and that is no more I than it is you. When the play, it may be the tragedy, of life is over, the spectator goes his way. It was a kind of fiction, a work of the imagination only, so far as he was concerned. This doubleness may easily make us poor neighbors and friends sometimes.

I find it wholesome to be alone the greater part of the time. To be in company, even with the best, is soon wearisome and dissipating. I love to be alone. I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude. We are for the most part more lonely when we go abroad among men than when we stay in our chambers. A man thinking or working is always alone, let him be where he will. Solitude is not measured by the miles of space that intervene between a man and his fellows. The really diligent student in one of the crowded hives of Cambridge College is as solitary as a dervish in the desert. The farmer can work alone in the field or the woods all day, hoeing or chopping, and not feel lonesome, because he is employed; but when he comes home at night he cannot sit down in a room alone, at the mercy of his thoughts, but must be where he can "see the folks," and recreate, and as he thinks remunerate, himself for his day's solitude; and hence he wonders how the student can sit alone in the house all night and most of the day without ennui and "the blues;" but he does not realize that the student, though in the house, is still at work in *his* field, and chopping in *his* woods, as the farmer in his, and in turn seeks the same recreation and society that the latter does, though it may be a more condensed form of it.

Society is commonly too cheap. We meet at very short intervals, not having had time to acquire any new value for each other. We meet at meals three times a day, and give each other a new taste of that old musty cheese that we are. We have had to agree on a certain set of rules, called etiquette and politeness, to make this frequent meeting tolerable and that we

need not come to open war. We meet at the post-office, and at the sociable, and about the fireside every night; we live thick and are in each other's way, and stumble over one another, and I think that we thus lose some respect for one another. Certainly less frequency would suffice for all important and hearty communications. Consider the girls in a factory,—never alone, hardly in their dreams. It would be better if there were but one inhabitant to a square mile, as where I live. The value of a man is not in his skin, that we should touch him.





JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"In a liberal sense," wrote Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman some years ago, "and somewhat as Emerson stands for American thought, the poet Lowell has become our representative man of letters." Lowell still stands as America's representative man of letters, not because he has struck the highest note, but because he has the greatest breadth and versatility, and has woven into his prose and verse more of the warp and woof of American life and thought than any one else. It is a far cry from the noble and lofty strain of the "Commemoration Ode" to the quaint humor and shrewdness of Hosea Biglow, and yet both have made a strong appeal in widely different ways, not only to America, but to all the English-speaking world.

James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., on February 22, 1819. His father was the Rev. Charles Lowell, and his grandfather was the Judge John Lowell who founded the Lowell Institute in Boston. He graduated at Harvard College in 1838, and was admitted to the bar in Boston in 1840. He never practiced law, however, but began his career as an author shortly after his admission to the bar, by publishing a volume of poems under the title of "A Year's Life." His first book was never republished, though a few of the poems in it were preserved by the author. In 1844 Lowell married Maria White, the gifted woman who had inspired "A Year's Life." Being an ardent abolitionist, she influenced Lowell into becoming a warm advocate of this cause, which he espoused with his whole heart and soul, and advocated with glowing words and flaming pen.

Indignation at the Mexican War and hatred of slavery were the direct inspiration of the humorous but caustic "Big-

low papers," which Lowell began in 1846 and continued till 1848. A second, but less successful series appeared during the Civil War, in 1864. In both his mastery of the Yankee dialect and insight into the Yankee mind contributed to the effect intended.

Notwithstanding his intense interest in the issues of the day, slavery and the Civil War, Lowell found time for general literary work. As early as 1845 appeared one of the most beautiful of his poems, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," a poem on the quest of the Holy Grail. In another vein was the "Fable for Critics," which appeared anonymously, and keenly criticised the writers of the day, including himself.

In 1851 Lowell and his second wife traveled in Europe, remaining for over a year, the fruits of this residence abroad being essays on Italian art and literature and studies of Dante. In 1855 Lowell was appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres at Harvard University; he was the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* founded in 1857, and for ten years he was joint editor of the *North American Review.* His critical and miscellaneous essays in these periodicals he subsequently collected and published under the titles of "Among my Books" and "My Study Windows." On July 21, 1865, he delivered his noble "Commemoration Ode," in honor of the graduates of Harvard University who had fallen in the Civil War. This is Lowell's greatest poetical achievement, and immeasurably the finest poem called forth by the war. In 1869 appeared "Under the Willows and other Poems," and in 1870 "The Cathedral," one of the highest expressions of the poet's genius. In 1877 Lowell was appointed by President Hayes American Minister to Spain, and afterwards he was transferred to the Court of St. James, where he remained until 1885. During his residence in England, Oxford and Cambridge conferred upon him the degrees of D. C. L. and LL. D. On returning to the United States, he took up his residence at Cambridge, where he died August 12, 1891. Three years before his death he published "Heartsease and Rue," and "Political Essays," "American Ideas for English Readers," "Latest Literary Essays and Addresses," and "Old English Dramatists," were issued posthumously in 1892.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST.

OVER his keys the musing organist,
  Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
  And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
  Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
  Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
  Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
  With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the Druid wood
  Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
  Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
  The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
  We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
  For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
  'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
  Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
  And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
  An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
  Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
  Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
  Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
  With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
  And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
  Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
  That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
  We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
  Tells all in his lusty crowing!
Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
  Everything is upward striving;
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
  'T is the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
  In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
  The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
  And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
  Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

PART FIRST

I

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
  And bring to me my richest mail,
For tomorrow I go over land and sea
  In search of the Holy Grail;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
  Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
  Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
  The little birds sang as if it were
  The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray:
'T was the proudest hall in the North Countree,
  And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
  Green and broad was every tent,
  And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
  In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
  Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his maiden mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
  And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
  And gloomed by itself apart;

The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
  He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
  The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
  Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
  Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
  That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND

DOWN swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
  From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hilltop bleak
  It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the flashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond-drops,
That crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'T was as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
  Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
  By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
  The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
  With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
  And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
  Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
  Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
  Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
    And rattles and wrings
    The icy strings,
  Singing, in dreary monotone,
  A Christmas carol of its own,
  Whose burden still, as he might guess,
  Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"
The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
  The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
  Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
  Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND

I

THERE was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
  For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
  From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;

Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long-ago;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

IV

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;"—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to Thee!"

VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
  And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
  He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink:
'T was a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
  'T was water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
  And 't was red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VII

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one

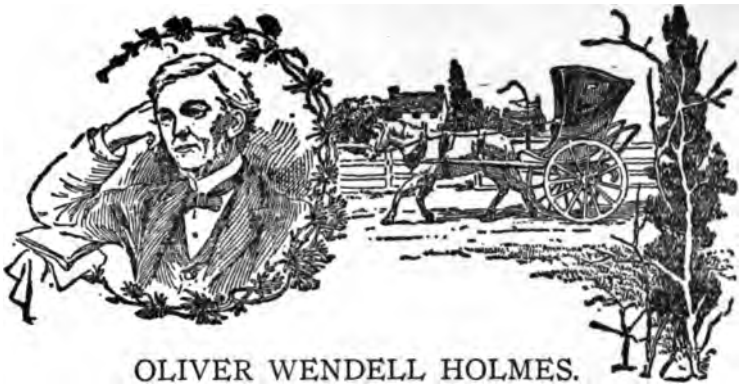
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now;
This crust is My body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need:
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

IX

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound:—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

X

The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HOLMES, born in 1809 and dying in 1894, was the descendant of a scholarly New England ancestry. After graduating at Harvard, he began life as a professor and practitioner in medicine; he was married in 1840, and lived all his life in Boston. He twice visited Europe, first as a young fellow of one-and-twenty, and again, after more than half a century, as a veteran of letters, known and loved in both hemispheres. Of all our writers, he is the sunniest, the wittiest, and most discursive, and one of the least uneven.

Until 1857, Holmes had written nothing beyond occasional poems, excellent of their kind, but not of themselves sufficient to make a reputation. But in that year, the *Atlantic Monthly* was started and Holmes contributed to it a series of unique essays entitled, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." They had the form of familiar dialogues between a group of diverse but common types in a boarding-house, upon all manner of topics. They immediately caught the fancy of all readers, and lifted Holmes to a literary altitude where he ever after remained. Two years later "Elsie Venner," his first novel, a study in heredity and in American village character, was published; it is good, but not in the same class with the best imaginative work. The same criticism must be passed on "The Guardian Angel," his second effort in fiction, which appeared in 1867. Both have so much merit that one wonders not to find them better. But they make it plain that Holmes's proper field was the discursive essay and the occasional poem; and here his fame is solid and secure.

Wit rather than humor characterizes Holmes; yet he has the tenderness which usually accompanies only the latter. His

mind is swift in movement, and catches remote, analogies; he brings together the near and the far, with the effect of a pleasing surprise. His thought tends to shape itself in epigram; he says more "good things"—which are not merely good, but often wise—than any of his contemporaries. The habit of his mind was discursive and independent, rather than deeply original; he had opinions on all subjects; he stated them so brightly and aptly that they often seemed new; but in truth Holmes is orthodox. His quick sympathies and excellent taste, combined with the harmony of nature which creates the synthetic attitude, make him a poet whose productions not seldom reach a high plane, as for example in "The Chambered Nautilus." He is an optimist, and a moralizer, and turns both characteristics to sound literary advantage. The comic bias of his general outlook upon life leads him to be so constantly funny and acute, that the reader is in some danger of losing the fine edge of appreciation; the writer becomes his own rival. Once in a while, however, as in "Old Ironsides," the fervor of his patriotism, or of some other high emotion, thrills him into seriousness, and then he strikes a pure and lofty note. There is something lovable in all that he has done; and no man of letters among us has been the object of more widespread personal affection than has Holmes.

We return from other appreciations to the Autocrat series —for he wrote a number of books of a character similar to these first essays. The untrammeled plan of them suits his genius; he can spring here and there as chance or humor suggests, and entertain us in a hundred different ways one after another. He preaches charming lay sermons, on a score of texts at once, and unless unintermittent entertainment can be tedious, tediousness is impossible to Holmes. He opens no unknown worlds, but he makes us see the world we know better. He penetrates beneath the surface of human nature, though he falls short of creative insight. After reading him, we rise with a kindlier feeling towards men and things, and a wiser understanding of them.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
  Sails the unshadow'd main,—
  The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
  And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
  Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
  And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
  Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
  That spread his lustrous coil;
  Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling archway through,
  Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
  Child of the wandering sea,
  Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips, a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
  While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
  As the swift seasons roll!
  Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
  Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

CONTENTMENT.

Little I ask; my wants are few;
  I only wish a hut of stone
(A *very plain* brown stone will do)
  That I may call my own;
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
  Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
  Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice;—
My *choice* would be vanilla ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—
  Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank-stock,—some note of hand,
  Or trifling railroad share;—
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I can spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
  And titles are but empty names;—
I would, *perhaps,* be Plenipo,—
  But only near St. James;—
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
  To care for such unfruitful things;—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
  Some, *not so large,* in rings,—
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me,—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire
  (Good, heavy silks are never dear);
I own, perhaps I *might* desire
  Some shawls of true cashmere,—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
  So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait—two, forty-five—
  Suits me; I do not care,—
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt,*
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

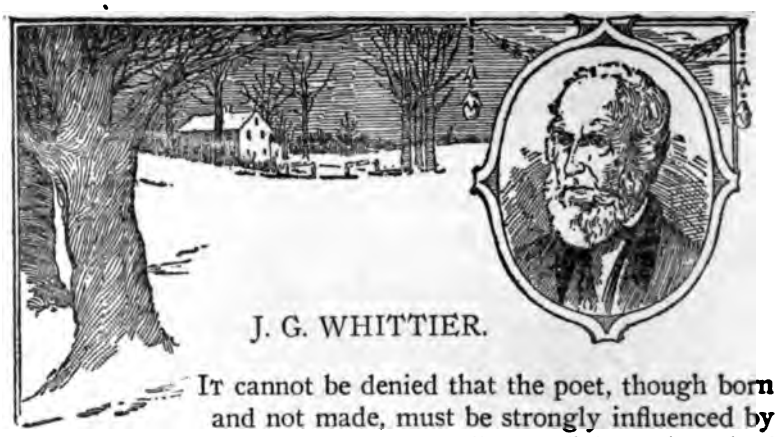
Of pictures, I should like to own
  Titians and Raphaels three or four,—
I love so much their style and tone,—
  One Turner, and no more
(A landscape,—foreground golden dirt;
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few,— some fifty score
  For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor,—
  Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these,
  Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
  And selfish churls deride;
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
  Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;—
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
  But *all* must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share,—
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
  Nor long for Midas' golden touch,
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
  I shall not miss them *much,*—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!



J. G. WHITTIER.

It cannot be denied that the poet, though born and not made, must be strongly influenced by his early surroundings. John Greenleaf Whittier was but little indebted to scholarly culture or to art or to literary companionship; he was self-made and largely self-taught. Born near Haverhill, Mass., on December 17th, 1807, he worked on his father's farm and received the rudiments of education at home. After he was seventeen years old, he attended the Haverhill Academy for two terms, and at nineteen he began to contribute anonymous poems to the *Free Press*, edited by Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Then began a friendship between the editor and the young poet which was cemented by their joint activity in the great Abolition Contest. Whittier wrote fervid anti-slavery lyrics, edited newspapers in Boston, Haverhill and Hartford, and was for a year a member of the Massachusetts legislature. In 1831, he published his first collection of poems, "Legends of New England," a number of Indian traditions, and shortly afterwards a poetical tale, "Mogg Megone." In 1836 he was appointed secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and later became editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, in Philadelphia. But the abolition cause was intensely unpopular; the printing office was at one time sacked and burned, and the editor was forced many times to face enraged mobs. In the *Freeman* appeared some of Whittier's best anti-slavery lyrics. There was crude force in these scornfully indignant lyrics, for though Whittier inherited Quaker blood, and adhered to the Quaker practice, he was a fiery apostle of human brotherhood. His health was always delicate, which he attributed to the "toughening" process, common when he was a boy. In 1840, he settled down at

GARDEN OF THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION

THERE is no more absorbing study than that of the Missions which stand as silent testimonials to a life that is passed. Once there were two chains of these religious centers reaching from San Diego to San Francisco, one lying along the coast, the following the valley. These were located a day's journey apart. We know that once it was once a center of busy, wholesome activity and that the Indians trained under the padres. Most of these Missions are in ruins today. The one at Santa Barbara is still occupied by Franciscans who live their lives in far greater seclusion than did those who built the Mission.

The garden is held in strict seclusion and women are not allowed to enter it, although many parts of the Mission are open to visitors. Exception was made of the wives of two Presidents who have in recent years made trips to the coast and they were received here.

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THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

THE harp at Nature's advent strung
  Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
  Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
  By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
  And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
  As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
  The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
  Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
  Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
  From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
  She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
  Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar curtains of the hills
  Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
  Or low with sobs of pain,—
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
  The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed
  The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
  From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
  Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
  The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
  With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
  The prayerless heart of man.

THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE.

At the mouth of the Melvin River, which empties into Moultonboro Bay in Lake Winnipesaukee, is a great mound. The Ossipee Indians had their home in the neighborhood of the bay, which is plentifully stocked with fish, and many relics of their occupation have been found.

WHERE the Great Lake's sunny smiles
Dimple round its hundred isles,
And the mountain's granite ledge
Cleaves the water like a wedge,
Ringed about with smooth, gray stones,
Rest the giant's mighty bones.

Close beside, in shade and gleam,
Laughs and ripples Melvin stream;
Melvin water, mountain-born,
All fair flowers its banks adorn;
All the woodland's voices meet,
Mingling with its murmurs sweet.

Over lowlands forest-grown,
Over waters island-strown,
Over silver-sanded beach,
Leaf-locked bay and misty reach,
Melvin stream and burial-heap,
Watch and ward the mountains keep.

Who that Titan cromlech fills?
Forest-kaiser, lord o' the hills?
Knight who on the birchen tree
Carved his savage heraldry?
Priest o' the pine-wood temples dim,
Prophet, sage, or wizard grim?

Rugged type of primal man,
Grim utilitarian,
Loving woods for hunt and prowl,
Lake and hill for fish and fowl,
As the brown bear blind and dull
To the grand and beautiful:

Not for him the lesson drawn
From the mountains smit with dawn.
Star-rise, moon-rise, flowers of May,
Sunset's purple bloom of day,—
Took his life no hue from thence,
Poor amid such affluence?

Haply unto hill and tree
All too near akin was he:
Unto him who stands afar
Nature's marvels greatest are;
Who the mountain purple seeks
Must not climb the higher peaks.

Yet who knows in winter tramp,
Or the midnight of the camp,
What revealings faint and far,
Stealing down from moon and star,
Kindled in that human clod
Thought of destiny and God?

Stateliest forest patriarch,
Grand in robes of skin and bark,
What sepulchral mysteries,
What weird funeral-rites, were his?
What sharp wail, what drear lament,
Back scared wolf and eagle sent?

Now, whate'er he may have been,
Low he lies as other men;
On his mound the partridge drums,
There the noisy blue-jay comes;
Rank nor name nor pomp has he
In the grave's democracy.

Part thy blue lips, Northern lake!
Moss-grown rocks, your silence break!
Tell the tale, thou ancient tree!
Thou, too, slide-worn Ossipee!
Speak, and tell us how and when
Lived and died this king of men!

Wordless moans the ancient pine;
Lake and mountain give no sign;
Vain to trace this ring of stones;
Vain the search of crumbling bones:
Deepest of all mysteries,
And the saddest, silence is.

Nameless, noteless, clay with clay
Mingles slowly day by day;
But somewhere, for good or ill,
That dark soul is living still;
Somewhere yet that atom's force
Moves the light-poised universe.

Strange that on his burial sod
Harebells bloom, and golden-rod,
While the soul's dark horoscope
Holds no starry sign of hope!
Is the Unseen with sight at odds?
Nature's pity more than God's?

Thus I mused by Melvin's side,
While the summer eventide
Made the woods and inland sea
And the mountains mystery;
And the hush of earth and air
Seemed the pause before a prayer,—

Prayer for him, for all who rest,
Mother Earth, upon thy breast,—
Lapped on Christian turf, or hid
In rock-cave or pyramid:
All who sleep, as all who live,
Well may need the prayer, "Forgive!"

BAYARD TAYLOR.

BAYARD TAYLOR was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, on January 11th, 1825. His father was a farmer, belonging to the Society of Friends, and Bayard was apprenticed to a printing office. He soon began to contribute verses to the papers, and a collection of these early poems entitled "Ximena" was published in 1844. Then he made a pedestrian tour through Europe, and his vivacious account of his travels and experiences, entitled "Views Afoot; or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff" (1846), gained him a position on the staff of the *New York Tribune* in whose columns many of his sketches of travel first appeared.

The titles of his books of travel indicate the many countries he visited. "El Dorado" describes a visit to California and Mexico in 1848. Then followed "Journey to Central Africa," "Land of the Saracens," "Visit to India, China, and Japan" (1853); "Northern Travel" (1857), an account of a tour through Sweden, Denmark and Lapland; "Travels in Greece and Russia" (1859). But besides these books of travel, Taylor had put forth seven volumes of poetry. "Poems of Home and Travel" (1855) contain such collected poems as the author wished then to acknowledge. His first novel, "Hannah Thurston," was published in 1863. Three others followed: "John Godfrey's Fortunes," "The Story of Kennett," and "Joseph and His Friend." None of these, however, won much approval, and it is as a lyric poet that Bayard Taylor shows his best qualities. Some of his songs, his Oriental idyls, and his Pennsylvania ballads are sure of an abiding place in American literature. His more elaborate poetical works are "The Poet's Journal" (1862), "The Picture of St. John" (1866), "The Masque of the Gods" (1872), "Lars" (1873), and "The Prophet" (1874), "Home Pastorals" (1875), and "Prince Deukalion" (1878).

Napoleon at Gotha.

We walk amid the currents of actions left undone,
The germs of deeds that wither before they see the sun.
For every sentence uttered, a million more are dumb:
Men's lives are chains of chances, and History their sum.

Not he, the Syracusan, but each impurpled lord
Must eat his banquet under the hair-suspended sword;
And one swift breath of silence may fix or change the fate
Of him whose force is building the fabric of a state.

Where o'er the windy uplands the slated turrets shine,
Duke August ruled at Gotha, in Castle Friedenstein,—
A handsome prince and courtly, of light and shallow heart,
No better than he should be, but with a taste for Art.

The fight was fought at Jena, eclipsed was Prussia's sun,
And by the French invaders the land was overrun;
But while the German people were silent in despair,
Duke August painted pictures, and curled his yellow hair.

Now, when at Erfurt gathered the ruling royal clan,
Themselves the humble subjects, their lord the Corsican,
Each bade to ball and banquet the sparer of his line:
Duke August with the others, to Castle Friedenstein.

Then were the larders rummaged, the forest-stags were slain,
The tuns of oldest vintage showered out their golden rain;
The towers were bright with banners,—but all the people said:
"We, slaves, must feed our master,—would God that he were dead!"

They drilled the ducal guardsmen, men young and straight and tall,
To form a double column, from gate to castle-wall;
And as there were but fifty, the first must wheel away,
Fall in beyond the others, and lengthen the array.

"*Parbleu!*" Napoleon muttered: "Your Highness' guards I prize,
So young and strong and handsome, and all of equal size."
"You, Sire," replied Duke August, "may have as fine, if you
Will twice or thrice repeat them, as I am forced to do!"

Now, in the Castle household, of all the folk, was one
Whose heart was hot within him, the Ducal Huntsman's son;
A bright and proud-eyed stripling; scarce fifteen years he had,
But free of hall and chamber; Duke August loved the lad.

He saw the forceful homage: he heard the shouts that came
From base throats, or unwilling, but equally of shame:
He thought: "*One* man has done it,—*one* life would free the land,
But all are slaves and cowards, and none will lift a hand!

"My grandsire hugged a bear to death, when broke his hunting-spear,
And has this little Frenchman a muzzle I should fear?
If kings are cowed, and princes, and all the land is scared,
Perhaps a boy can show them the thing they might have dared!"

Napoleon, on the morrow, was coming once again,
(And all the castle knew it) without his courtly train;
And, when the stairs were mounted, there was no other road
But one long, lonely passage, to where the Duke abode.

None guessed the secret purpose the silent stripling kept:
Deep in the night he waited, and, when his father slept,
Took from the rack of weapons a musket old and tried,
And cleaned the lock and barrel, and laid it at his side.

He held it fast in slumber, he lifted it in dreams
Of sunlit mountain-forests and stainless mountain-streams;
And in the morn he loaded—the load was bullets three:
"For Deutschland—for Duke August—and now the third for me!"

"What! ever wilt be hunting?" the stately Marshall cried;
"I'll fetch a stag of twenty!" the pale-faced boy replied,
As, clad in forest color, he sauntered through the court,
And said, when none could hear him: "Now, may the time be short!"

The corridor was vacant, the windows full of sun;
He stole within the midmost, and primed afresh his gun:
Then stood, with all his senses alert in ear and eye
To catch the lightest signal that showed the Emperor nigh.

A sound of wheels: a silence: the muffled sudden jar
Of guards their arms presenting: a footstep mounting far,
Then nearer, briskly nearer,—a footstep, and alone!
And at the farther portal appeared Napoleon!

Alone, his hands behind him, his firm and massive head
With brooded plans uplifted, he came with measured tread:
And yet, those feet had shaken the nations from their poise,
And yet, that will to shake them depended on the boy's!

With finger on the trigger, the gun held counter-wise,
His rapid heart-beats sending the blood to brain and eyes,
The boy stood, firm and deadly,—another moment's space,
And then the Emperor saw him, and halted, face to face.

A mouth as cut in marble, an eye that pierced and stung
As might a god's, all-seeing, the soul of one so young:
A look that read his secret, that lamed his callow will,
That inly smiled, and dared him his purpose to fulfil!

As one a serpent trances, the boy, forgetting all,
Felt but that face, nor noted the harmless musket's fall;
Nor breathed, nor thought, nor trembled: but, pale and cold as stone,
Saw pass, nor look behind him, the calm Napoleon.

And these two kept their secret; but from that day began
The sense of fate and duty that made the boy a man;
And long he lived to tell it,—and, better, lived to say:
"God's purposes were grander: He thrust me from His way!"

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE was born at Boston, Massachusetts, in 1822. Although for fifty years a hard-working and popular pastor, he found time to write dozens of books and hundreds of essays and stories, besides some poems. He was also the originator and editor of *Old and New*, a monthly magazine. His work has been more varied than that of almost any other American writer, for among his books are histories, biographies, political treatises, humanitarian efforts and fiction. His fiction is almost alone in its class, since it treats that which is impossible and even fantastic, with a gravity, directness and skill that makes the result appear entirely reasonable. Hale's "purpose" stories "Ten Times One Are Ten" and "In His Name" caused the organization of thousands of societies for self-inmprovement and for philanthropic purposes. In any department of literature to which he has contributed he might have taken leadership had he confined himself to it. His mental nature was as strong as it was broad, and the quality of his work has been well sustained. His most impossible yet most popular story is "The Man Without a Country"—a tale of a young officer who for speaking disrespectfully of the United States was sentenced by court-martial to be kept at sea on war vessels and never allowed to hear the name of his country.

DEATH OF PHILIP NOLAN.

(From "The Man Without a Country," published by J. Stillman Smith, Boston. Copyright by Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D. Used here by special permission of the author.)

" 'MR. NOLAN,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"O the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you!' 'Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi,—that was where Fort Adams is,—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon,—that he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.' Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the Chesapeake, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the 'Leopard,' and whether Burr was tried again,—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war,—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the 'Java,'—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wish it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; I told him all I could think of about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. . . .

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him,—of emigration, and the means of it,— of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs,—of inventions, and books, and literature,—of the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School,—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I

could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian, and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington; Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal Rebellion.

"And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place,—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvellous kindness,'—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority,'—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him, and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his Father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati."

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:—

" 'They desire a country, even a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.' On this slip of paper he had written:

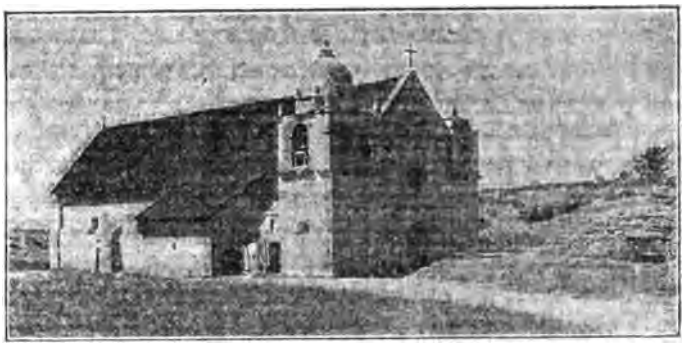
" 'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:—

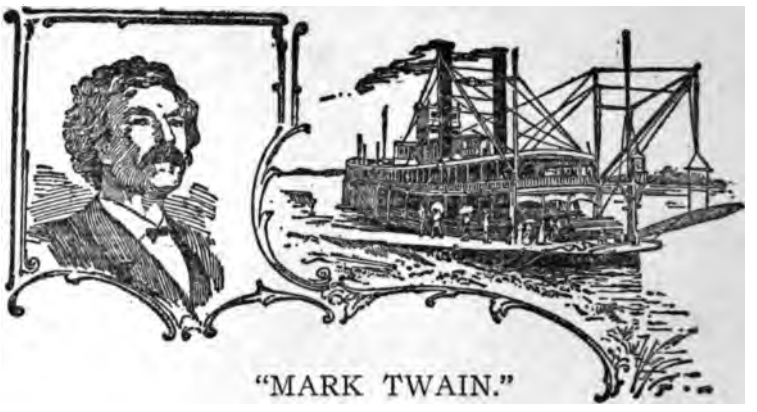
" 'IN MEMORY OF

" 'PHILIP NOLAN,

" '*Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.*

" 'He loved his country as no other man has loved her;
but no man deserved less at her hands.' "





"MARK TWAIN."

"MARK TWAIN" is still the popular designation of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, accepted throughout the world as a typical American humorist. He was born at Florida, Missouri, in 1835 and from a village school passed to a village printing-office, and thence to a Mississippi steamboat, to become a river pilot. This occupation afterwards supplied the pseudonym "Mark Twain," that being a frequent cry in sounding to signify that the water is two fathoms deep. But the civil war broke the business up, and in 1862 Clemens went to Nevada to assist his brother, then secretary of the Territory. After some mining in a desultory way, Clemens wrote sketches for the newspapers, and was soon regularly employed on the San Francisco press. His visit to Hawaii in 1866 was the subject of later lectures. A collection of his sketches, under the title "The Jumping Frog" was published in New York in 1867 and gained for him recognition as a humorist of a new style. Greater success came from his taking part in a tourists' excursion to Europe and the Holy Land. In "The Innocents Abroad" he chronicled the adventures of those pilgrims in such a mirth-provoking way as to put an end to the solemn stereotyped reports which American travelers had previously imposed on their friends who had not been abroad.

Mark Twain's popularity was now established, and he was called to rehearse his experience on the Pacific Coast. This was done in "Roughing It," and in "The Gilded Age," he joined with C. D. Warner in satirizing the Yankee race for riches. He had now settled in Hartford, Connecticut, where he enjoyed highly intellectual society. He continued his droll sketches of Western life, and occasionally put forth moral and social essays

replete with common sense, expressed in an uncommon way. In some books, as "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," he assumed the character of a growing Western boy and presented vivid pictures of life on and near the Mississippi river in the days of slavery. These books brought ample pecuniary returns, and Clemens ventured into book-publishing. For a while his firm was highly successful, but eventually it became bankrupt. With indomitable energy Clemens undertook to restore his fortunes by writing and lecturing, and with this object made a tour to Australia and India.

Besides the sketches of life on the Pacific Coast and in the Mississippi Valley, by which Mark Twain is universally recognized, he has attempted some peculiar historical romances. In "The Prince and the Pauper," which deals with the time of Edward VI. he went counter to the verdict of the historians. Still more boldly in "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court" he jumbled the present with the past in humorous incongruity. Perhaps to make amends for this escapade he next published anonymously what professed to be an account of Joan of Arc by a faithful attendant. The story of the Maid of Orleans has never been more ingeniously and sympathetically related. In these and other writings Clemens has revealed a serious, inquiring, contemplative spirit, but the public whom he has entertained for many years insist on his retaining and exhibiting his earlier characteristics as a droll humorist of national and local peculiarities.

SCOTTY'S INTERVIEW WITH THE MINISTER.

(From "Roughing It." Copyright. 1872, by the American Publishing Company. Used here by permission of the publishers.)

SCOTTY was on a sorrowful mission, now, and his face was the picture of woe. Being admitted to the presence he sat down before the clergyman, placed his fire-hat on an unfinished manuscript sermon under the minister's nose, took from it a red silk handkerchief, wiped his brow and heaved a sigh of dismal impressiveness, explanatory of his business. He choked, and even shed tears; but with an effort he mastered his voice and said in lugubrious tones:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel-mill next door?"

"Am I the—pardon me, I believe I do not understand?"

With another sigh and a half-sob, Scotty rejoined:

"Why you see we are in a bit of trouble, and the boys thought maybe you would give us a lift, if we'd tackle you—that is, if I've got the right of it and you are the head clerk of the doxology-works next door."

"I am the shepherd in charge of the flock whose fold is next door."

"The which?"

"The spiritual adviser of the little company of believers whose sanctuary adjoins these premises."

Scotty scratched his head, reflected a moment, and then said: "You ruther hold over me, pard. I reckon I can't call that hand. Ante and pass the buck."

"How? I beg pardon. What did I understand you to say?"

"Well, you've ruther got the bulge on me. Or maybe we've both got the bulge somehow. You don't smoke me and I don't smoke you. You see, one of the boys has passed in his checks and we want to give him a good send-off, and so the thing I'm on now is to roust out somebody to jerk a little chin-music for us and waltz him through handsome."

"My friend, I seem to grow more and more bewildered. Your observations are wholly incomprehensible to me. Cannot you simplify them in some way? At first I thought perhaps I understood you, but I grope now. Would it not expedite matters if you restrict yourself to categorical statements of fact unencumbered with obstructing accumulations of metaphor and allegory?"

Another pause, and more reflection. Then, said Scotty:

"I'll have to pass, I judge."

"How?"

"You've raised me out, pard."

"I still fail to catch your meaning."

"Why, that last lead of yourn is too many for me—that's the idea. I can't neither trump nor follow suit."

The clergyman sank back in his chair perplexed. Scotty leaned his head on his hand and gave himself up to thought. Presently his face came up, sorrowful but confident.

"I've got it now, so's you can savvy," he said. "What we want is a gospel-sharp. See?"

"A what?"

"Gospel sharp. Parson."

"Oh! Why did you not say so before! I am a clergyman—a parson.

"Now you talk! You see my blind and straddle it like a man. Put it there!"—extending a brawny paw, which closed over the minister's small hand and gave it a shake indicative of fraternal sympathy and fervent gratification.

"Now we're all right, pard. Let's start fresh. Don't you mind my snuffling a little—becuz we're in a power of trouble. You see, one of the boys has gone up the flume—"

"Gone where?"

"Up the flume—throwed up the sponge, you understand."

"Thrown up the sponge?"

"Yes—kicked the bucket—"

"Ah—has departed to that mysterious country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

"Return! I reckon not. Why part, he's *dead!*"

"Yes, I understand."

"Oh, you do? Well I thought maybe you might be getting tangled some more. Yes, you see he's dead again—"

"*Again?* Why, has he ever been dead before?"

"Dead before? No! Do you reckon a man has got as many lives as a cat? But you bet you he's awful dead now, poor old boy, and I wish I'd never seen this day. I don't want no better friend than Buck Fanshaw. I knowed him by the back; and when I know a man and like him, I freeze to him—you hear *me*. Take him all around, pard, there was never a bullier man in the mines. No man ever knowed Buck Fanshaw to go back on a friend. But it's all up, you know, it's all up. It ain't no use. They've scooped him."

"Scooped him?"

"Yes—death has. Well, well, well, we've got to give him up. Yes indeed. It's kind of a hard world, after all, *ain't* it? But pard, he was a rustler! You ought to see him get started once. He was a bully boy with a glass eye! Just spit in his face and give him room according to his strength, and it was just beautiful to see him peel and go in. He was the worst son of a thief that ever drawed breath. Pard, he was *on* it! He was on it bigger than an Injun?"

"On it? On what?"

"On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight, you understand. *He* didn't give a continental for *any*body. *Beg* your pardon, friend, for coming so near saying a cuss-word—but you see I'm on an awful strain, in this palaver, on account of having to cramp down and draw everything so mild. But we've got to give him up. There ain't any getting around that, I don't reckon. Now if we can get you to help plant him—"

"Preach the funeral discourse? Assist at the obsequies?'

"Obs'quies is good. Yes. That's it—that's our little game. We are going to get the thing up regardless, you know. He was always nifty himself, and so you bet you his funeral ain't going to be no slouch—solid silver door-plate on his coffin, six plumes on the hearse, and a nigger on the box in a biled shirt and a plug hat—how's that for high? And we'll take care of *you,* pard. We'll fix you all right. There'll be a kerridge for you; and whatever you want, you just 'scape out and we'll 'tend to it. We've got a shebang fixed up for you to stand behind, in No. 1's house, and don't you be afraid. Just go in and toot your horn, if you don't sell a clam. Put Buck through as bully as you can, pard, for anybody that knowed him will tell you that he was one of the whitest men that was ever in the mines. You can't draw it too strong. He never could stand it to see things going wrong. He's done more to make this town quiet and peaceable than any man in it. I've seen him lick four Greasers in eleven minutes, myself. If a thing wanted regulating, *he* warn't a man to go browsing around after somebody to do it, but he would prance in and regulate it himself." . . .

"That was very well indeed—at least the impulse was—whether the act was strictly defensible or not. Had deceased any religious convictions That is to say, did he feel a dependence upon, or acknowledge allegiance to a higher power?"

More reflection.

"I reckon you've stumped me again, pard. Could you say it over once more, and say it slow?"

"Very well. Was he a good man, and—"

"There—I see that; don't put up another chip till I look at my hand. A good man, says you? Pard, it ain't no name for it. He was the best man that ever—pard, you would have

doted on that man. He could lam any galoot of his inches in America. It was him that put down the riot last election before it got a start; and everybody said he was the only man that could have done it. He waltzed in with a spanner in one hand and a trumpet in the other, and sent fourteen men home on a shutter in less than three minutes. He had that riot all broke up and prevented nice before anybody ever got a chance to strike a blow. He was always for peace, and he would *have* peace—he could not stand disturbances. Pard, he was a great loss to this town. It would please the boys if you could chip in something like that and do him justice. Here once when the Micks got to throwing stones through the Methodis' Sunday-school windows, Buck Fanshaw, all of his own notion, shut up his saloon and took a couple of six-shooters and mounted guard over the Sunday-school. Says he, 'No Irish need apply!' And they didn't. He was the bulliest man in the mountains, pard! He could run faster, jump higher, hit harder, and hold more tangle-foot whisky without spilling it, than any man in seventeen counties. Put that in, pard!—it'll please the boys more than anything you could say. And you can say, pard, that he never shook his mother."

"Never shook his mother?"

"That's it—any of the boys will tell you so."

"Well, but why *should* he shake her?"

"That's what *I* say—but some people does."

"Not people of any repute?"

"Well, some that averages pretty so so."

"In my opinion the man that would offer personal violence to his own mother, ought to—"

"Cheese it, pard! you've banked your ball clean outside the string. What I was a drivin' at, was, that he never *throwed off* on his mother—don't you see? No indeedy. He gave her a house to live in, and town lots, and plenty of money; and he looked after her and took care of her all the time; and when she was down with the small-pox I'm d——d if he didn't set up nights and nuss her himself! *Beg* your pardon for saying it, but it hopped out too quick for yours truly. You've treated me like a gentleman, pard, and I ain't the man to hurt your feelings intentional. I think you're white. I think you're a square man, pard. I like you, and I'll lick any man that don't.

I'll lick him till he can't tell himself from a last year's corpse! Put it *there!*" [Another fraternal handshake—and exit.]

The obsequies were all that "the boys" could desire. Such a marvel of funeral pomp had never been seen in Virginia. The plumer hearse, the dirge-breathing brass bands, the closed marts of business, the flags drooping at half mast, the long, plodding procession of uniformed secret societies, military battalions and fire companies, draped engines, carriages of officials, and citizens in vehicles and on foot, attracted multitudes of spectators to the sidewalks, roofs and windows; and for years afterward, the degree of grandeur attained by any civic display in Virginia was determined by comparison with Buck Fanshaw's funeral.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Joaquin Miller—Cincinnatus Hiner Miller—was born in Indiana in 1841, but while yet a child his parents removed to Oregon. He studied law and shortly became identified with newspaper work.

Joaquin Miller traveled quite extensively in his later life, always attracting attention by the cow-boy costume he invariably wore. He is perhaps the boldest and most original of all the western poets. With serious faults that he never corrected, Miller displayed a certain spontaneity and freshness that gave his poems a welcome wherever they went. It is safe to say that they belong to a distinct stage of western civilization and as a product of that civilization alone will retain a place in the annals of American life.

COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

By the Balboa Seas.

The golden fleece is at our feet,
Our hills are girt in sheen of gold;
Our golden flower-fields are sweet
With honey hives. A thousand-fold
More fair our fruits on laden stem
Than Jordan tow'rd Jerusalem.

Behold this mighty sea of seas!
The ages pass in silence by.
Gold apples of Hesperides
Hang at our God-land gates for aye.
Our golden shores have golden keys
Where sound and sing the Balboa seas.

WALT WHITMAN.

WALT WHITMAN was born at West Hills, Long Island, on May 31, 1819. He was first a printer, then a teacher in country schools, and subsequently learned the carpenter's trade. He also contributed to newspapers and magazines and was at intervals connected with various papers in an editorial capacity. In 1849 he traveled through the western States, and afterwards took up his residence in New York City, where he frequented the society of newspaper men and litterateurs. In 1855 he published his notable work, "Leaves of Grass," in which he preaches the gospel of democracy and the natural man. It is a series of poems without rhyme or metrical form, dealing with moral, social and political problems. It was a new departure in literature, an unwonted method of conveying frank and untrammeled utterances. The book at first attracted but little attention, though it at once found some staunch admirers. Ralph Waldo Emerson said of it: "I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed." This book Walt Whitman elaborated and added to for thirty years, and several editions have been published. It has excited bitter denunciation and warm approval. Original and forceful, Whitman cannot be judged by ordinary literary standards. His scornful trampling upon all metrical rules, and his freedom in treating of matters usually passed in silence, have so far been a decided barrier to the approval of his work.

During the war, Whitman became an hospital nurse at Washington. His experiences were wrought into a volume called "Drum Taps," since embodied with "Leaves of Grass." After the war he was for some years in the Government employ at Washington. He moved to Camden, New Jersey, in 1873. Besides adding to "Leaves of Grass," he published "Specimen Days and Collects" in 1883, "November Boughs" in 1885, "Sands at Seventy" in 1888, "Good-bye, my Fancy!" 1890.

Whitman died on March 26, 1892. His ambition was to be something more than a mere singer; a prophet and seer to his country and time. He has not yet been accepted by the people at large. He has won the approbation of some great minds, but so far he has not won the hearts of the people, to whom he dedicated his labors.

In All, Myself.

I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul,
The pleasures of heaven are with me, and the pains of hell are with me;
The first I graft upon myself, the latter I translate into a new tongue.

I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.

I chant the chant of dilation or pride,
We have had ducking and deprecation about enough,
I show that size is only development.

Have you outstript the rest? are you the President?
It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there everyone, and still pass on.
I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,
I call to the earth and sea, half-held by the night.
Press close bare-bosom'd night—press close magnetic nourishing night!
Night of South winds—night of the large few stars!
Still nodding night—mad naked summer night.

Smile, O voluptuous cool-breathed earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset—earth of the mountains misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-blossom'd earth!
Smile, for your lover comes.
Prodigal, you have given me love—therefore to you I give love!
O unspeakable passionate love.

The Pæan of Joy.

Now, trumpeter! for thy close,
Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet;
Sing to my soul!—renew its languishing faith and hope;
Rouse up my slow belief—give me some vision of the future;
Give me, for once, its prophecy and joy.
O glad, exulting, culminating song!
A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes!
Marches of victory—man disenthralled—the conqueror at last!
Hymns to the universal God from universal Man—all joy!
A re-born race appears—a perfect world—all joy!
Women and men in wisdom, innocence, and health—all joy!
Riotous laughing bacchanals, filled with joy!
War, sorrowing, suffering gone—the rank earth purged—nothing but joy left!
The ocean filled with joy—the atmosphere all joy!
Joy! joy! in freedom, worship, love! Joy in the ecstasy of life!
Enough to merely be! Enough to breathe!
Joy! joy! all over joy!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

ALDRICH has been an editor, novelist, and writer of travels, but is properly classed as a poet. In spite of his dainty verse and mildly humorous prose, he has not attained popularity, though his tender "Ballad of Babie Bell" and his short story of "Marjorie Daw," have been widely circulated.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1837. He removed to New York at the age of seventeen, and while employed in a publishing house began to write for newspapers and magazines. In 1866 he was called to Boston to become editor of *Every Saturday*, which position he held for eight years. After a year of travel in Europe he returned to Boston, but later fixed his residence at Ponkapog in the vicinity. From 1881 to 1890 he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Aldrich's poems are usually short and carefully wrought, subdued in tone and suggestive rather than strongly picturesque. They exhibit a single phase or contrast of life, yet sometimes they run on in longer varied course, as in "Babie Bell," which relates sympathetically the advent and death of a child. In some of his pieces he describes aspects of his native New England, while others seem to belong to the remote East or realms of pure fancy. He has occasionally used blank verse, as in "Judith," and has even written a drama in prose. His short stories have been more successful than his novels, and his "Story of a Bad Boy," to some extent autobiographical, has been widely accepted as a fair picture of an average American boy.

UNGUARDED GATES.

WIDE open and unguarded stand our gates,
Named of the four winds, North, South, East, and West;
Portals that lead to an enchanted land
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,
Vast prairies, lordly summits touched with snow,
Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past
The Arab's date-palm and the Norseman's pine—
A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,
Airs of all climes, for lo! throughout the year

The red rose blossoms somewhere—a rich land,
A later Eden planted in the wilds,
With not an inch of earth within its bound
But if a slave's foot press it sets him free.
Here, it is written, Toil shall have its wage,
And Honor honor, and the humblest man
Stand level with the highest in the law.
Of such a land have men in dungeons dreamed,
And with the vision brightening in their eyes
Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a wild motley throng—
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt, and Slav,
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,
Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.
In street and alley what strange tongues are loud,
Accents of menace alien to our air,
Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew!
O Liberty, white Goddess! is it well
To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast
Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,
Lift the down-trodden, but with hand of steel
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
And trampled in the dust. For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,
And where the temples of the Cæsars stood
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

No one can deny to Mr. Howells some of the most attractive literary graces. Long since the critic, E. P. Whipple, declared: "He has no rival in half-tints, in modulations, in subtle phrases that touch the edge of an assertion and yet stop short of it. He is like a skater who executes a hundred graceful curves within the limits of a pool a few yards square." Mr. Howells himself has stated that his principle is to look away from the great passions and to study and report the commonplace. "As in literature," he says, "the true artist will shun the use even of real events if they are of an improbable character, so the sincere observer of man will not desire to look upon his heroic or occasional phases, but will seek him in his habitual moods of vacancy and tiresomeness." It must be admitted that he has made the commonplace entertaining by his great charm of style, and that occasionally in some of his best work he has transgressed his own canon.

William Dean Howells was born at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, on March 1, 1837. He learned to set type when a boy, and helped his father in issuing a country paper. The contributions of the younger Howells attracted some attention, and he was made news-editor of the *State Journal,* at Columbus, Ohio. Upon the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, Howells wrote a campaign biography, and later received the appointment of Consul at Venice, where he resided from 1861 to 1865. "Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys" are fruits of this residence abroad. After his return he was connected with the *New York Tribune* and the *Atlantic Monthly,* being editor of the latter from 1872 to 1881. He has since resided in New York, where, aside from other literary work, he has conducted a critical department in *Harper's Magazine.*

Mr. Howells' first novel, "A Chance Acquaintance," was published in 1873. Besides this, his most noted novels are, "The Lady of the Aroostook," "The Undiscovered Country," "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "Indian Summer," "The World of Chance," "A Hazard of New Fortunes," and "The Landlord of the Lion Head." He has also written some clever parlor farces, among which are "The

Parlor Car," "The Sleeping Car," and "The Register." In his younger days he published a volume of poems together with J. J. Piatt, entitled "Poems of Two Friends." More recently he has published a volume of "Poems," and "Stops from Various Quills," and has edited "Modern Italian Poets."

Howells has a keen eye for the social distinctions in American life. His special province is manners rather than character, or character as depicted through manners. He is a miniature portrait painter, but a master in an art which requires the greatest delicacy of finish. He holds the mirror up to nature, but his mirror is a small one, and only a small part of nature is reflected.

THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM.

Lapham had the pride which comes of self-making, and he would not openly lower his crest to the young fellow he had taken into his business. He was going to be obviously master in his own place to every one; and during the hours of business he did nothing to distinguish Corey from the half dozen other clerks and bookkeepers in the outer office, but he was not silent about the fact that Bromfield Corey's son had taken a fancy to come to him. "Did you notice that fellow at the desk facing my typewriter girl? Well, sir, that's the son of Bromfield Corey—old Phillips Corey's grandson. And I'll say this for him, that there isn't a man in the office that looks after his work better. There isn't anything he's too good for. He's right here at nine every morning, before the clock gets in the word. I guess it's his grandfather coming out in him. He's got charge of the foreign correspondence. We're pushing the paint everywhere." He flattered himself that he did not lug the matter in. He had been warned against that by his wife, but he had the right to do Corey justice, and his brag took the form of illustration. "Talk about training for business. I tell you it's all in the man himself! I used to believe in what old Horace Greeley said about college graduates being the poorest kind of horned cattle, but I've changed my mind a little. You take that fellow Corey. He's been through Harvard, and he's had about every advantage that a fellow could have. Been everywhere,

and talks half a dozen languages like English. I suppose he's got money enough to live without lifting a hand, any more than his father does; son of Bromfield Corey, you know. But the thing was in him. He's a natural born business man; and I've had many a fellow with me that had come up out of the street, and worked hard all his life, without ever losing his original opposition to the thing. But Corey likes it. I believe the fellow would like to stick at that desk of his night and day. I don't know where he got it. I guess it must be his grandfather, old Phillips Corey; it often skips a generation, you know. But what I say is, a thing has got to be born in a man; and if it ain't born in him, all the privations in the world won't put it there, and if it is, all the college training won't take it out."

Sometimes Lapham advanced these ideas at his own table, to a guest whom he brought to Nantasket for the night. Then he suffered exposure and ridicule at the hands of his wife, when opportunity offered. She would not let him bring Corey down to Nantasket at all.

"No, indeed!" she said. "I am not going to have them think we're running after him. If he wants to see Irene, he can find out ways of doing it for himself."

"Who wants him to see Irene?" retorted the Colonel angrily.

"I do," said Mrs. Lapham. "And I want him to see her without any of your connivance, Silas. I'm not going to have it said that I put my girls *at* anybody. Why don't you invite some of your other clerks?"

"He ain't just like other clerks. He's going to take charge of a part of the business. It's quite another thing."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Lapham vexatiously. "Then you *are* going to take a partner."

"I shall ask him down if I choose!" retorted the Colonel. disdaining her insinuation.

His wife laughed with the fearlessness of a woman who knows her husband.

"But you won't choose when you've thought it over, Si." Then she applied an emollient to his chafed surface. "Don't you suppose I feel as you do about it? I know just how proud you are, and I'm not going to have you do anything

that will make you feel meeching afterward. You just let things take their course. If he wants Irene, he's going to find out some way of seeing her; and if he don't, all the plotting and planning in the world isn't going to make him."

"Who's plotting?" again retorted the Colonel, shuddering at the utterance of hopes and ambitions which a man hides with shame, but a woman talks over as freely and coolly as if they were items of a milliner's bill.

"Oh, not *you!*" exulted his wife. "I understand what *you* want. You want to get this fellow, who is neither partner nor clerk, down here to talk business with him. Well, now, you just talk business with him at the office."

The only social attention which Lapham succeeded in offering Corey was to take him in his buggy, now and then, for a spin out over the Milldam. He kept the mare in town, and on a pleasant afternoon he liked to knock off early, as he phrased it, and let the mare out a little. Corey understood something about horses, though in a passionless way, and he would have preferred to talk business when obliged to talk horse. But he deferred to his business superior with the sense of discipline which is innate in the apparently insubordinate American nature. If Corey could hardly help feeling the social difference between Lapham and himself, in his presence he silenced his traditions, and showed him all the respect that he could have exacted from any of his clerks. He talked horse with him, and when the Colonel wished he talked house. Besides himself and his paint Lapham had not many other topics, and if he had a choice between the mare and the edifice on the water side of Beacon street, it was just now the latter. Sometimes, in driving in or out, he stopped at the house, and made Corey his guest there, if he might not at Nantasket; and one day it happened that the young man met Irene there again. She had come up with her mother alone, and they were in the house, interviewing the carpenter as before, when the Colonel jumped out of his buggy and cast anchor at the pavement. More exactly, Mrs. Lapham was interviewing the carpenter, and Irene was sitting in the bow-window on a trestle, and looking out at the driving. She saw him come up with her father, and bowed and blushed. Her father went on upstairs to find her mother, and Corey

pulled up another trestle which he found in the back part of the room. The first floorings had been laid throughout the house, and the partitions had been lathed so that one could realize the shape of the interior.

"I suppose you will sit at this window a good deal," said the young man.

"Yes, I think it will be very nice. There's so much more going on than there is in the Square."

"It must be very interesting to you to see the house grow."

"It is. Only it doesn't seem to grow so fast as I expected."

"Why, I'm amazed at the progress your carpenter has made every time I come."

The girl looked down, and then lifting her eyes she said, with a sort of timorous appeal:

"I've been reading that book since you were down at Nantasket."

"Book?" repeated Corey, while she reddened with disappointment. "Oh, yes. *Middlemarch.* Did you like it?"

"I haven't got through with it yet. Pen has finished it."

"What does she think of it?"

"Oh, I think she likes it very well. I haven't heard her talk about it much. Do you like it?"

"Yes; I liked it immensely. But it's several years since I read it."

"I didn't know it was so old. It's just got into the Seaside Library," she urged, with a little sense of injury in her tone.

"Oh, it hasn't been out such a great while," said Corey politely. "It came a little before *Daniel Deronda.*"

The girl was again silent. She followed the curl of a shaving on the floor with the point of her parasol.

"Do you like that Rosamond Vincy?" she asked, without looking up.

Corey smiled in his kind way.

"I didn't suppose she was expected to have any friends. I can't say I liked her. But I don't think I disliked her so much as the author does. She's pretty hard on good-looking"—he was going to say girls, but as if that might have been rather personal, he said—"people."

"Yes, that's what Pen says. She says she doesn't give her any chance to be good. She says she should have been just as bad as Rosamond if she had been in her place."

The young man laughed. "Your sister is very satirical, isn't she?"

"I don't know," said Irene, still intent upon the convolutions of the shaving. "She keeps us laughing. Papa thinks that there's nobody that can talk like her." She gave the shaving a little toss from her, and took the parasol up across her lap. The unworldliness of the Lapham girls did not extend to their dress; Irene's costume was very stylish, and she governed her head and shoulders stylishly. "We are going to have the back room upstairs for a music-room and library," she said abruptly.

"Yes?" returned Corey. "I should think that would be charming."

"We expected to have book-cases, but the architect wants to build the shelves in."

The fact seemed to be referred to Corey for his comment.

"It seems to me that would be the best way. They'll look like part of the room then. You can make them low, and hang your pictures above them."

"Yes, that's what he said." The girl looked out of the window in adding, "I presume with nice bindings it will look very well."

"Oh, nothing furnishes a room like books."

"No. There will have to be a good many of them."

"That depends upon the size of your room and the number of your shelves."

"Oh, of course! I presume," said Irene, thoughtfully, "we shall have to have Gibbon."

"If you want to read him," said Corey, with a laugh of sympathy for an imaginable joke.

"We had a great deal about him at school. I believe we had one of his books. Mine's lost, but Pen will remember."

The young man looked at her, and then said, seriously: "You'll want Greene, of course, and Motley, and Parkman."

"Yes. What kind of writers are they?"

"They're historians, too."

"Oh, yes; I remember now. That's what Gibbon was. Is it Gibbon or Gibbons?"

The young man decided the point with apparently superfluous delicacy. "Gibbon, I think."

"There used to be so many of them," said Irene gaily. "I used to get them mixed up with each other, and I couldn't tell them from the poets. Should you want to have poetry?"

"Yes; I suppose some edition of the English poets."

"We don't any of us like poetry. Do you like it?"

"I'm afraid I don't very much," Corey owned. "But, of course, there was a time when Tennyson was a great deal more to me than he is now."

"We had something about him at school, too. I think I remember the name. I think we ought to have *all* the American poets."

"Well, not all. Five or six of the best: you want Longfellow and Bryant and Whittier and Holmes and Emerson and Lowell."

The girl listened attentively, as if making mental note of the names.

"And Shakespeare," she added. "Don't you like Shakespeare's plays?"

"Oh, yes, very much."

"I used to be perfectly crazy about his plays. Don't you think 'Hamlet' is splendid? We had ever so much about Shakespeare. Weren't you perfectly astonished when you found out how many other plays of his there were? I always thought there was nothing but 'Hamlet' and 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Macbeth' and 'Richard III' and 'King Lear,' and that one that Robeson and Crane have—Oh, yes! 'Comedy of Errors.' "

"Those are the ones they usually play," said Corey.

"I presume we shall have to have Scott's works," said Irene, returning to the question of books.

"Oh, yes."

"One of the girls used to think he was *great*. She was always talking about Scott." Irene made a pretty little amiably contemptuous mouth. "He isn't American, though?" she suggested.

"No," said Corey; "he's Scotch, I believe."

Irene passed her glove over her forehead. "I always get him mixed up with Cooper. Well, papa has got to get them. If we have a library, we have got to have books in it. Pen says it's perfectly ridiculous having one. But papa thinks whatever the architect says is right. He fought him hard enough at first. I don't see how anyone can keep the poets and the historians and novelists separate in their mind. Of course papa will buy them if we say so. But I don't see how I am ever going to tell him which ones." The joyous light faded out of her face and left it pensive.

"Why, if you like," said the young man, taking out his pencil, "I'll put down the names we've been talking about."

He clapped himself on his breast pockets to detect some lurking scrap of paper.

"Will you?" she cried delightedly. "Here! take one of my cards," and she pulled out her card-case. "The carpenter writes it on a three-cornered block and puts it into his pocket, and it's so uncomfortable he can't help remembering it. Pen says she's going to adopt the three-cornered-block plan with papa."

"Thank you," said Corey. "I believe I'll use your card." He crossed over to her, and after a moment sat down on the trestle beside her. She looked over the card as he wrote. "Those are the ones we mentioned, but perhaps I'd better add a few others."

"Oh, thank you," she said, when he had written the card full on both sides. "He has got to get them in the nicest binding, too. I shall tell him about their helping to refurnish the room, and then he can't object." She remained with the card, looking at it rather wistfully.

Perhaps Corey divined her trouble of mind. "If he will take that to any bookseller, and tell him what bindings he wants, he will fill the order for him."

"Oh, thank you very much," she said, and put the card back into her card-case with great apparent relief. Then she turned her lovely face toward the young man, beaming with the triumph a woman feels in any bit of successful maneuvering, and began to talk with recovered gayety of other things, as if, having got rid of a matter annoying out of all proportion to its importance, she was now going to indemnify herself.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

EDWIN MARKHAM was born in the state of Oregon in 1852. While yet a child his father died and the family removed to California. In very limited circumstances, his mother was unable to give him the early opportunities which she desired, but he developed an unusual fondness for nature and a free, out-of-door life. Added to this liking for woods and meadows and all living things was an insatiable love of reading. This last was hard to satisfy, because of the scarcity of reading material in a new country. Deprived of books in boyhood, as soon as fortune permitted, Markham became a book collector and acquired a fine private library.

By dint of hard effort, the future poet received first a Normal, then a college education. Nevertheless he felt that in many ways school life was less free and independent than he might have wished. Believing that manual labor should constitute a part of each one's work-a-day life, he applied himself to blacksmithing. However, during months passed as a smithy, he dreamed out poems for leisure hours.

For some time Markham has made his home in New York. His poems are known in many lands, for they have appealed particularly to those who have the welfare of humanity at heart and who look for some adjustment of present social wrongs. The *fraternity of man* is Markham's watchword, and in his *Man with a Hoe* and *The Sower* he has sought to bring home the misery of unceasing toil to those who remain deaf to all prayers and care for self alone. *Inasmuch* has been compared to Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal. In lines like these the western poet continues to sing his songs for the world:

> There is a destiny that makes us brothers:
> None goes his way alone:
> All that we send into the lives of others
> Comes back into our own.

BROTHERHOOD.

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race.
And till it come, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path:
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this Event the ages ran:
Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man.

THE BUTTERFLY.

O wingèd brother on the harebell, stay—
  Was God's hand very pitiful, the hand
  That wrought thy beauty at a dream's demand?
Yea, knowing I love so well the flowery way,
He did not fling me to the world astray—
  He did not drop me to the weary sand,
  But bore me gently to a leafy land:
Tinting my wings, He gave me to the day.

Oh, chide no more my doubting, my despair!
  I will go back now to the world of men.
Farewell, I leave thee to the world of air,
  Yet thou hast girded up my heart again;
For He that framed the impenetrable plan,
And keeps His word with thee, will keep with man.

The Goblin Laugh.

When I behold how men and women grind
  And grovel for some place of pomp or power,
  To shine and circle through a crumbling hour,
Forgetting the large mansions of the mind,
That are the rest and shelter of mankind;
  And when I see them come with wearied brains
  Pallid and powerless to enjoy their gains,
I seem to hear a goblin laugh unwind.

And then a memory sends upon its billow
  Thoughts of a singer wise enough to play,
  Who took life as a lightsome holiday:
Oft have I seen him make his arm a pillow,
Drink from his hand, and with a pipe of willow
  Blow a wild music down a woodland way.

In Poppy Fields.

Here the poppy hosts assemble:
How they startle, how they tremble!
All their royal hoods unpinned
Blow out lightly in the wind.
Here is gold to labor for;
Here is pillage worth a war.

Men that in the cities grind,
Come! before the heart is blind.

EUGENE FIELD.

Of New England descent, but born in St. Louis in 1850, Eugene Field was a curious mixture of classical culture, roving fancy and wild West humor. He studied at more than one college, and after graduating from the University of Michigan in 1871, traveled in Europe. On his return he became a journalist, and was thus employed in several places before he settled in Chicago. Here for years Field filled a column daily with such whims and fancies, prose and verse, as enter-

tained a host of readers. But this journalistic joker was an indefatigable collector of works and curios, and his last volume was "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac." His fondness for children was shown not only in writing numerous lullabies and little folk's stories, but in his collection of their toys and trinkets. Field wrote some notable poems in Western dialect, and then varied his work by exquisite translations from Horace. During his life he issued a dozen volumes, and after his death, in 1895, his works were collected (10 vols., New York, 1896) with affectionate tributes from his friends.

Little Boy Blue.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
  But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
  And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
  And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
  Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
  "And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
  He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
  Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
  But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
  Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
  The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
  In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
  Since he kissed them and put them there.

Bird Enemies.

How surely the birds know their enemies! See how the wrens and robins and bluebirds pursue and scold the cat, while they take little or no notice of the dog! Even the swallow will fight the cat, and, relying too confidently upon its powers of flight, sometimes swoops down so near to its enemy that it is caught by a sudden stroke of the cat's paw. The only case I know of in which our small birds fail to recognize their enemy is furnished by the shrike; apparently the little birds do not know that this modest-colored bird is an assassin. At least, I have never seen them scold or molest him, or utter any outcries at his presence, as they usually do at birds of prey. Probably it is because the shrike is a rare visitant, and is not found in this part of the country during the nesting season of our songsters.

But the birds have nearly all found out the trick of the jay, and when he comes sneaking through the trees in May and June in quest of eggs, he is quickly exposed and roundly abused. It is amusing to see the robins hustle him out of the tree which holds their nest. They cry "Thief, thief!" to the top of their voices as they charge upon him, and the jay retorts in a voice scarcely less complimentary as he makes off.

The jays have their enemies also, and need to keep an eye on their own eggs. It would be interesting to know if jays ever rob jays, or crows plunder crows; or is there honor among thieves even in the feathered tribes? I suspect the jay is often punished by birds which are otherwise innocent of nest-robbing. One season I found a jay's nest in a small cedar on the side of a wooded ridge. It held five eggs, every one of which had been punctured. Apparently some bird had driven its sharp beak through their shells, with the sole intention of destroying them, for no part of the contents of the eggs had been removed. It looked like a case of revenge; as if some thrush or warbler, whose nest had suffered at the hands of the jays, had watched its opportunity, and had in this way retaliated upon its enemies. An egg for an egg. The jays were lingering near, very demure and silent, and probably ready to join a crusade against nest-robbers.

The great bugaboo of the birds is the owl. The owl

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
  And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
  Is the wee one's trundle-bed!
So shut your eyes while mother sings
  Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
  As you rock on the misty sea
  Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
    Wynken,
    Blynken,
    And Nod.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

JOHN BURROUGHS was born in Roxbury, New York, April 3, 1837. He received his schooling in district schools and academies nearby, teaching now and then to facilitate his progress. The habits of roaming about in the wide country, communing with nature and nature's fur and feathered creatures, were formed in boyhood.

The writings of Emerson, Thoreau, and Walt Whitman have had deep influence upon Burrough's literary productions —Emerson largely molding his style, Whitman affected more particularly his life and thought.

For some years Burroughs filled a position in the Treasury Department at Washington, and later became a bank examiner. It was his delight when leisure hours overtook him to get out of the city at once and into the country, where he was at once at home. Returning to his fireside, he gave the wealth of his discoveries to readers everywhere, who perhaps found fewer moments to revel in nature's obscure corners, and who generally speaking lacked Burroughs' eyes and ears had they been able to follow where he went. *Wake-Robin, Winter Sunshine, Fresh Fields, A March Chronicle,* are among his nature studies; *Notes on Walt Whitman, The Flight of the Eagle* and *Indoor Studies* are of a more purely literary character.

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snatches them from off their roosts at night, and gobbles up their eggs and young in their nests. He is a veritable ogre to them, and his presence fills them with consternation and alarm.

One season, to protect my early cherries, I placed a large stuffed owl amid the branches of the tree. Such a racket as there instantly began about my grounds is not pleasant to think upon! The orioles and robins fairly "shrieked out their affright." The news instantly spread in every direction, and apparently every bird in town came to see that owl in the cherry-tree, and every bird took a cherry, so that I lost more fruit than if I had left the owl in-doors. With craning necks and horrified looks the birds alighted upon the branches, and between their screams would snatch off a cherry, as if the act was some relief to their outraged feelings.

The chirp and chatter of the young of birds which build in concealed or inclosed places, like the woodpeckers, the house wren, the high-hole, the oriole, is in marked contrast to the silence of the fledgelings of most birds that build open and exposed nests. The young of the sparrows,—unless the social sparrow be an exception,—warblers, fly-catchers, thrushes, never allow a sound to escape them; and on the alarm note of their parents being heard, sit especially close and motionless, while the young of chimney swallows, woodpeckers, and orioles are very noisy. The latter, in its deep pouch, is quite safe from birds of prey, except perhaps the owl. The owl, I suspect, thrusts its leg into the cavities of woodpeckers and into the pocket-like nest of the oriole, and clutches and brings forth the birds in its talons. In one case which I heard of, a screech-owl had thrust its claw into a cavity in a tree, and grasped the head of a red-headed woodpecker; being apparently unable to draw its prey forth, it had thrust its own round head into the hole, and in some way became fixed there, and had thus died with the woodpecker in its talons.

The life of birds is beset with dangers and mishaps of which we know little. One day, in my walk, I came upon a goldfinch with the tip of one wing securely fastened to the feathers of its rump, by what appeared to be the silk of some caterpillar. The bird, though uninjured, was completely crippled, and could not fly a stroke. Its little body was hot and

panting in my hands, as I carefully broke the fetter. Then it darted swiftly away with a happy cry. A record of all the accidents and tragedies of bird life for a single season would show many curious incidents. A friend of mine opened his box-stove one fall to kindle a fire in it, when he beheld in the black interior the desiccated forms of two bluebirds. The birds had probably taken refuge in the chimney during some cold spring storm, and had come down the pipe to the stove, from whence they were unable to ascend. A peculiarly touching little incident of bird life occurred to a caged female canary. Though unmated, it laid some eggs, and the happy bird was so carried away by her feelings that she would offer food to the eggs, and chatter and twitter, trying, as it seemed, to encourage them to eat! The incident is hardly tragic, neither is it comic.

Certain birds nest in the vicinity of our houses and outbuildings, or even in and upon them, for protection from their enemies, but they often thus expose themselves to a plague of the most deadly character.

I refer to the vermin with which their nests often swarm, and which kill the young before they are fledged. In a state of nature this probably never happens; at least I have never seen or heard of it happening to nests placed in trees or under rocks. It is the curse of civilization falling upon the birds which come too near man. The vermin, or the germ of the vermin, is probably conveyed to the nest in hen's feathers, or in straws and hairs picked up about the barn or hen-house. A robin's nest upon your porch or in your summer-house will occasionally become an intolerable nuisance from the swarms upon swarms of minute vermin with which it is filled. The parent birds stem the tide as long as they can, but are often compelled to leave the young to their terrible fate.

One season a phœbe-bird built on a projecting stone under the eaves of the house, and all appeared to go well till the young were nearly fledged, when the nest suddenly became a bit of purgatory. The birds kept their places in their burning bed till they could hold out no longer, when they leaped forth and fell dead upon the ground.

After a delay of a week or more, during which I imagine the parent birds purified themselves by every means known

to them, the couple built another nest a few yards from the first, and proceeded to rear a second brood; but the new nest developed into the same bed of torment that the first did, and the three young birds, nearly ready to fly, perished as they sat within it. The parent birds then left the place as if it had been accursed.

I imagine the smaller birds have an enemy in our native white-footed mouse, though I have not proof enough to convict him. But one season the nest of a chickadee which I was observing was broken up in a position where nothing but a mouse could have reached it. The bird had chosen a cavity in the limb of an apple-tree which stood but a few yards from the house. The cavity was deep, and the entrance to it, which was ten feet from the ground, was small. Barely light enough was admitted, when the sun was in the most favorable position, to enable one to make out the number of eggs, which was six, at the bottom of the dim interior. While one was peering in and trying to get his head out of his own light, the bird would startle him by a queer kind of puffing sound. She would not leave her nest like most birds, but really tried to blow, or scare, the intruder away; and after repeated experiments I could hardly refrain from jerking my head back when that little explosion of sound came up from the dark interior. One night, when incubation was about half finished, the nest was harried. A slight trace of hair or fur at the entrance led me to infer that some small animal was the robber. A weasel might have done it, as they sometimes climb trees, but I doubt if either a squirrel or a rat could have passed the entrance.

Probably few persons have ever suspected the catbird of being an egg-sucker; I do not know that she has ever been accused of such a thing, but there is something uncanny and disagreeable about her, which I at once understood, when I one day caught her in the very act of going through a nest of eggs.

A pair of the least fly-catchers, the bird which says *chebec, chebec,* and is a small edition of the pewee, one season built their nest where I had them for many hours each day under my observation. The nest was a very snug and compact structure placed in the forks of a small maple about twelve

feet from the ground. The season before a red squirrel had harried the nest of a wood-thrush in this same tree, and I was apprehensive that he would serve the fly-catchers the same trick; so, as I sat with my book in a summer-house near by, I kept my loaded gun within easy reach. One egg was laid, and the next morning, as I made my daily inspection of the nest, only a fragment of its empty shell was to be found. This I removed, mentally imprecating the rogue of a red squirrel. The birds were much disturbed by the event, but did not desert the nest, as I had feared they would, but after much inspection of it and many consultations together, concluded, it seems, to try again. Two more eggs were laid, when one day I heard the birds utter a sharp cry, and on looking up I saw a cat-bird perched upon the rim of the nest, hastily devouring the eggs. I soon regretted my precipitation in killing her, because such interference is generally unwise. It turned out that she had a nest of her own with five eggs, in a spruce-tree near my window.

Then this pair of little fly-catchers did what I had never seen birds do before; they pulled the nest to pieces and rebuilt it in a peach-tree not many rods away, where a brood was successfully reared. The nest was here exposed to the direct rays of the noon-day sun, and to shield her young when the heat was greatest, the mother-bird would stand above them with wings slightly spread, as other birds have been known to do under like circumstances.

To what extent the cat-bird is a nest-robber I have no evidence, but that feline mew of hers, and that flirting, flexible tail, suggest something not entirely bird-like. . . .

Among the worst enemies of our birds are the so-called "collectors," men who plunder nests and murder their owners in the name of science. Not the genuine ornithologist, for no one is more careful of squandering bird life than he; but the sham ornithologist, the man whose vanity or affectation happens to take an ornithological turn. He is seized with an itching for a collection of eggs and birds because it happens to be the fashion, or because it gives him the air of a man of science. But in the majority of cases the motive is a mercenary one; the collector expects to sell these spoils of the groves and orchards. Robbing nests and killing birds

becomes a business with him. He goes about it systematically, and becomes an expert in circumventing and slaying our songsters. Every town of any considerable size is infested with one or more of these bird highwaymen, and every nest in the country round about that the wretches can lay hands on is harried. Their professional term for a nest of eggs is "a clutch," a word that well expresses the work of their grasping, murderous fingers. They clutch and destroy in the germ the life and music of the woodlands. Certain of our natural history journals are mainly organs of communication between these human weasels. They record their exploits at nest-robbing and bird-slaying in their columns. One collector tells with gusto how he "worked his way" through an orchard, ransacking every tree, and leaving, as he believed, not one nest behind him. He had better not be caught working his way through my orchard. Another gloats over the number of Connecticut warblers—a rare bird—he killed in one season in Massachusetts. Another tells how a mocking-bird appeared in southern New England and was hunted down by himself and friend, its eggs "clutched," and the bird killed. Who knows how much the bird lovers of New England lost by that foul deed? The progeny of the birds would probably have returned to Connecticut to breed, and their progeny, or a part of them, the same, till in time the famous songster would have become a regular visitant to New England. In the same journal still another collector describes minutely how he outwitted three humming-birds and captured their nests and eggs,—a clutch he was very proud of. A Massachusetts bird harrier boasts of his clutch of the eggs of that dainty little warbler, the blue yellow-back. One season he took two sets, the next five sets, the next four sets, besides some single eggs, and the next season four sets, and says he might have found more had he had more time. One season he took, in about twenty days, three sets from one tree. I have heard of a collector who boasted of having taken one hundred sets of the eggs of the marsh wren in a single day; of another, who took, in the same time, thirty nests of the yellow-breasted chat; and of still another, who claimed to have taken one thousand sets of eggs of different birds in one season. A large business has grown up under the influence of this collecting craze. One dealer in

eggs has those of over five hundred species. He says that his business in 1883 was twice that of 1882; in 1884 it was twice that of 1883, and so on. Collectors vie with each other in the extent and variety of their cabinets. They not only obtain eggs in sets, but aim to have a number of sets of the same bird, so as to show all possible variations. I hear of a private collection that contains twelve sets of king-birds' eggs, eight sets of house-wrens' eggs, four sets of mocking-birds' eggs, etc.; sets of eggs taken in low trees, high trees, medium trees; spotted sets, dark sets, plain sets, and light sets of the same species of bird. Many collections are made on this latter plan.

Thus are our birds hunted and cut off, and all in the name of science; as if science had not long ago finished with these birds. She has weighed and measured, and dissected, and described them, and their nests, and eggs, and placed them in her cabinet; and the interest of science and of humanity now demands that this wholesale nest-robbing cease. These incidents I have given above, it is true, are but drops in the bucket, but the bucket would be more than full if we could get all the facts. Where one man publishes his notes, hundreds, perhaps thousands, say nothing, but go as silently about their nest-robbing as weasels.

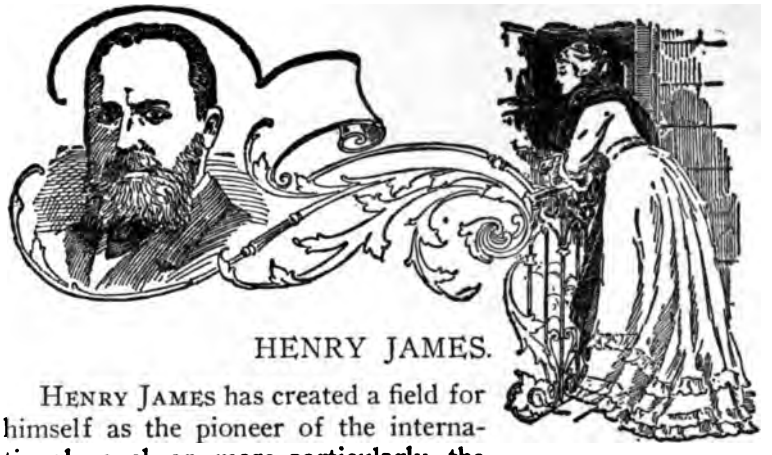
It is true that the student of ornithology often feels compelled to take bird-life. It is not an easy matter to "name all the birds without a gun," though an opera glass will often render identification entirely certain, and leave the songster unharmed; but once having mastered the birds, the true ornithologist leaves his gun at home. This view of the case may not be agreeable to that desiccated mortal called the "closet naturalist," but for my own part the closet naturalist is a person with whom I have very little sympathy. He is about the most wearisome and profitless creature in existence. With his piles of skins, his cases of eggs, his laborious feather-splitting, and his outlandish nomenclature, he is not only the enemy of the birds but the enemy of all those who would know them rightly.

Not the collectors alone are to blame for the diminishing numbers of our wild birds, but a large share of the responsibility rests upon quite a different class of persons, namely,

the milliners. False taste in dress is as destructive to our feathered friends as are false aims in science. It is said that the traffic in the skins of our brighter plumaged birds, arising from their use by the milliners, reaches to hundreds of thousands annually. I am told of one middleman who collected from the shooters in one district, in four months, seventy thousand skins. It is a barbarous taste that craves this kind of ornamentation. Think of a woman or girl of real refinement appearing upon the street with her head gear adorned with the scalps of our songsters!

It is probably true that the number of our birds destroyed by man is but a small percentage of the number cut off by their natural enemies; but it is to be remembered that those he destroys are in addition to those cut off, and that it is this extra or artificial destruction that disturbs the balance of nature. The operation of natural causes keeps the birds in check, but the greed of the collectors and milliners tends to their extinction.

I can pardon a man who wishes to make a collection of eggs and birds for his own private use, if he will content himself with one or two specimens of a kind, though he will find any collection much less satisfactory and less valuable than he imagines, but the professional nest-robber and skin collector should be put down, either by legislation or with dogs and shot-guns.



HENRY JAMES.

HENRY JAMES has created a field for himself as the pioneer of the international novel, or, more particularly, the novel dealing with Americans in Europe. The humor and pathos of situations brought about by the clash of different social systems are his peculiar province. The incongruities, perplexities and misunderstandings which result from different standards of conventional manners and morals are his main themes. Like Howells, he steers away from the great passions and devotes himself to phases of life as they appear upon the surface.

Henry James was born in New York City on April 15th, 1843. His father, bearing the same name, was a Swedenborgian minister of some renown. The younger James was educated under his father's supervision in New York, Geneva, Paris, Bonn and Boulogne-sur-Mer. He entered the Harvard Law School in 1862, but soon commenced to contribute sketches to the magazines, especially to the *Atlantic Monthly*. Some of these were collected in a volume entitled "A Passionate Pilgrim and Other Stories." His first novel, "Roderick Hudson," published in 1876, is less analytical, but has a firmer grasp of elementary passion than any subsequent work. "The American" (1878) is generally regarded as his best work, but "Daisy Miller," which soon followed, won for him his widest popularity, though it was adversely criticised as being un-American in tone. Others of Mr. James's best known works are "An International Episode," "A Bundle of Letters," "The Portrait of a Lady," "The Bostonians," "The Princess Cassamassima." His "Portraits of Places," published in 1884,

is a delightful contribution to the literature of travel over beaten paths.

Mr. James has spent most of his life abroad. He has been described by a critic as looking at America with the eyes of a foreigner, and at Europe with the eyes of an American. The American abroad has been his chief study, but he has almost invariably chosen the crude American, an "innocent abroad," who provokes the laughter of nations. The educated American seems to be rare in Mr. James's collection of characters. The author is at his best in the short story; he is a master in this art, though his art is sometimes too apparent; he has done nothing better than "The Madonna of the Future;" "The Passionate Pilgrim," and "The Liar."

MADAME MERLE.

WHEN Madame Merle was neither writing, nor painting, nor touching the piano, she was usually employed upon wonderful morsels of picturesque embroidery, cushions, curtains, decorations for the chimney-piece; a sort of work in which her bold, free invention was as remarkable as the agility of her needle. She was never idle, for when she was engaged in none of the ways I have mentioned, she was either reading (she appeared to Isabel to read everything important), or walking out, or playing patience with the cards, or talking with her fellow inmates. And with all this, she always had the social quality; she never was preoccupied, she never pressed too hard. She laid down her pastimes as easily as she took them up; she worked and talked at the same time, and she appeared to attach no importance to anything she did. She gave away her sketches and tapestries; she rose from the piano, or remained there, according to the convenience of her auditors, which she always unerringly divided. She was, in short, a most comfortable, profitable, agreeable person to live with. If for Isabel she had a fault, it was that she was not natural; by which the girl meant, not that she was affected or pretentious; for from these vulgar vices no woman could have been more exempt; but that her nature had been too much overlaid by custom and her angles too much smoothed. She had become too flexible, too supple; she was too finished, too civilized.

She was, in a word, too perfectly the social animal that man and woman are supposed to have been intended to be; and she had rid herself of every remnant of that tonic wildness which we may assume to have belonged even to the most amiable persons in the ages before country-house life was the fashion. Isabel found it difficult to think of Madame Merle as an isolated figure; she existed only in her relations with her fellow-mortals. Isabel often wondered what her relations might be with her own soul. She always ended, however, by feeling that having a charming surface does not necessarily prove that one is superficial; this was an illusion in which, in her youth, she had only just sufficiently escaped being nourished. Madame Merle was not superficial—not she. She was deep; and her nature spoke none the less in her behaviour because it spoke a conventional language. "What is language at all but a convention?" said Isabel. "She has the good taste not to pretend, like some people I have met, to express herself by original signs."

"I am afraid you have suffered much," Isabel once found occasion to say to her, in response to some allusion that she had dropped.

"What makes you think that?" Madame Merle asked, with a picturesque smile. "I hope I have not the pose of a martyr."

"No; but you sometimes say things that I think people who have always been happy would not have found out."

"I have not always been happy," said Madame Merle, smiling still, but with a mock gravity, as if she were telling a child a secret. "What a wonderful thing!"

"A great many people give me the impression of never having felt anything very much," Isabel answered.

"It's very true; there are more iron pots, I think, than porcelain ones. But you depend upon it that every one has something; even the hardest iron pots have a little bruise, a little hole, somewhere. I flatter myself that I am rather stout porcelain; but if I must tell you the truth I have been chipped and cracked! I do very well for service yet, because I have been cleverly mended; and I try to remain in the cupboard—the quiet, dusky cupboard, where there is an odor of stale spices—as much as I can. But when I have to come out, and into a strong light, then, my dear, I am a horror!"

I know not whether it was on this occasion or some other, that when the conversation had taken the turn I have just indicated, she said to Isabel that some day she would relate her history Isabel assured her that she should delight to listen to it, and reminded her more than once of this engagement. Madame Merle, however, appeared to desire a postponement, and at last frankly told the young girl that she must wait till they knew each other better. This would certainly happen; a long friendship lay before them. Isabel assented, but at the same time asked Madame Merle if she could not trust her—if she feared a betrayal of confidence.

"It is not that I am afraid of your repeating what I say," the elder lady answered; "I am afraid, on the contrary, of your taking it too much to yourself. You would judge me too harshly; you are of the cruel age." She preferred for the present to talk to Isabel about Isabel, and exhibited the greatest interest in our heroine's history, her sentiments, opinions, prospects. She made her chatter, and listened to her chatter with inexhaustible sympathy and good nature. In all this there was something flattering to the girl, who knew that Madame Merle knew a great many distinguished people, and had lived, as Mrs. Touchett said, in the best company in Europe. . . .

"You must not think it strange, her staying in the house at such a time as this, when Mr. Touchett is passing away," Mrs. Touchett remarked to Isabel. "She is incapable of doing anything indiscreet; she is the best-bred woman I know. It's a favor to me that she stays; she is putting off a lot of visits at great houses," said Mrs. Touchett, who never forgot that when she herself was in England her social value sank two or three degrees in the scale. "She has her pick of places; she is not in want of a shelter. But I have asked her to stay because I wish you to know her. I think it will be a good thing for you. Serena Merle has no faults."

"If I didn't already like her very much, that description might alarm me," Isabel said.

"She never does anything wrong. I have brought you out here, and I wish to do the best for you. Your sister Lily told me that she hoped I would give you plenty of opportunities. I give you one in securing Madame Merle. She is one of the most brilliant women in Europe."

"I like her better than I like your description of her," Isabel persisted in saying.

"Do you flatter yourself that you will find a fault in her? I hope you will let me know when you do."

"That will be cruel—to you," said Isabel.

"You needn't mind me. You never will find one."

"Perhaps not; but I think I shall not miss it."

"She is always up to the mark!" said Mrs. Touchett.

Isabel after this said to Madame Merle that she hoped she knew Mrs. Touchett believed she had not a fault.

"I am obliged to you, but I am afraid your aunt has no perception of spiritual things," Madame Merle answered.

"Do you mean by that that you have spiritual faults?"

"Ah, no; I mean nothing so flat. I mean that having no faults, for your aunt, means that one is never late for dinner —that is, for *her* dinner. I was not late, by the way, the other day, when you came back from London; the clock was just at eight when I came into the drawing-room; it was the rest of you that were before the time. It means that one answers a letter the day one gets it, and that when one comes to stay with her one doesn't bring too much luggage, and is careful not to be taken ill. For Mrs. Touchett those things constitute virtue; it's a blessing to be able to reduce it to its elements."

But Madame Merle sometimes said things that startled her, made her raise her clear eyebrows at the time, and think of the words afterwards.

"I would give a great deal to be your age again," she broke out once, with a bitterness which, though diluted in her customary smile, was by no means disguised by it. "If I could only begin again—if I could have my life before me!"

"Your life is before you yet," Isabel answered gently, for she was vaguely awe-struck.

"No; the best part is gone, and gone for nothing."

"Surely, not for nothing," said Isabel.

"Why not—what have I got? Neither husband, nor child, nor fortune, nor position, nor the traces of a beauty which I never had."

"You have friends, dear lady."

"I am not so sure!" cried Madame Merle.

"Ah, you are wrong. You have memories, talents——"

Madame Merle interrupted her.

"What have my talents brought me? Nothing but the need of using them still, to get through the hours, the years, to cheat myself with some pretence of action. As for my memories, the less said about them the better. You will be my friend till you find a better use for your friendship."

"It will be for you to see that I don't then," said Isabel.

"Yes; I would make an effort to keep you," Madame Merle rejoined, looking at her gravely. "When I say I should like to be your age," she went on, "I mean with your qualities—frank, generous, sincere, like you. In that case I should have made something better of my life."

"What should you have liked to do that you have not done?"

Madame Merle took a sheet of music—she was seated at the piano, and had abruptly wheeled about on the stool when she first spoke—and mechanically turned the leaves. At last she said—

"I am very ambitious!"

"And your ambitions have not been satisfied? They must have been great."

"They were great. I should make myself ridiculous by talking of them."

Isabel wondered what they could have been—whether Madame Merle had aspired to wear a crown. "I don't know what your idea of success may be, but you seem to me to have been successful. To me, indeed, you are an image of success."

Madame Merle tossed away the music with a smile.

"What is *your* idea of success?"

"You evidently think it must be very tame," said Isabel. "It is to see some dream of one's youth come true."

"Ah," Madame Merle exclaimed, "that I have never seen! But my dreams were so great—so preposterous. Heaven forgive me, I am dreaming now." And she turned back to the piano and began to play with energy.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

November 19, 1863.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS

IN PART X

Jolly Toper—Franz Hals.

Hals was a great genius. Few painters have ever been able to transfer to canvas the scenes familiar to them with such a masterly touch, such fidelity to the spirit as well as the form. It was generally understood that he loved the ale-house as well as his art, and many of his most remarkable pictures give indication of this indulgence.

Helen Fourment and Son—Rubens.

Rubens married Helen Fourment—his second wife—when she was but sixteen. He was proud of her beauty and her fair face appears frequently in his pictures. He was also fond of painting his son, very much like the mother in appearance. In pictures where both children are shown, the boy's superiority is made to contrast strongly with the little girl's humility.

Portrait of His Mother—Rembrandt.

This is one of the finest pictures in existence, for the reason that it immortalizes the idea of *mother*, and from this standpoint appeals to all. This portrait and Whistler's Mother are most famous of their kind. From his mother Rembrandt inherited many of his sterling qualities, and in its sweetness and repose this face looks out to one with touching beauty.

Young Farmers of the Nordfjord Country.

From this picture one may gain a fair idea of the average country cottage in this far northern land. The roof is plainly covered over with sod out of which grass and shrubs are growing. Beneath the sod and above the wooden rafters of the house are thick sheets of birch bark which form the roof. The chinks are filled with clay and altogether this makes a snug dwelling for the bitterly cold winter weather of Scandinavia.

Greek Church—Russia.

When the Mongols invaded Russia many hundred years ago, they brought with them the style of onion-shaped domes so commonly seen in this country. Later when the Russians were strong enough to drive out the Tartars, they had grown so accustomed to these domes that they retained them.

The Greek form of Christianity prevails in Russia. Ages ago it was decided that no images should be used in the worship of the Greek church. Should you visit a Greek church, you would find pictures everywhere, but no images or statues whatever. There are two Greek churches in America—one in Sitka, one in New York.

Busy Street at the Nijni Novgorod Fair.

Nijni means *lower*, and this place is called Lower Novgorod to distinguish it from Novgorod, the much larger town.

In Nijni Novgorod is held each year a great Russian Fair which lasts for two months. It is conveniently situated on the Volga—"Mother

Busy Street at the Nijni Novgorod Fair—Continued.

Volga," the Russians affectionately call this valuable stream—and the Volga leads directly to the Caspian Sea. The prices obtaining here control the prices for the whole Russian Empire, and every merchant of considerable wealth keeps a branch shop here. During the busy summer season there are sometimes as many as 200,000 people on these grounds in one day, and during the two months the Fair lasts, $200,000,000 changes hands. In Mediaeval times there were many of these fairs. This is one of the few continuing to our day and it is an experience never to be forgotten to visit the various quarters of the nationalities convened here and to examine the wares exhibited.

Bull Fight—Seville.

This ancient form of amusement lives on in Spain and in Mexico. Such demonstrations, so common once in Rome, have long been abandoned in all but Spanish countries, and probably in no far distant time they will be abolished even in these. The account of the Bull Fight by Sienkiewicz should be read in this connection.

Indian Girls Weaving Baskets—Hopi Reservation.

Year by year the reservations set aside by the government for the use of the Indians have grown smaller and smaller throughout the country. Only a few large reservations are found today—these being for the most part in the west. In Arizona and New Mexico one may see Indians living today much as they lived long ago. They are more peaceable and quiet, having been held in order for years; again, the schools are educating Indian children and the old war-like spirit is dying out. Besides, these southwestern tribes were never actuated with the ferocity of the northern tribes.

With the rapid change from uncivilized to civilized living, mortality is great among these people. For this reason it is likely that in no remote future baskets such as these will no longer be obtainable.

Smithsonian Institute.

Perhaps only comparatively few who visit this national museum stop to inquire into its origin. James Smithson, son of Sir Hugh Smithson, Duke of Northumberland, died in Genoa in 1829. He left his fortune to a nephew, stipulating that should this nephew die leaving no children, the property should be left to the United States "for the purpose of founding an institution at Washington, to be called the Smithsonian Institute, for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The nephew died without heirs in 1835 and over one-half million was paid into the United States treasury for the above mentioned purpose. By 1846 this had increased to $750,000. The government donated the land and with part of this sum a building was erected. It was built to provide for library, museum, and art gallery. The National Museum here should be of interest to all citizens of this country, for it contains much that is closely interwoven with our history.

Hudah Indians—Alaska.

The Indians of the north are wholly different from those of the south. The totem pole before the house records the lineage of the chief who dwells here. Totem poles served three purposes: to mark the burial place of the dead, to give the genealogy of the chiefs, or to commemorate

HUDAH INDIANS—ALASKA—Continued.

a place of victory. In the National Park in Sitka one may see many totem poles. To be sure, these are now resplendent in new paint and have been gathered here from many places. Nevertheless, this was the site of a battle once waged between Russians and Indians; the Indians were victorious and raised totem poles to publish their triumph.

HELEN HUNT FALLS.

Helen Hunt Jackson endeared herself to the American people as a whole, but particularly to the people of the west. Here she lived and wrote her stories, notably Romona, in which she roused sympathy for the Indians. Many years of her life were spent in Colorado, and in accordance with her wish she was buried high up on a mountain-side. This spot became such a mecca for tourists that the remains were finally brought down again and re-interred. These Falls, a short distance from Colorado Springs, are named for her.

OLD FAITHFUL—YELLOWSTONE.

This is the most famous geyser in the world. Every hour, or sometimes with intervals of one hour and fifteen minutes, it bursts forth with a stream of boiling water. Between its eruptions, which last for about five minutes, one may examine the mound of geyserite, oblong, about 145 by 215 feet in size. This is streaked with rose, saffron, orange, brown and gray—in proportion as the water has carried various minerals in solution. When the stream bursts forth it rises in a nearly perpendicular height, while the breeze blows the cloud of steam above in the air—a "pillar of cloud by day." It is estimated that 33,000,000 gallons of water are thrown out every twenty-four hours.

ROTUNDA GALLERY—CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

This wonderful library was begun in 1889 and completed in 1897, costing $6,000,000. The exterior of the building is built of New Hampshire marble; the interior is finished in marbles brought from all parts of the world, and is dazzling in brilliancy.

The Library of Congress has had several backsets. In 1814 the British burned the library that had already been accumulated. Congress soon after bought Jefferson's private library of 7,000 volumes and made that a nucleus around which to collect other books. In 1851 the library was again destroyed by fire, only 20,000 out of 55,000 volumes being saved. The final home of the Congressional library is planned to withstand the storm and stress of centuries.

LOOKING DOWN FROM INSPIRATION POINT.

This view down the Grand Canyon is one of the most inspiring in the world. No river has ever cut down a more remarkable channel than the Colorado, the canyon of which defies description. The rocks reflect the light of the sun and produce a sight seldom seen anywhere. Every year this section of our country is visited by many foreigners, as well as by large numbers of Americans.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

Achaeans (a-kē'anz)
Adonis (a-dō'nis)
Æneas (ē-nē'as)
Æolus (ē'ō-lus)
Æsculapius (ĕs-kū-lā'pĭ-ŭs)
Æthiopia (ē-thĭ-ō'pĭ-a)
Agamemnon (ăg-a-mĕm'nŏn)
Alpheus (ăl-fē'us)
Amazons (am'a-zonz)
Ambrosia (am-brō'zhi-a)
Andromache (an-drom'a-kĭ)
Angelico (ān-jel'ē-kō)
Angelo (an'je-lō)
Antæus (ăn-tē'ŭs)
Antigone (ăn-tĭg'ō-ne)
Antony Van Dyck (an'tō-ni van-dīk)
Aphrodite (ăf-rō-dī'te)
Apocalypse (a-poc'a-lips)
Apollo (a-pol'ō)
Arcadia (ae-kā'di-a)
Areopagus (ā-re-ŏp'ă-gŭs)
Ares (ā'rēs)
Ariadne (ā-rĭ-ăd-nī)
Ariel (ā'ri-el)
Argo (ār'go)
Argus (ār'gus)
Arno (ār'nō)
Assyrian (a-sir'i-ān)
Athene (a-thē'ne)
Athens (ăth'ĕns)
Atlas (at'las)
Attica (at'i-kā)
Augean (â-je'an)
Aurora (â-rō'ra)

Babylonia (băb'y-lō-nĭ-a)
Bacchus (bak'kus)
Barbizon (Bär-bē-sông')
Bartolome (bar-tol'ō-mā)
Bellini (bel-lē'nē)
Bernardo (ber-när'do)
Boeotians (bē-ō'shians)
Bologna (bō-lōn'yä)
Bordeaux (bor-dō')
Boreas (bō're-as)
Botticelli (bot-tē-chel'lē)
Bruges (brö'jez)
Brunelleschi (brö-nel-les'kē)

Cadiz (kā'diz)
Cadmus (kad'mus)
Caduceus (ka-dū'se-us)
Campana (kām-päng'yä)
Capri (kä'pre)
Caucasian (kâ-kā'shan)
Centaur (sen'târ)
Cerberus (ser'be-rus)
Ceres (sē'rēz)
Ceyx (sē'iks)
Charlemagne (shär'le-mān)
Charon (kā'ron)
Chimaera (kī-mē'ra)
Chiron (kī'ron)
Cimabue (chē-mä-bō'ā)
Circe (ser'se)
Clytie (klī'tē)
Colchis (kol'kis)
Corot (ko-rō')
Crete (krēt)

Danaë (dan'a-ē)
Dante (dan'te)
Daphne (daf'ne)
Delaroche (de-lä-rosh')
Delphi (del'fī)
Deucalion (dū-kā'li-on)
Diana (dī-an'a)
Diomedes (dī-ō-mē'dēz)
Dionysus (dī-ō-nī'sus)
Disraeli (diz-rā'li)
Duomo (dwō'mō)

Echo (ek'ō)
Endymion (en-dim'i-on)
Eos (ē'os)
Eros (ē'ros)
Europa (ū-rō'pa)
Eurydice (ū-rid'i-sē)
Eurystheus (ū-ris'thūs)

Fiesole (fē-ā'sō-le)
Fontainebleau (fông-tān-blō')
Franz Hals (fränts häls)

Gabriel (gā'bri-el)
Ganymede (gan'i-mēd)
Geryon (jē'ri-on)

Ghirlandajo (gēr-län-dä'yo)
Giorgione (jor-jō'ne)
Giotto (jot'tō)
Guadalquiver (gâ-dal-kwiv'er)
Guido Reni (gwē'dō rā-nē)

Hades (hā'dēz)
Harpies (här'piz)
Hawarden (här'den)
Hecate (hek'a-tē)
Helios (hē'li-os)
Hephaestus (hē-fes'tus)
Hercules (her'ku-lēz)
Hesperides (hes-per'i-dēz)
Hippolyte (hip-pol'i-tē)
Hogarth (hō'gärth)
Huguenot (hū'ge-nō)
Hyacinthus (hī-a-sin'thus)
Hydra (hī'dra)
Hymen (hī'men)

Iconoclasts (ī-kon'o-klasts)
Io (ī'ō)
Iris (ī'ris)

Jason (jā'son)
Jerome (je-rōm')
Jupiter (jū'pi-ter)

Leicester (les'ter)
Leighton (lā'ton)
Lesbos (lez'bos)
Leyden (lī'den)
Lippi (lēp'pē)
Loggia (lōj'jä)
Louvre (lövr)
Lucca (lök'kä)

Masaccio (mä-sät'chō)
Medea (mē-dē'a)
Medici (med'e-chē)
Medusa (mē-dū'sa)
Mercury (mer'ku-ry)
Millias (mil-lā')
Millet (mē-yā)
Minerva (mi-ner-va)
Minotaur (min'o-târ)
Mount Helicon (hel'i-kon)
Mount Latmus (lat'mus)
Mount Olympus (ō-lim'pus)
Mount Parnassus (pär-nas'us)
Mycenae (mī-sē'ne)

Narcissus (när-sis'sus)
Nectar (nek'ter)
Nemea (nē'mē-a)
Neptune (nep'tūn)

Nereus (nē'rūs)
Niobe (nī'ō-bē)

Oceanus (ō-sē-a'nus)
Orpheus (ôr'fūs)
Orion (ō-rī'on)

Padua (pad'ū-ä)
Parma (pär'mä)
Parnassus (pär-nas'us)
Pegasus (peg'a-sus)
Perugia (pā-rö'jä)
Perugino (pā-rö-jē'nō)
Phaeton (fā'ē-thon)
Phoenix (fē'niks)
Pleiades (plē'ya-dēz)
Pluto (plū'tō)
Poseidon (pō-sī'don)
Prometheus (prō-mē'thūs)
Propontis (prō-pon'tis)
Proserpina (prō-ser'pi-na)
Phyche (sī'kē)

Raphael (rä'fā-el)
Rembrandt (rem'brant)
Renaissance (re-nā-sans')
Romola (rom'o-lä)
Rouen (rö-ong')
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Santa Croce (san'tä krōz)
Satyrs (sat'ers)
Savonarola (sä-vō-nä-rō'lä)
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Sicily (sis'i-li)
Sistine (sis'tēn)
Stymphalian (stim-fā'li-an)

Thebes (thēbz)
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